

HUNTING BIG GAME IN THE WILDS OF AFRICA

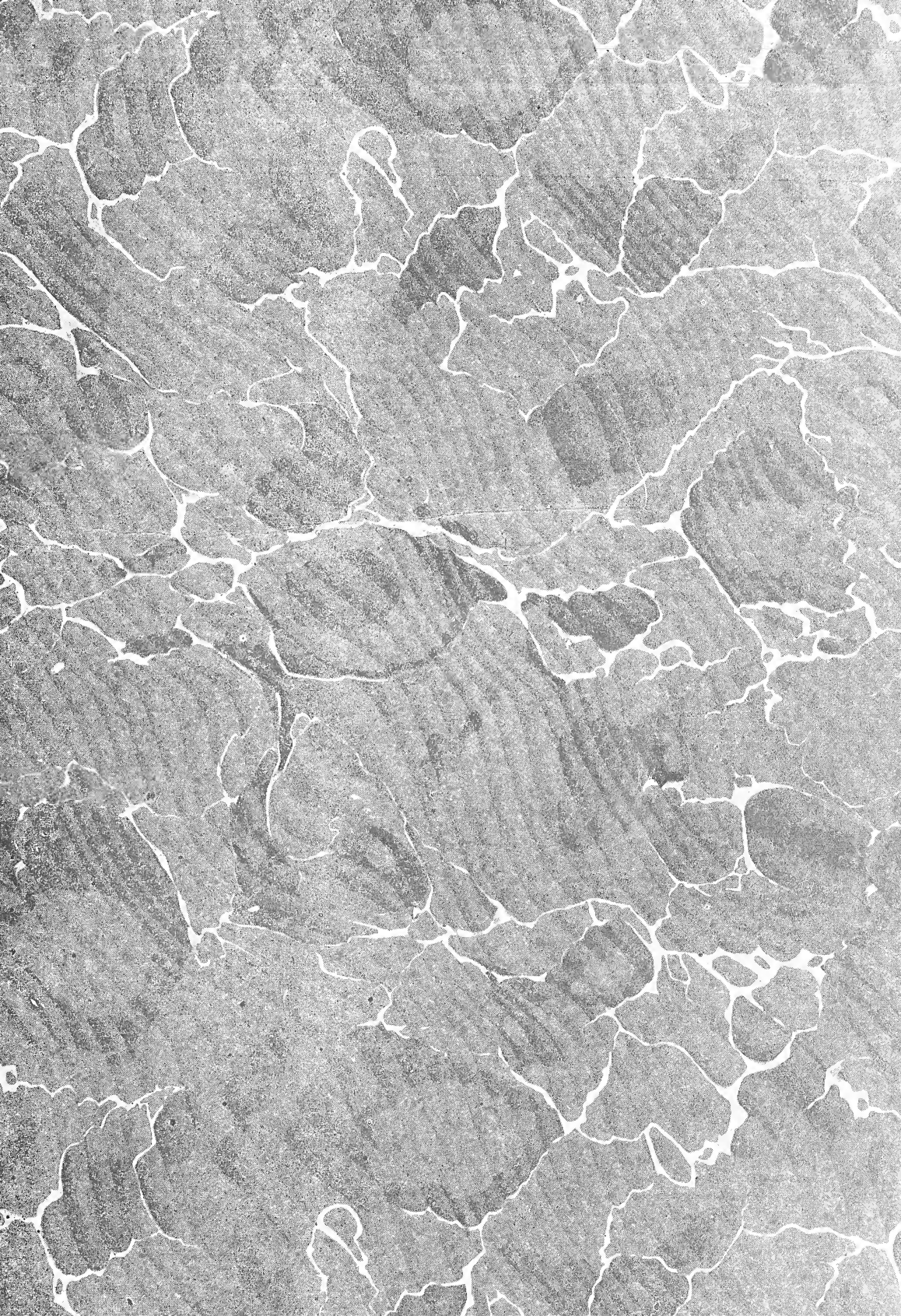


With Thrilling Adventures OF
FAMOUS ROOSEVELT
EXPEDITION



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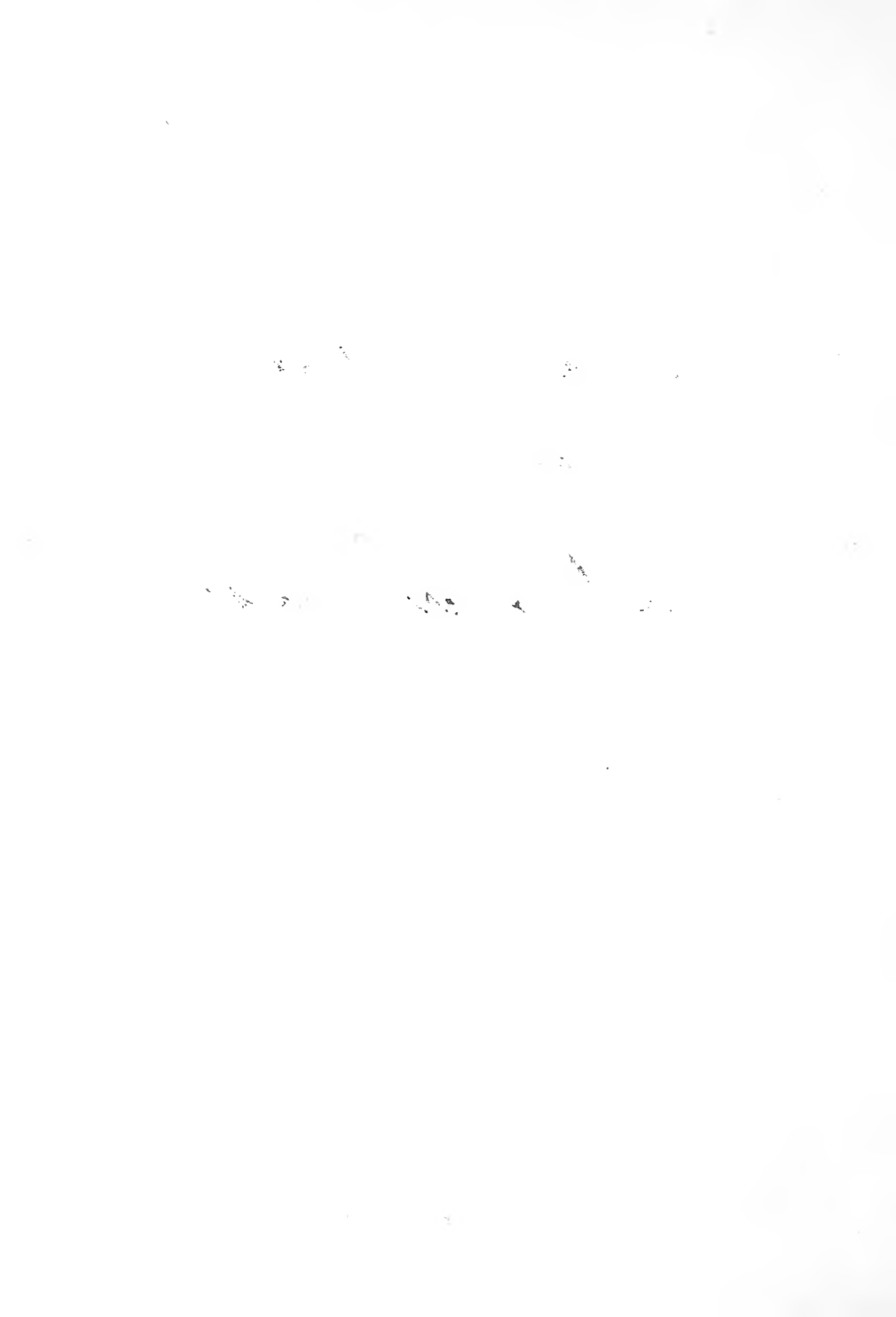
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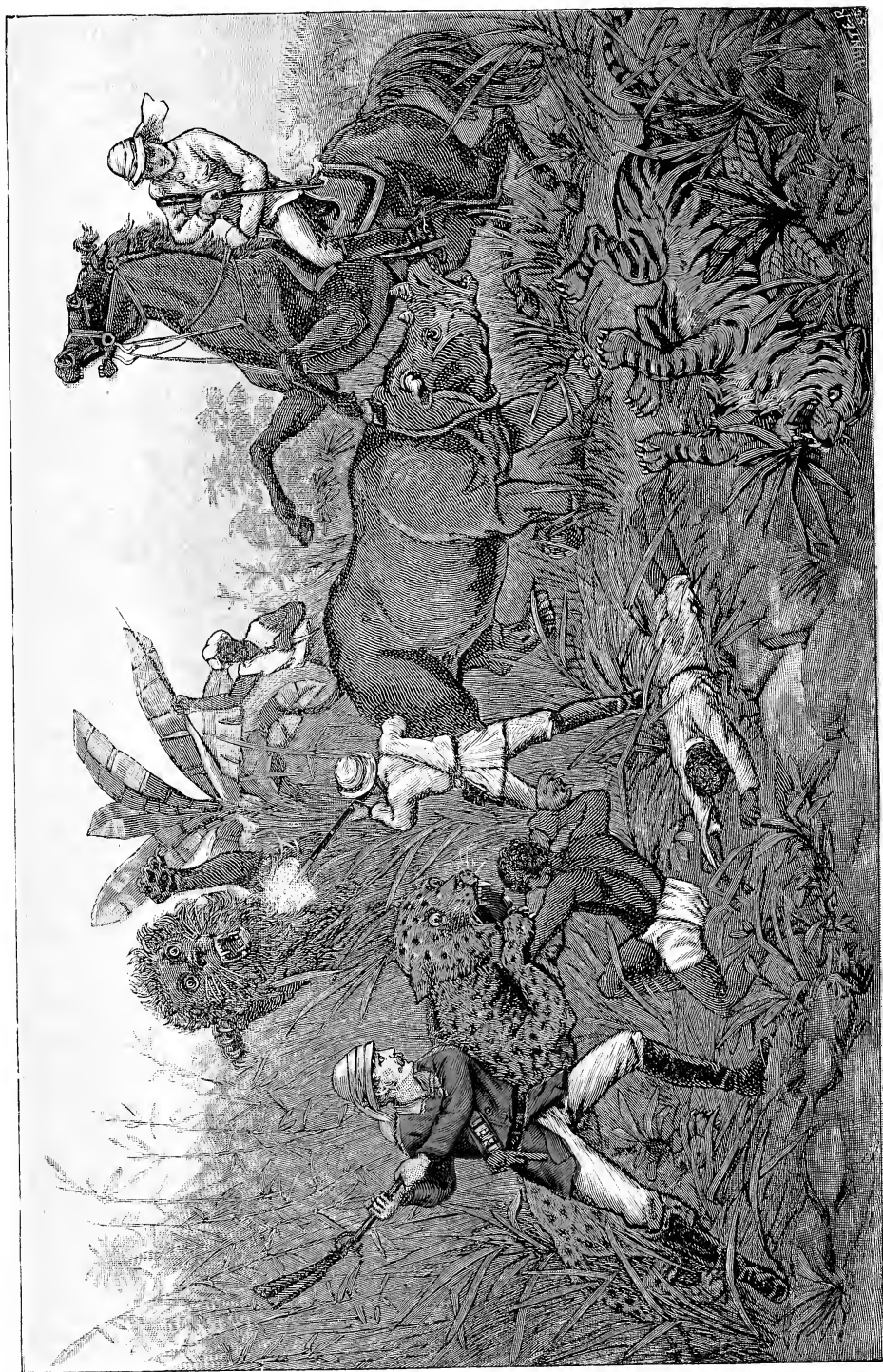


To

James E. Mallie

from

Grandmother Butts



DESPERATE ENCOUNTER WITH FEROCIOUS BEASTS.

HUNTING BIG GAME
IN THE
WILDS OF AFRICA
CONTAINING
THRILLING ADVENTURES
OF THE
FAMOUS ROOSEVELT EXPEDITION

In Search of Lions, Rhinoceri, Elephants, Hippopotami and other
Ferocious Beasts of the Jungle and Plain

INCLUDING

JOURNEYS IN UNKNOWN LANDS, MIRACULOUS ESCAPES, CURIOUS
CUSTOMS OF SAVAGE RACES, AND MARVELOUS DIS-
COVERIES IN THE DARK CONTINENT

TOGETHER WITH

GRAPHIC DESCRIPTIONS OF BEAUTIFUL SCENERY, FERTILE VAL-
LEYS, VAST FORESTS, MIGHTY RIVERS AND CATARACTS,
INLAND SEAS, MINES OF UNTOLD WEALTH, Etc., Etc.

THE WHOLE COMPRISING A

**Vast Treasury of all that is Marvelous and Wonderful
in Darkest Africa**

By J. MARTIN MILLER, the Celebrated Author and Traveler

**Embellished with a Great Number of Striking Pictures of Fero-
cious Beasts and Scenes in the African Wilderness.**

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INTRODUCTION.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT is not only a great Statesman, but he is also the most Renowned Hunter in the World. His Famous Voyage, beginning at New York, March 23, 1909—nineteen days after he had turned the reins of Government over to his successor—took him directly into the Jungles of Africa, inhabited by the wildest of wild beasts and wild men.

When it was announced that our distinguished Ex-President was to undertake this expedition, he was pronounced by college professors and others, through the press of the United States and Europe, as foolhardy in contemplating such a hazardous trip. From one end of the country to the other the newspapers printed accounts of the dangers he would encounter, and it was widely predicted that Theodore Roosevelt could never return alive.

Members of his family, including his old nurse who cared for him when a child, admonished him of the dangers of his undertaking. With Mrs. Roosevelt he called at the home of his governess at her Grammercy Park home to say good bye. The old woman, with tears in her eyes, kissed him good bye and cautioned him to be careful.

"I have read in the papers," said she, "such awful things; that you will surely catch an incurable fever, of the 'sleeping sickness;' that a deadly reptile will bite you; that an African insect will sting you to death; that the savage men will massacre you; that the treacherous leopard will spring upon you without warning; that the ferocious lion will surely get you, and Oh!" To this the undisturbed man of iron merely smiled and bid the constant companion of his childhood days an affectionate farewell.

The Hamburg-American Line had made special preparations in fitting up the same suite of rooms on the steamship Hamburg that the Kaiser had occupied on his famous Mediterranean voyage.

As the ship steamed from her docks at Hoboken a distinguished party, close friends of the Ex-President, crowded the steamer, many of them following her to Sandy Hook in chartered boats in paying their respects to the man who had ruled over the destinies of this nation for seven years.

Daily bulletins from the steamer, en route to Naples with its distinguished passenger and his son Kermit, were chronicled in newspapers throughout the world. Other steamships plying the ocean received marconigrams daily telling the passengers about the progress of the voyage. At Gibraltar, the little British possession at the entrance to the Mediterranean Sea, a cordial reception was tendered to Col. Roosevelt.

While the former President insisted that he was traveling in strict *incognito* and surely not in any sense as a public man, probably the most elaborate and royal reception was tendered him upon his arrival at Naples that has ever been given any public dignitary or private individual at that port.

During his stay in Italy Col. Roosevelt visited the site of Messina destroyed by earthquake, fire and tidal wave on December 28, 1908, when 200,000 people lost their lives. Through the Ex-President the thanks of the people of Italy were extended, flashed by the electric-wires encircling the globe to the remotest corners of the earth, for the generosity of the United States government in so promptly sending substantial aid.

In the Tropics the Animal World is full of wonders, and very fascinating. Birds and Insects with colors rivalling the hues of the rainbow; graceful Fishes flashing through the water; Animals ponderous as the Elephant, others nimble as the Squirrel and others coated with furs of finest texture and richest beauty—what an assemblage is here presented of the marvels of the Tropics.

The work describes the Four-Handed Animals which bear the closest resemblance to men; Apes, including the huge Gorilla, Baboons, and Monkeys whose mischievous pranks amuse both old and young. The reader passes from one captivating sight to another and is entranced at every step. He visits the monsters in their native jungles. In the trees above him, Birds of Paradise and

kindred Beauties display their charms. Giraffes dash across the plains; Zebras frolic; Lions and Leopards prowl through their accustomed haunts; and Camels, "the Ships of the Desert," speed away over the sandy wastes.

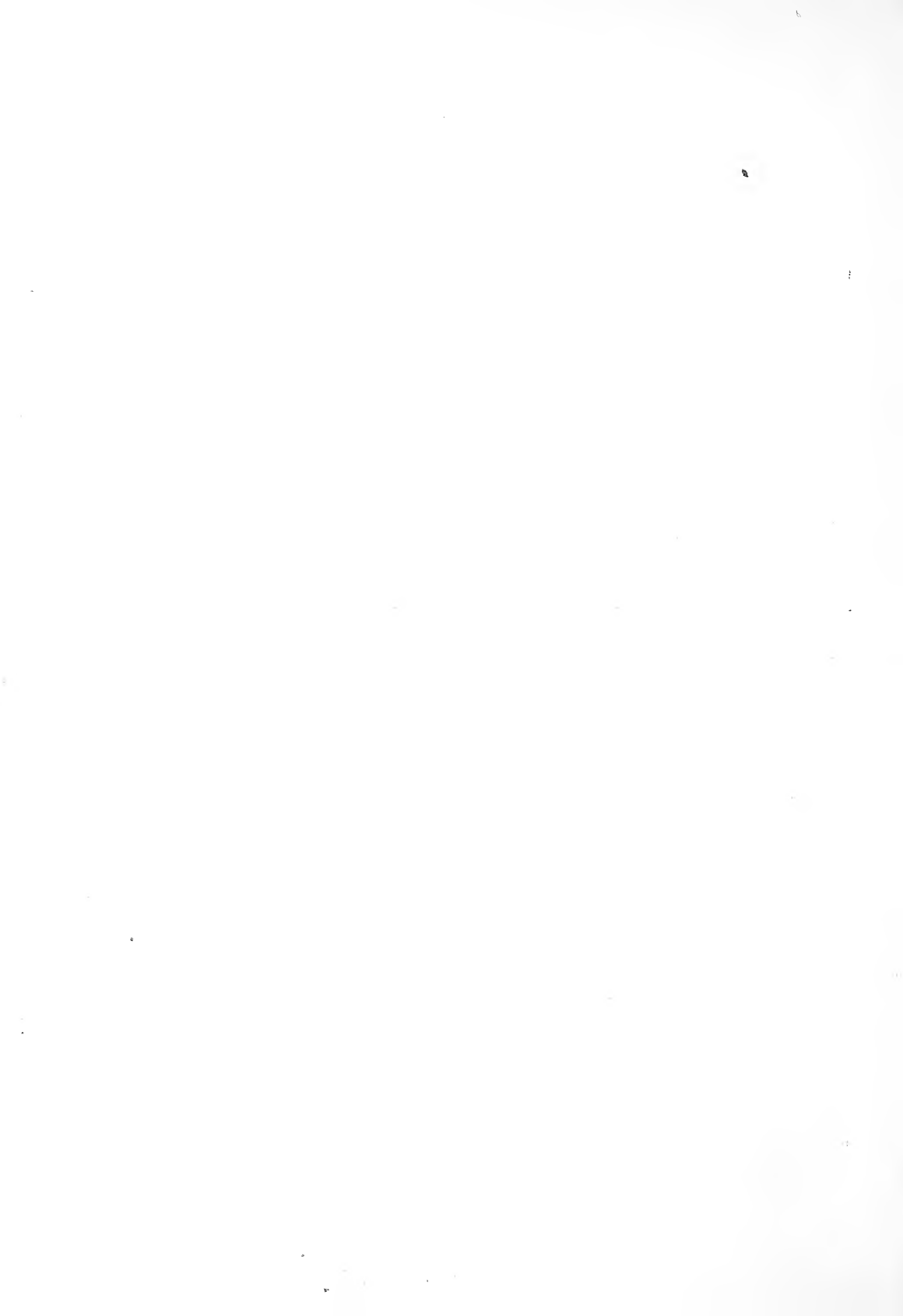
The monstrous Hippopotamus rolls sluggishly through the water. That oddity of the Animal World, the Kangaroo, with the young in its pouch, leaps through the thicket. Horned Animals of every variety and singular beauty, discovered by famous explorers, are depicted and give absorbing interest to the pages of this work.

Rhinoceroses tax all the skill of the hunter to capture them, presenting a hide so thick and tough as to defy an ordinary bullet to penetrate it. This and other thick-skinned animals are little less than monstrosities, while at the other extreme we have such attractive creatures as the Arabian Horse, and the Guereza with its silver mantle.

Bears are animals much more pleasant to read about than to meet. Found in almost every quarter of the globe, they furnish material for hunters' thrilling tales of conflicts and hair-breadth escapes. The Bear tribe, the Goat family, these are all pictured as the naturalist and explorer find them. This work is delightfully entertaining. It is more: it is very instructive; it is an educator for all readers.

Elephants display an intelligence that surprises everybody. Swiftmess, grace and beauty belong to the Deer and Gazelle. Creatures that fly, others that burrow; others that crawl—in short, the peculiar characteristics of all the Animal tribes are fully described, accompanied with incidents and anecdotes that enrich and make attractive every page of this superb volume.

The feathered tribes discourse such music as makes our orchestras commonplace. Their nests rival the architecture of man. The colors of these charming creatures of the air eclipse the splendors of fashion. Some of them are grotesque in looks and habits, but are all portrayed in a manner that delights the reader.



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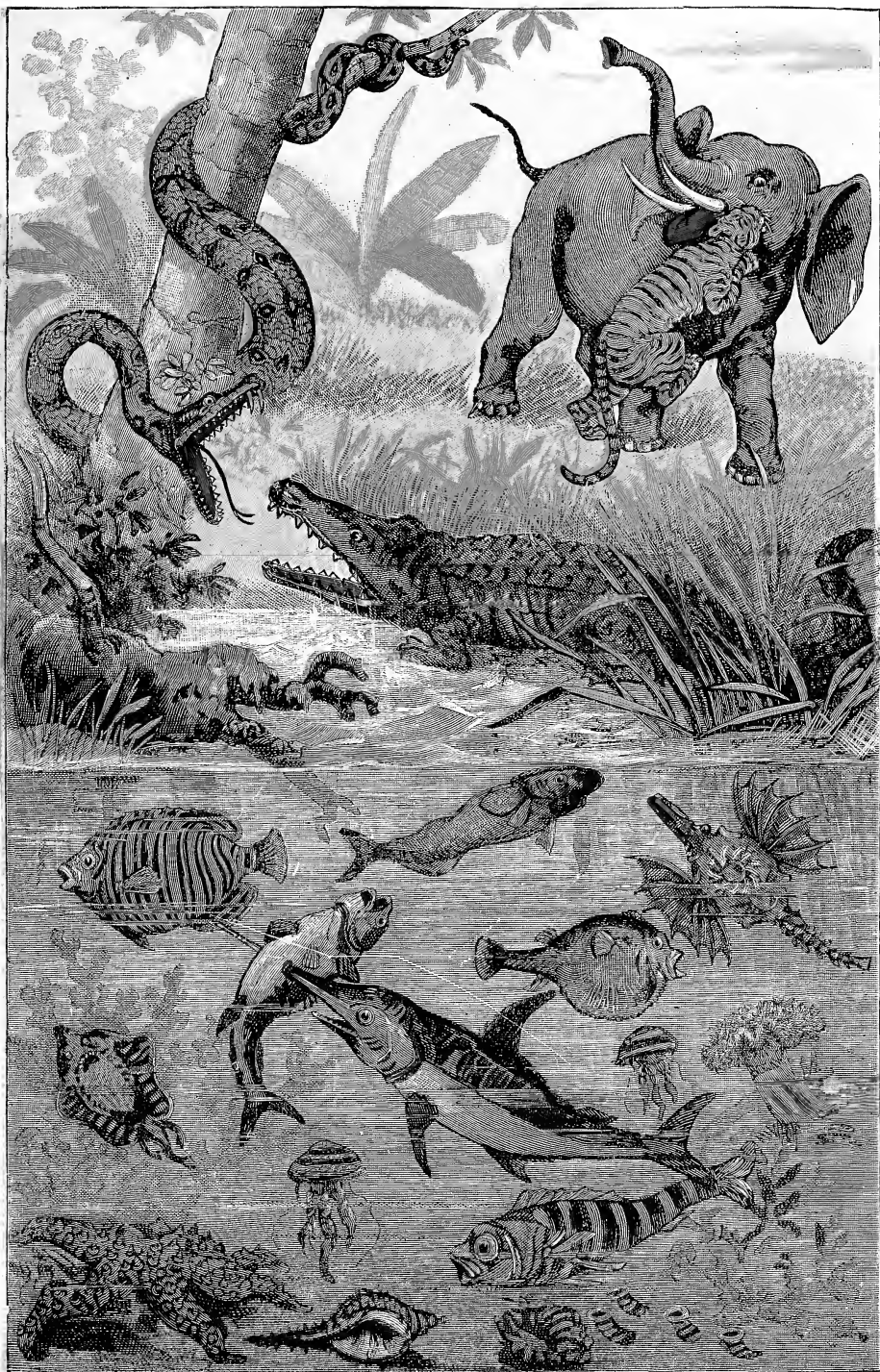
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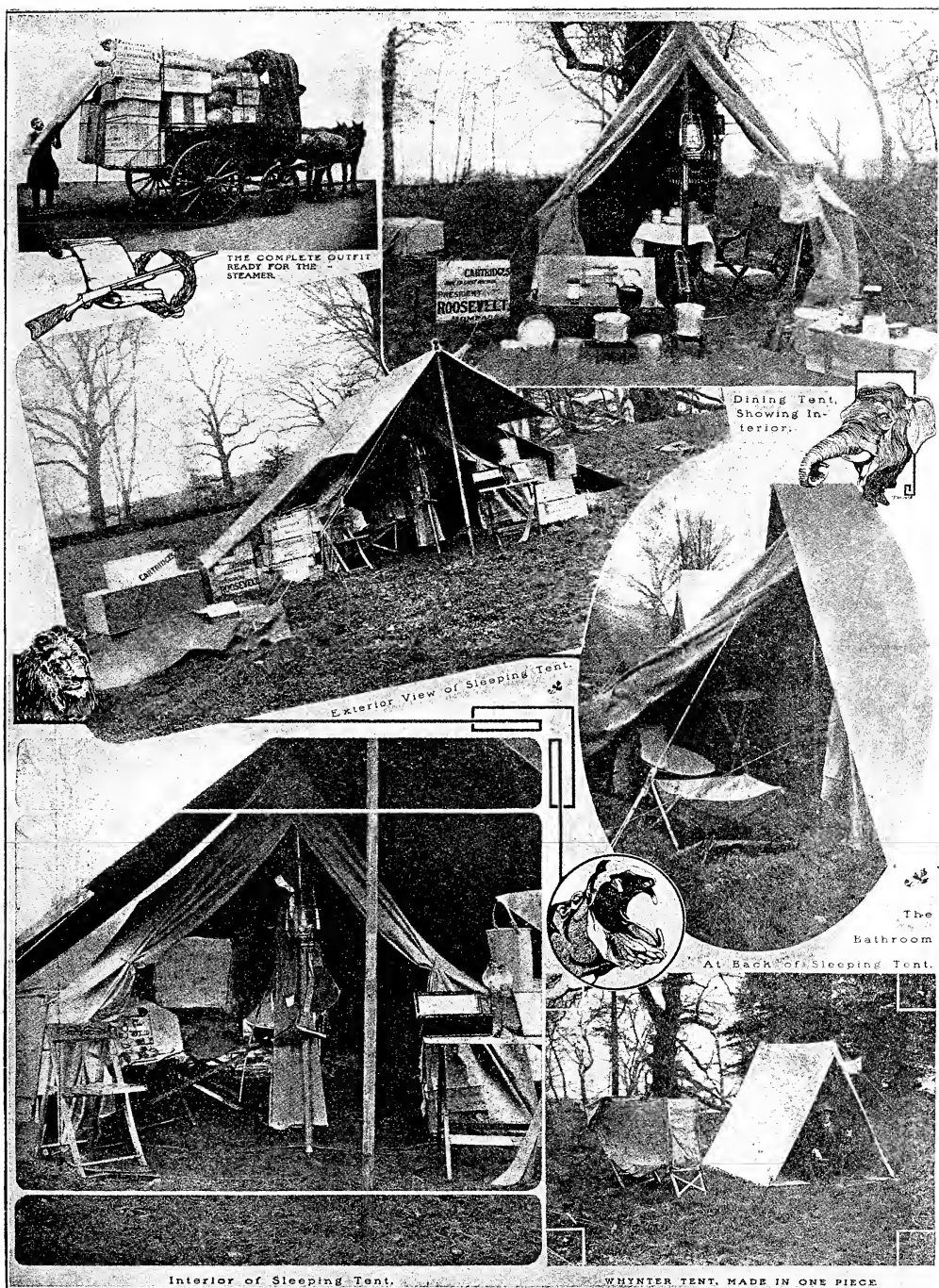
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ANIMALS, REPTILES AND FISH OF THE TROPICS.





THE FAMOUS ROOSEVELT EXPEDITION
 VIEWS SHOWING PART OF THE OUTFIT TAKEN BY COL. ROOSEVELT ON
 HIS TRIP THROUGH THE WILDS OF AFRICA



ROOSEVELT AS A HUNTER WHEN A YOUNG MAN



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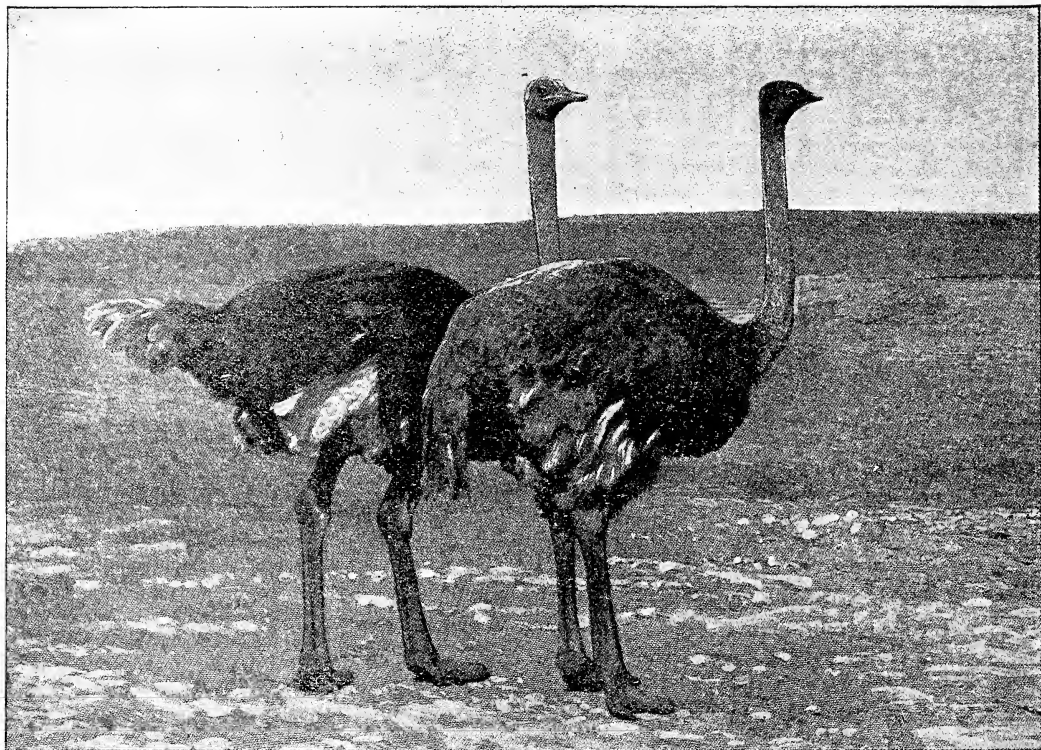
THEODORE ROOSEVELT WRITING HIS LAST MESSAGE IN HIS OFFICE
AT THE WHITE HOUSE



A MADDENED RHINOCEROS CAME WITHIN FIFTY FEET OF COL. ROOSEVELT IN ITS WILD CHARGE.
A SINGLE SHOT AND THIS DREADED BEAST OF THE JUNGLE WAS KILLED.



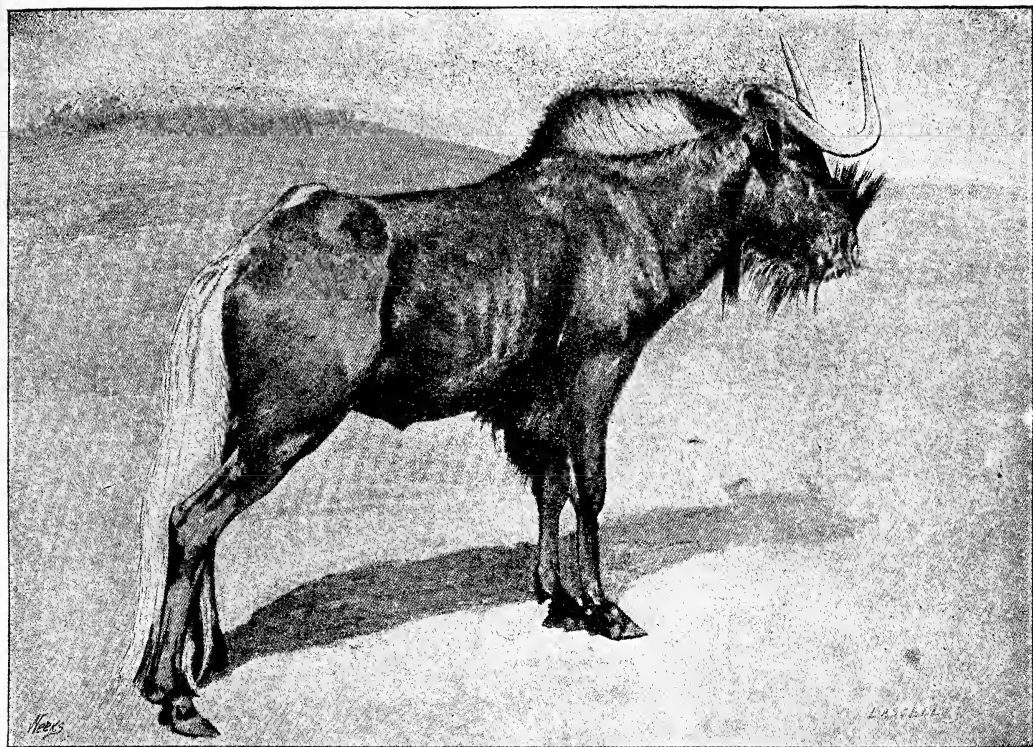
THE HIPPOPOTAMUS OR RIVER HORSE
COL. ROOSEVELT KILLED SEVERAL OF THESE MONSTERS



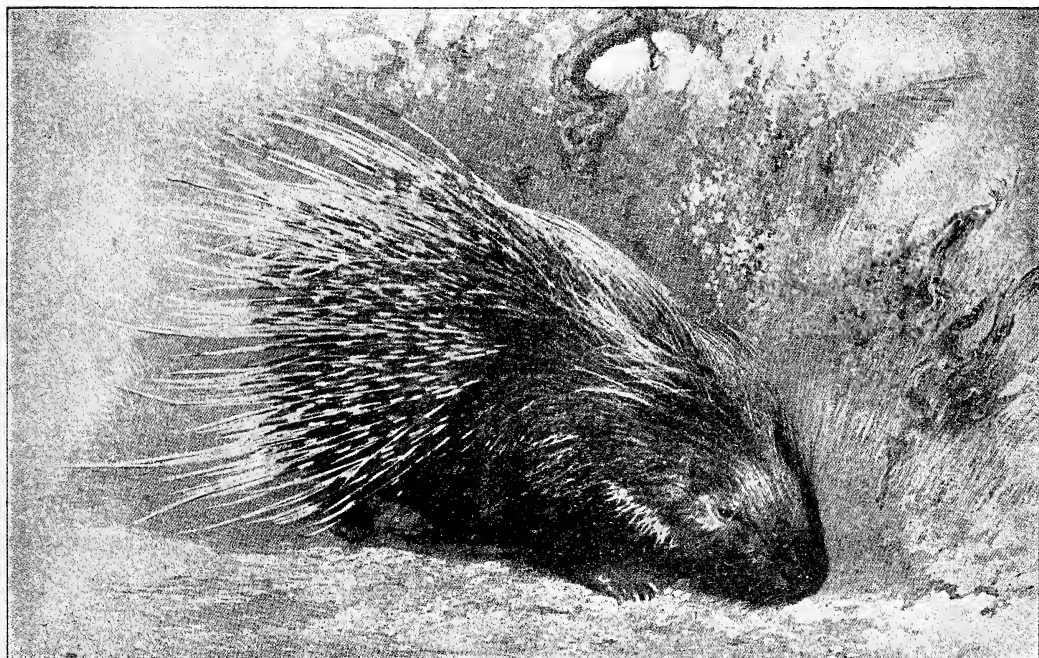
SOUTH AFRICAN OSTRICHES



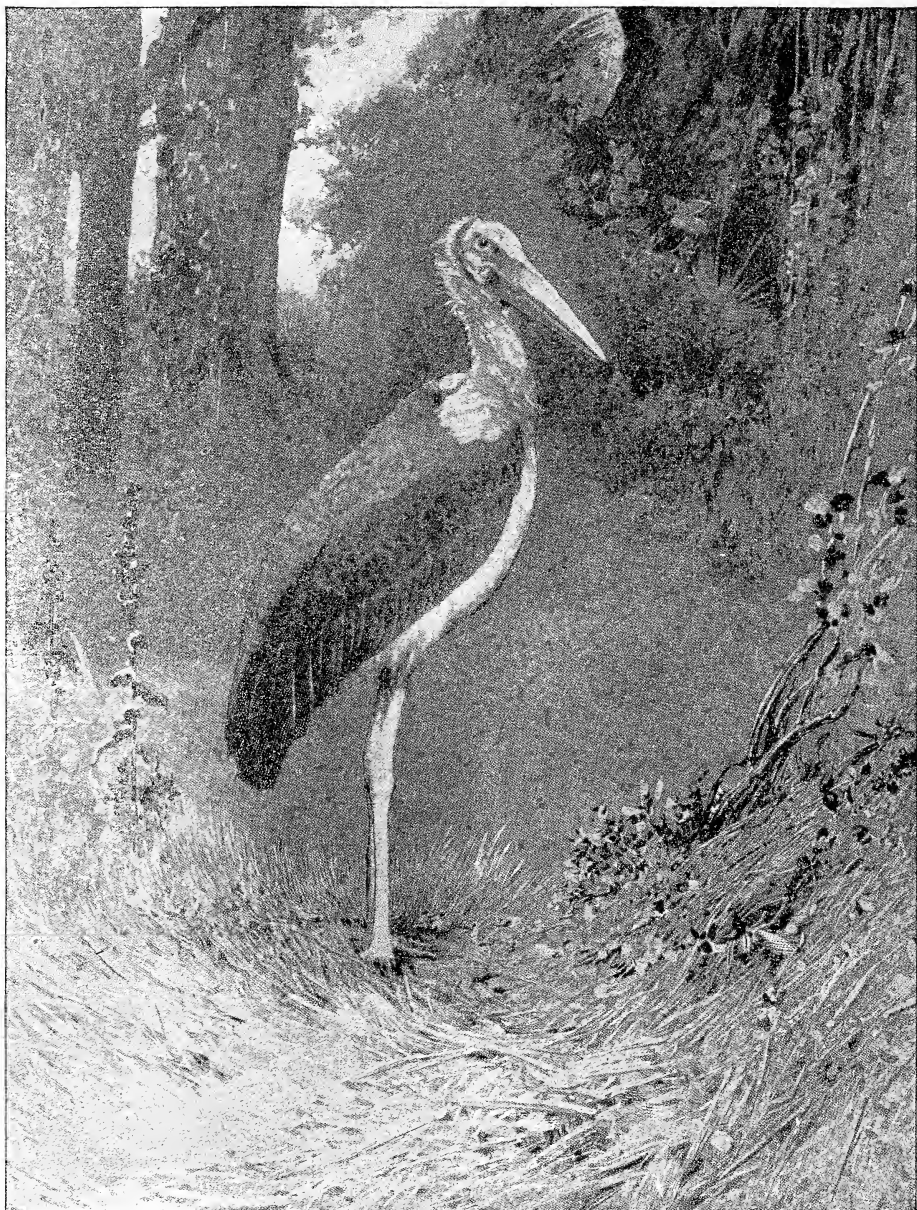
A MONKEY CHASE



THE WHITE-TAILED GNU

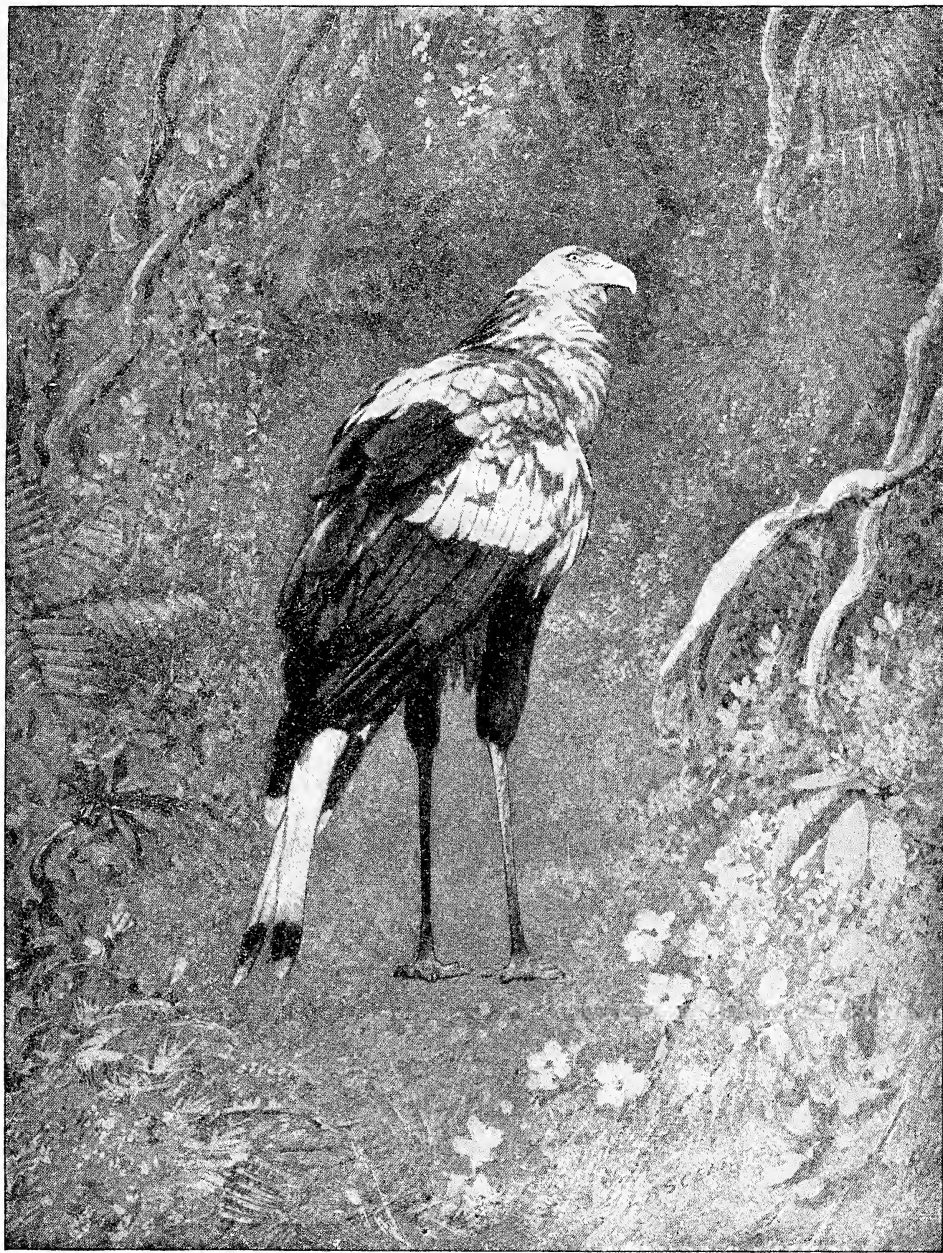


BRUSH-TAILED PORCUPINE



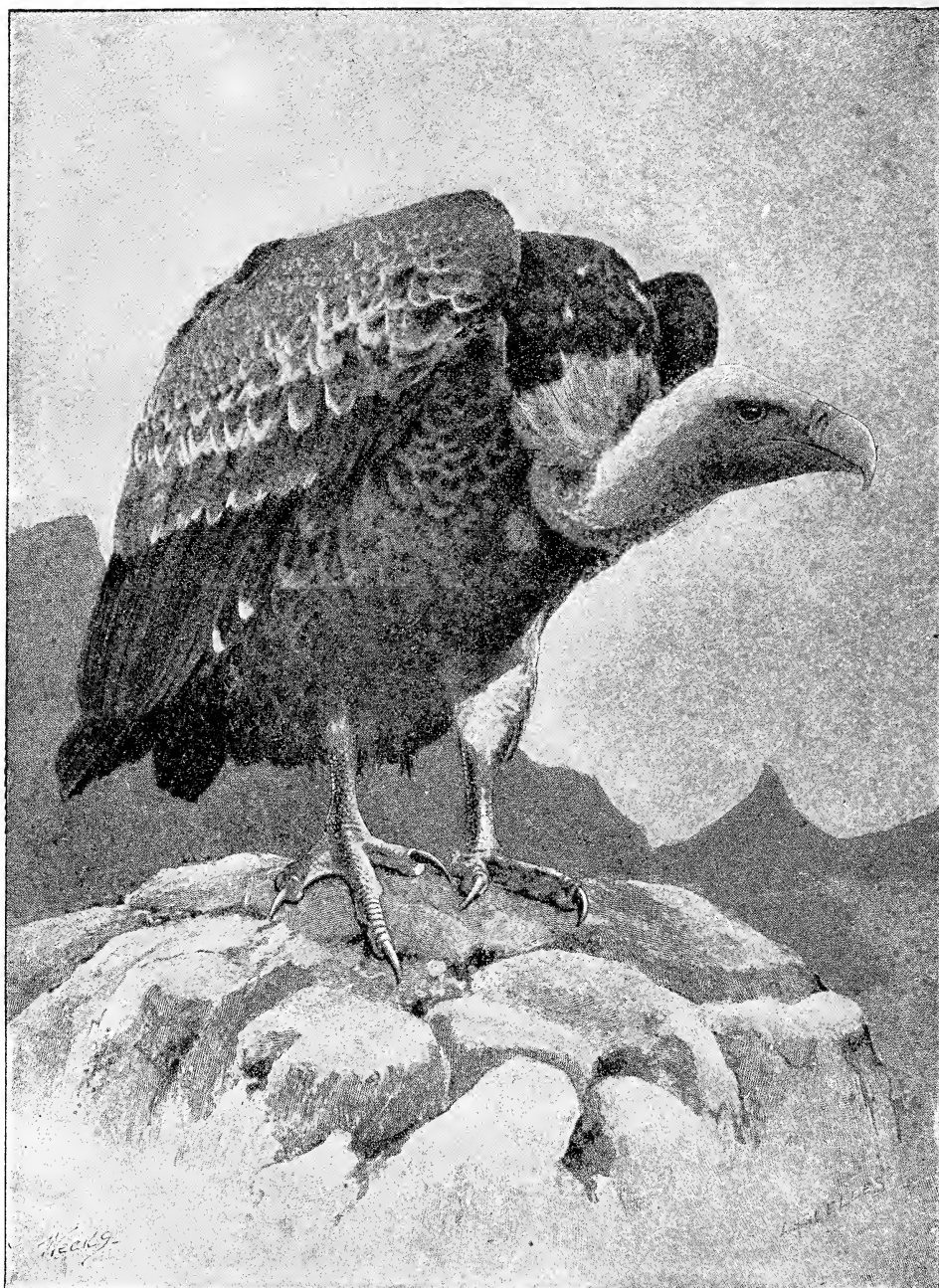
THE MARABOU STORK OF AFRICA

THE STORK BELONGS TO THE WADING BIRDS, HAVING LONG LEGS AND LONG POINTED BILL. IT FURNISHES PLUMES FOR ORNAMENTS



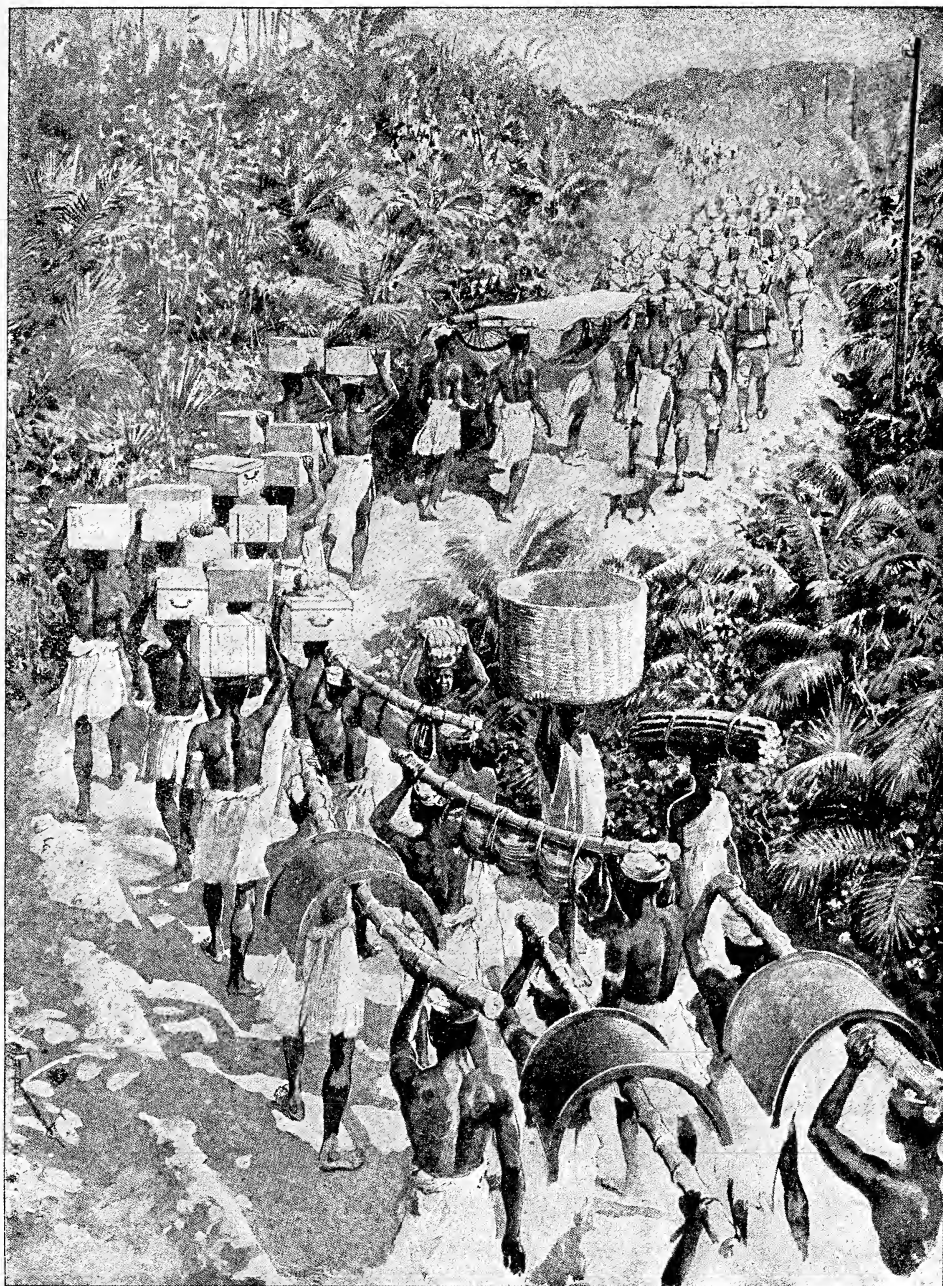
THE SECRETARY BIRD

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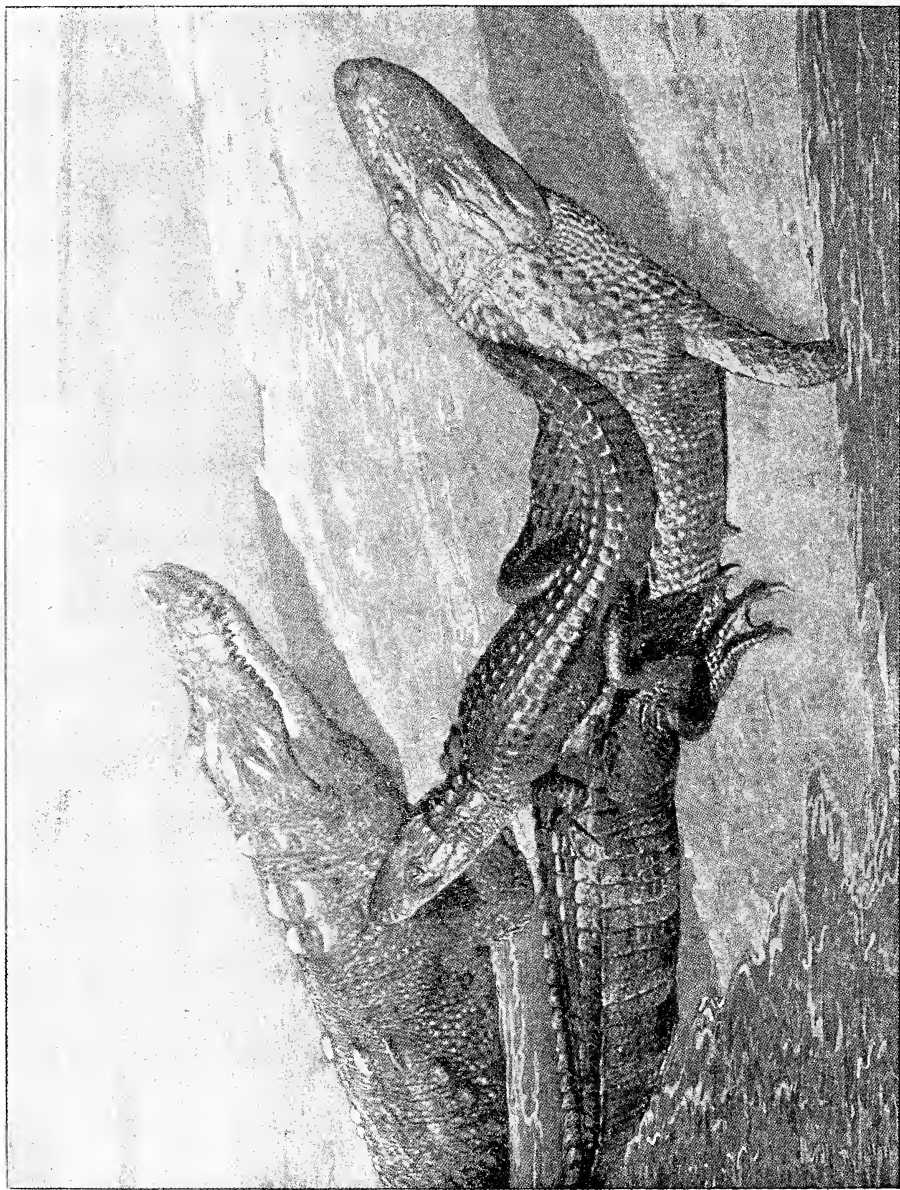


THE VULTURE

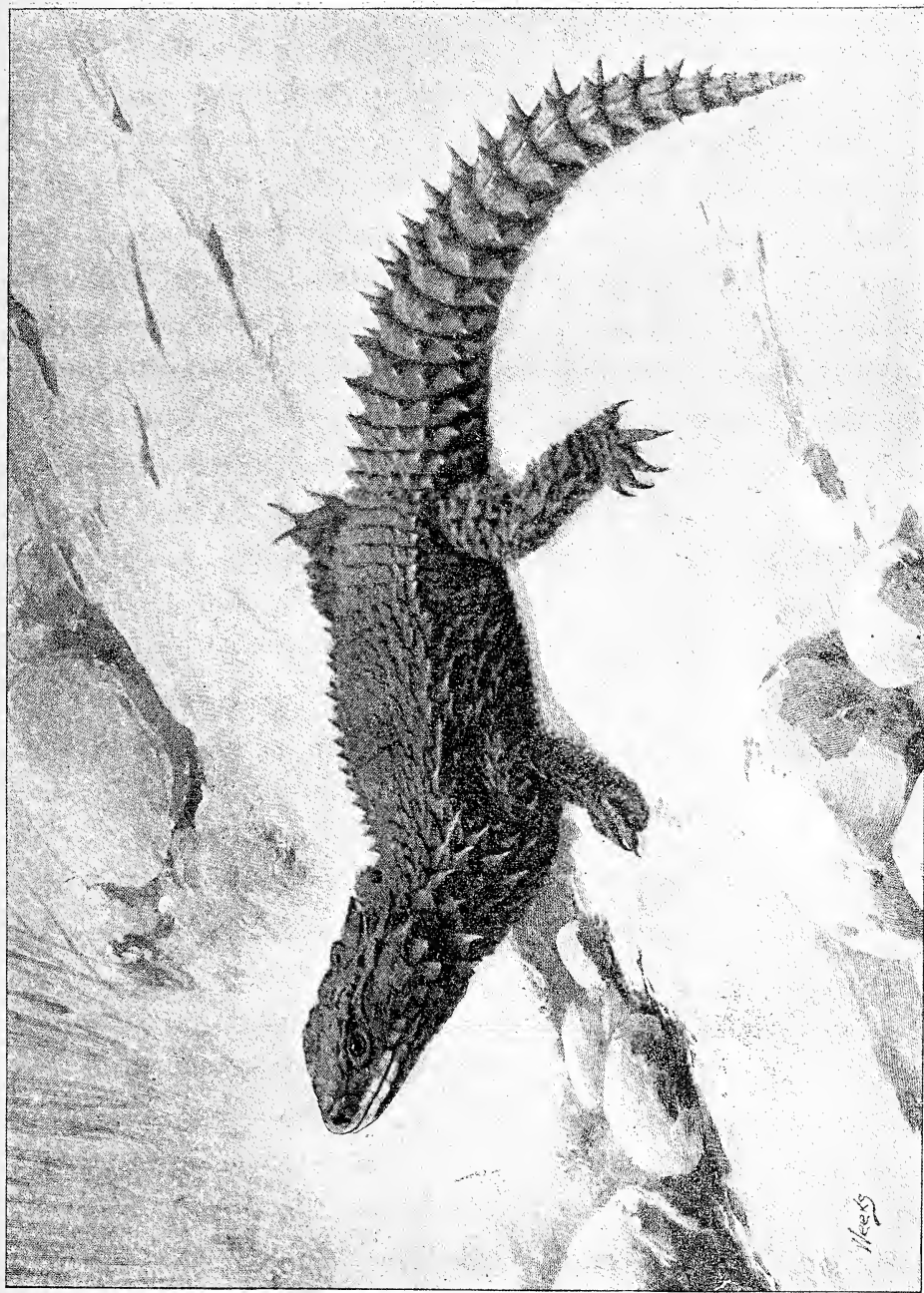
A SCAVENGER THAT IS FOUND IN VARIOUS PARTS OF AFRICA



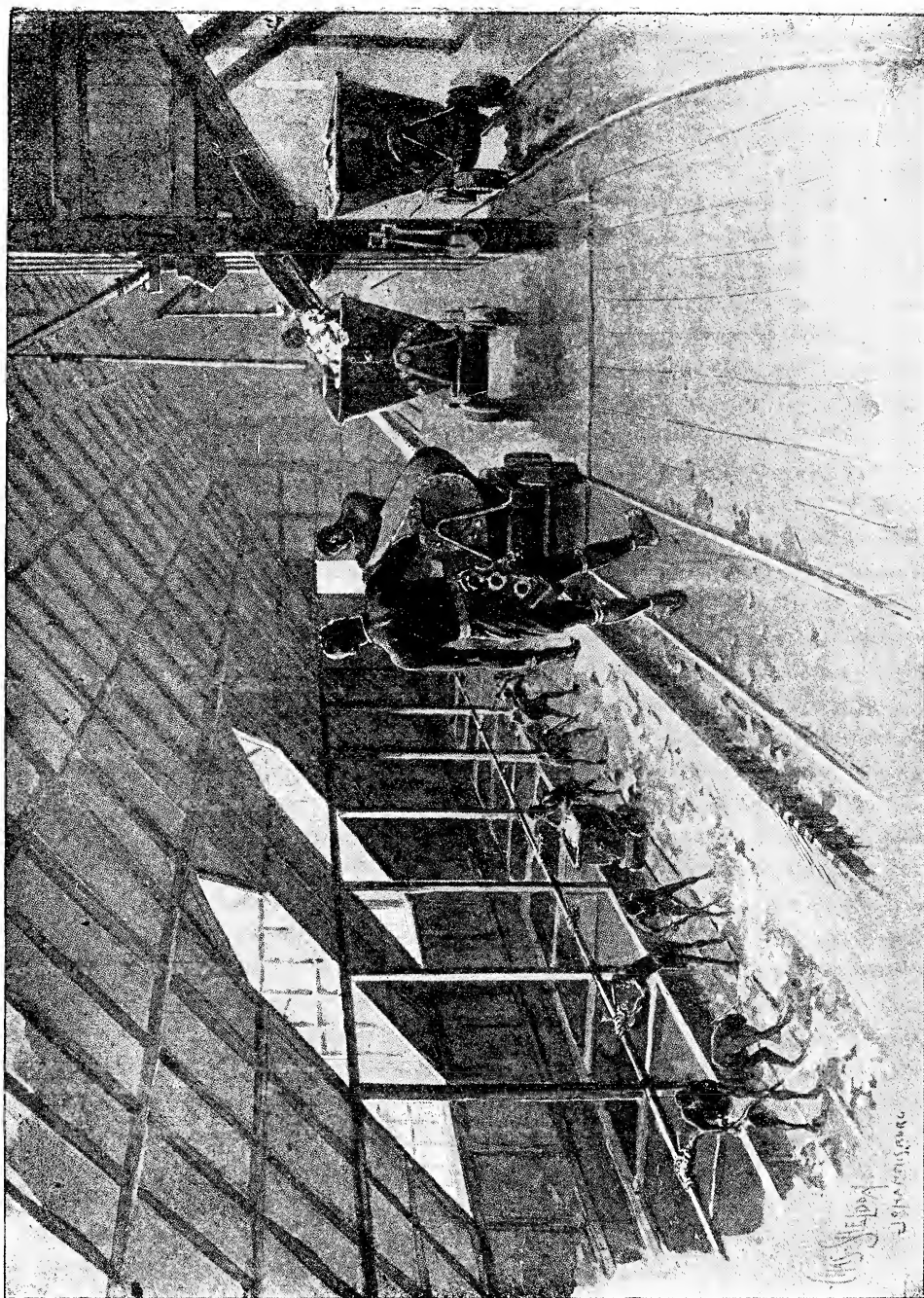
EXPLORING PARTY ON THE MARCH—SCENE IN AFRICA



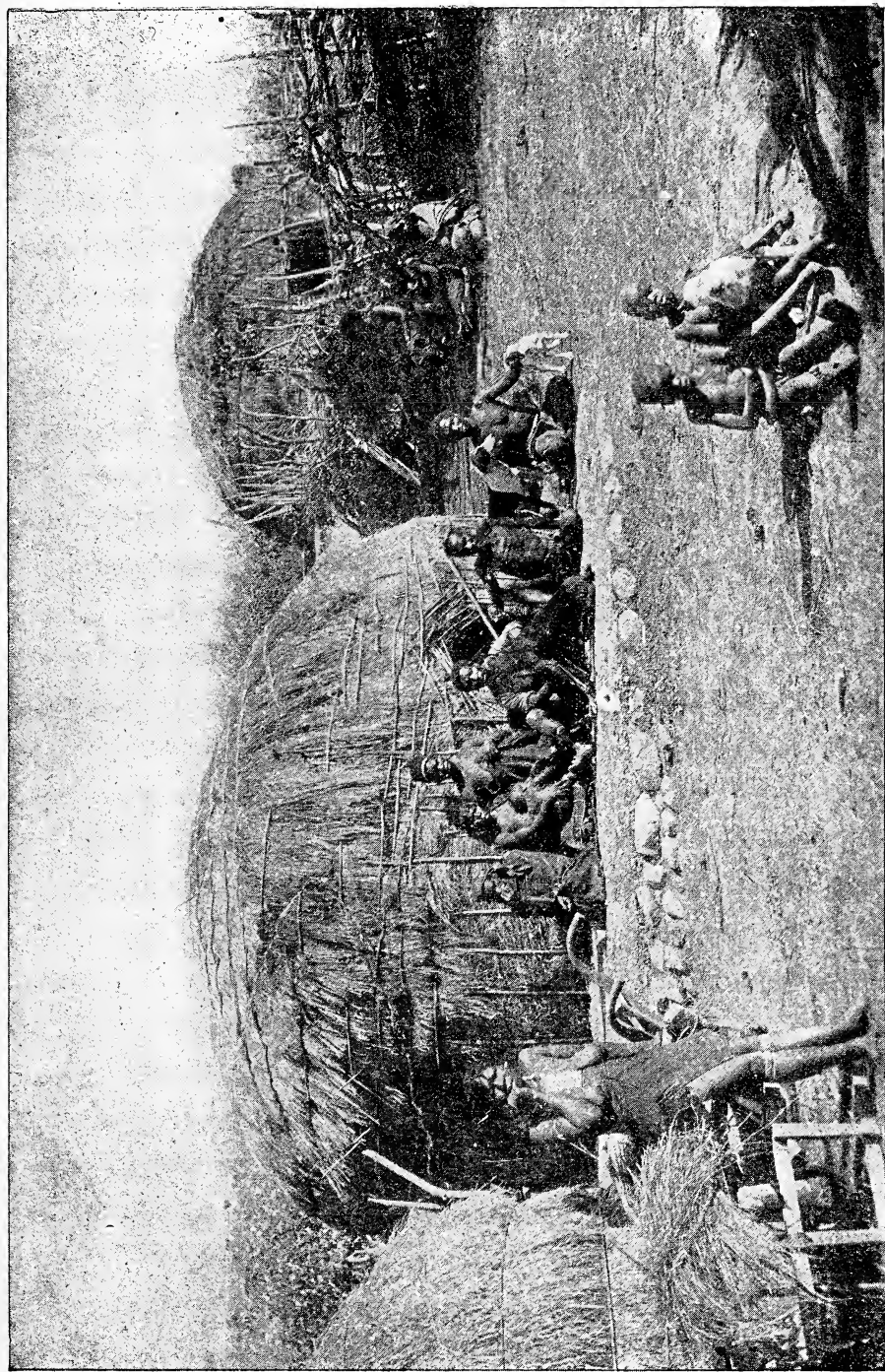
CROCODILES ABOUND IN THE LAKES AND RIVERS OF TROPICAL AFRICA



GIANT GIRDLE-TAIL LIZARD OF SOUTH AFRICA.
EASILY RECOGNIZED BY THEIR SPINY TAILS AND BODIES, THEY INHABIT ROCKY DISTRICTS

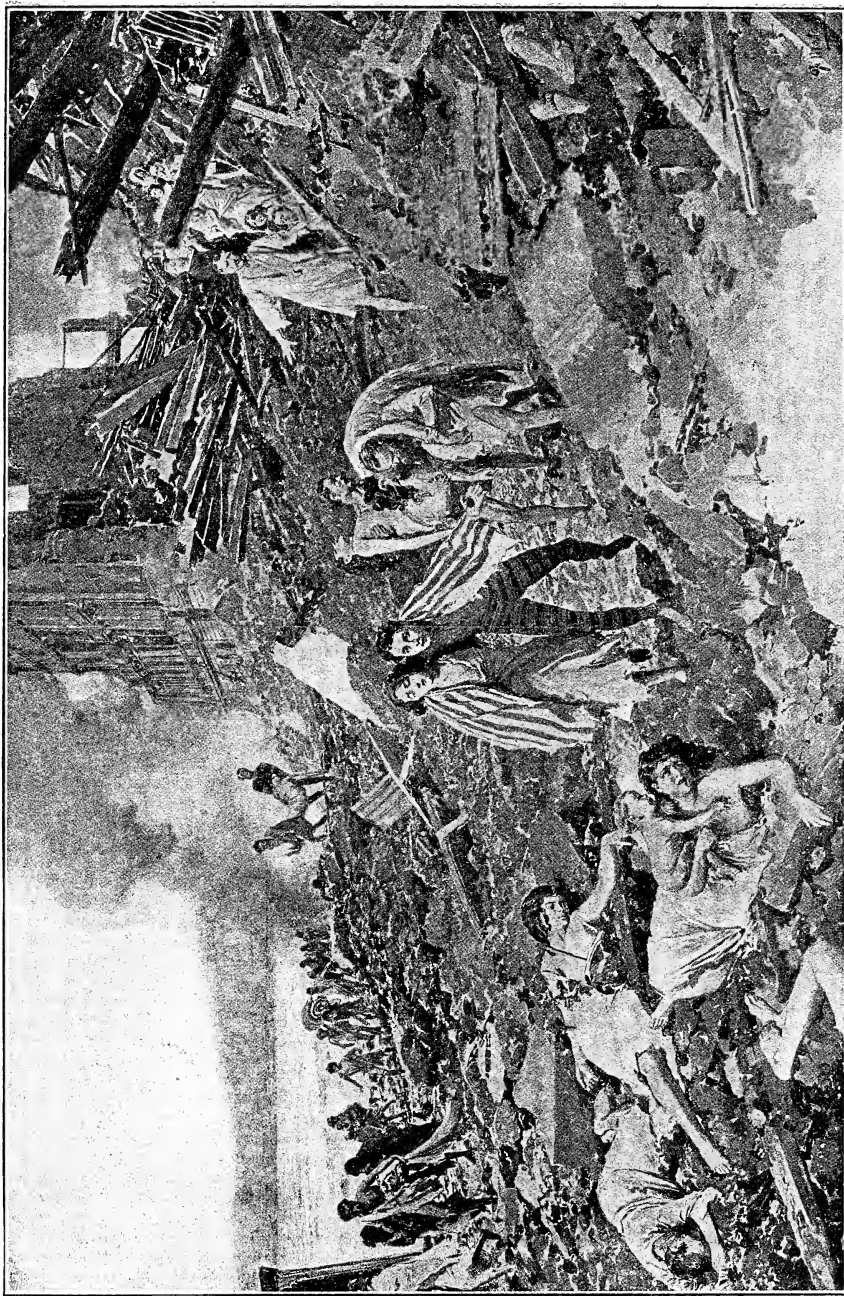


JOHANNESBURG MINE—TRANSVAAL
SORTING HOUSE WHERE THE QUARTZ AND WASTE ROCK ARE SEPARATED



KAFFIR KRAALS, SHOWING CHILDREN IN THE FOREGROUND

HOMES OF THE DIFFERENT SOUTH AFRICAN TRIBES ARE BUILT IN SETTLEMENTS AND CONSIST OF A FRAME-WORK WHICH IS THATCHED, THERE ARE NO DOORS OR WINDOWS EXCEPT ONE SMALL OPENING. A FAMILY OF TWENTY OR MORE WILL OCCUPY ONE KRAAL



MORNING OF THE EARTHQUAKE—VIVID SCENES OF TERROR IN MESSINA

COL. ROOSEVELT MET THE KING OF ITALY HERE ON HIS WAY TO AFRICA

CHAPTER I.

THOUSANDS CHEER FORMER PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S DEPARTURE FOR AFRICA—EVERY SHIP, FERRY BOAT AND TUG JOINED IN THE DEMONSTRATION SHRILLY WITH THEIR WHISTLES—THE TWO FORTS GUARDING THE ENTRANCE TO NEW YORK HARBOR FIRED THE EX-PRESIDENT'S SALUTE—PRESIDENT TAFT SENDS FAREWELL BY HIS MILITARY AIDE—COL. ROOSEVELT REPLIES CHARACTERISTICALLY BY TELEGRAPH—HIGH OFFICIALS AND DISTINGUISHED CITIZENS PAY THEIR RESPECT AND AT THE SHIP SAY: "BON VOYAGE ET AU REVOIR."

MARCH 4, 1909, was the most disagreeable Inauguration Day ever witnessed at Washington. The terrific storm had blocked trains and leveled telegraphic wires. Thousands of people en route to witness the ceremonies incident to the transfer of the Presidency of the United States from Theodore Roosevelt to William Howard Taft, never reached Washington at all. The storm was so severe in snow, wind and low temperature that the regulation ceremonies outside the capitol building were abandoned entirely.

It was remarked, facetiously of course, that the furious storm was brought about because a strenuous man was relinquishing his hold on the ship of state and that the man who is the greatest personal force in the world, influenced the very elements. Moreover, this king of human strenuosity was soon to match his vigorous, constant action against the king of animal strenuosity in fearlessness, ferocity and endurance, the lion.

On March 23, at 11 A. M., Col. Roosevelt boarded the steamship Hamburg for the first stage of his voyage to Africa.

His departure was one of the most thrilling scenes ever witnessed in New York. Not since the time when General Grant began his tour of the world was such a farewell given to a departing citizen; and the old timers who were present when the civil war hero

left the country say the acclaim given him could not compare with that which Theodore Roosevelt received.

There were present men high in politics, finance, and business, officials and former officials, and thousands of people in all walks of life. It was all a grand occasion in which the participants shouted and smiled with tears in their eyes.

Probably nothing could have shown more clearly the deep feel-

ing of affection and respect for Col. Roosevelt than the behavior of the crowds which punctuated the way from his home at Oyster Bay to the dock of this steamship.

Upon the steamer President Taft was represented by his military aid, Capt. Archibald W. Butt, of the quartermaster's department of the army, who brought to the former chief executive a letter from the present occupant of the White House, wishing him "Goodby and the best of luck," the favorite ex-



COL. THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

pression of the retired President, and a gold scale inscribed with the name, "Theodore Roosevelt."

"Give my best wishes to the President," Col. Roosevelt said to Butt. Then he sent the following telegram:

"The President, Washington:—Parting thanks, love and sincerity.
THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

When the former President finally reached his suite of five rooms (the same once occupied by the Kaiser) which had been reserved for him he found therein Senator Root, who was Secretary of State during his last administration; Senator Lodge of Massachusetts—"Cabot," as Col. Roosevelt calls him; and Mrs. Cowles, the wife of Admiral Cowles of the navy, who is the former President's sister. Then Col. Roosevelt looked out of the door at the mass of humanity gathered before it. He saw Mr. Loeb.

"Come, Loeb; come here," he cried. He grasped Loeb by the hand and gave him a pull which brought him past the two policemen who were guarding the portals of the room. He saw a magazine writer.

"Let the muckraker in," he called with a friendly intonation.

Some one said: "Here are five Rough Riders, Col. Roosevelt, who want to see you."

"Let the Rough Riders pass," he replied.

PROVISION FOR COMFORT AND HAPPINESS.

Those who were in the room saw that the steamship company had made provision for the comfort and happiness of Mr. Roosevelt. Upon the walls were portraits of Mrs. Roosevelt and of President Taft, pictures of the Roosevelt home at Oyster Bay, and other decorations which would appeal especially to the distinguished passenger.

The bugle sounded for all ashore. Ropes were cast off and the Hamburg backed slowly into the river. The crowds upon the pier began to cheer, the whistles of every factory and steamboat in the vicinity shrieked with might and main, and the German band aboard the Hamburg played the Irish tune of "Garry Owen." Col. Roosevelt passed to the port side of the navigating bridge and waved his hat to the crowd.

During the voyage Col. Roosevelt followed the ship's prescribed routine. He took breakfast at 8, luncheon at 1 and dinner at 7 o'clock.

A sensational report was sent in great detail, from Horta, Island of Fayal, Azores, where the steamship called, that an attempt

had been made by a steerage passenger to assassinate the former President. The story was cabled all over the world and printed by the sensational press in elaborate details even to the placing of the would-be-assassin in irons.

Upon reaching Gibraltar Col. Roosevelt, learning that such a story had been sent out, indignantly denied it. After doing this he went to the deck belonging to the third class passengers and shook the hand of each. He expressed himself as feeling that a great injustice had been done the poor people traveling in the steerage and he desired to express to them his sympathy that even one among them had been singled out by a sensational press for such a scandal when there was no reason for it.

At Gibraltar Col. Roosevelt was cordially received by United States Consul Greevy and Vice Consul Nichols as well as by the British Governor.

RECEPTION AT NAPLES.

The reception given Col. Roosevelt upon arrival at Naples was probably the most cordial and elaborate ever given at that city. Thousands had come from all parts of Europe to greet the ex-President. Sojourners in Europe congregated at Naples by the hundreds awaiting his arrival. The preparations for transferring the baggage and hunting outfit of Col. Roosevelt had been arranged by the United States Consul. Ambassador Griscom had come down to Naples from Rome to do honor to our former chief executive of this Nation. Journalists from London, Berlin, Paris and Rome gathered at Naples to write their impressions of the distinguished American. Many of them printed elaborate character sketches of him.

The steamer Admiral left Naples soon after midnight, and, after so strenuous a day, the ex-President was not long in seeking rest. Arising early that morning, Col. Roosevelt was soon out on the deck armed with a pair of marine glasses. The air was balmy and the sunshine brilliant. After the buffeting they had received on the voyage from Gibraltar to Naples the trip through the Strait of Messina and down the coast was like sailing on a lake

The whole morning was spent on deck, and Col. Roosevelt had a good opportunity to learn much from those of the party who had been through the thrilling experience of the earthquake concerning the tragic details of that disaster. He was particularly interested in the stories told by Signor Trincerì, the prefect of Messina, who, under orders from Premier Giolitti, was to accompany Col. Roosevelt on his inspection of the city. The prefect was wounded in the wreck of his own home.

About 11 o'clock the Admiral passed close to the Lipari Islands, the volcano Stromboli, which the ancients regarded as the seat of Æolus, the god of the winds, standing up hugely against the blue sky. From the cone of the volcano, more than 3,000 feet high, a column of smoke rose majestically and was swept far away in fleecy clouds. The village of Stromboli, all white like a Moorish town, lay low down by the sea.

VISITS WRECK OF CITY.

All that was left of the population of Messina gathered near the landing place to witness the arrival of the distinguished party. As the Admiral approached the shore the ex-President made exactly the same remark as hundreds of others who have visited the ruins and observed them from afar, "There is more standing than I expected."

The Admiral arrived at Messina about 2 o'clock in the afternoon and was saluted by the Re Umberto, with the king on board. Almost immediately Captain Pfeister, the former Italian military attache at Washington and now aid to Admiral Mirabello, was taken to the Admiral in a launch and inquired for Col. Roosevelt. To him he said the king sent his compliments and would have great pleasure in receiving the former President of the United States. Col. Roosevelt's face lit up with a pleasant smile, and, accompanied by his son, Kermit, and Ambassador Griscom, he proceeded at once to the battleship.

The king met the party at the head of the gangway and greeted the ex-President effusively, shaking him warmly by the hand. He did not wish, he said, to allow the opportunity to pass of making the

personal acquaintance of so distinguished a man. Above all, he wanted personally to thank the ex-President for the help extended by America at the time of the earthquake. "You are now able," he added, "to understand better what a terrible disaster it was."

Col. Roosevelt replied, thanking the sovereign for the compliment paid him in inviting him to come aboard the *Re Umberto*. He said that the American people did not wish thanks for what they had done, as they had merely tried to do their duty, and knew no better way to confront the immense need than by their work and contributions.

The conversation then turned to the hunting trip to Africa, the king saying that his tastes also ran in that direction. He mentioned the expedition of the Count of Turin in Africa and expressed the hope that Col. Roosevelt would meet the count there.

HAVE PICTURES TAKEN.

After more than half an hour's conversation the king accompanied his guest ashore, where a photograph was taken of a group consisting of his majesty, the ex-President, Kermit and the American ambassador. At the suggestion of the king Col. Roosevelt snapped a picture of his majesty, Admiral Mirabello, Kermit and Ambassador Griscom.

Before leaving the king saluted Col. Roosevelt, wishing him a happy and successful trip and much good luck in the way of hunting. He asked Col. Roosevelt to promise that he would visit Rome on his return, when the queen would be pleased to make his acquaintance. The king then took his departure, not wishing to accompany the party over the ruins. Col. Roosevelt was charmed with the courtesy of the king, and declared that it was the most interesting half-hour he had spent since he left the United States.

At the close of the interview Col. Roosevelt went ashore and inspected the ruins of the city, the desolation of which moved him strongly. When he saw behind those shells of what once were the walls of splendid palaces he was perfectly aghast, saying that it was impossible to form any idea of the completeness of the disaster without ocular demonstration.

Col. Roosevelt and his party penetrated into the interior of the town, now a desert waste, practically composed of a gigantic rubbish heap, from twenty to thirty feet in height. Great blocks of stone and ancient columns lay scattered among the rubbish, where dangerous walls had been pulled down. The line of streets was preserved only by tracks worn by the civilian survivors, the soldiers and the police.

Considerable trouble was experienced in making their way through the city. Rain, which soon began to fall, added greatly to the difficulties of the journey, as the mud was very deep.

The ex-President's departure from the city to go aboard his steamer was marked with scenes that moved him to emotion. Although it was raining heavily by this time, the people gathered in crowds. The women kissed their hands to him, the children threw flowers in his path and the men cheered wildly. It was a spontaneous greeting to one who had been their friend. Turning to one of the members of his party, Col. Roosevelt said:

"I am glad and proud as an American citizen that my country could do something to help this immense disaster, for which even all the assistance in the world would be insufficient."

He then boarded the steamer Admiral, which just at sunset hoisted her anchors and proceeded on her way to Mombasa, Africa.

CHAPTER II.

THE VOYAGE FROM NAPLES TO EAST AFRICA.

THE steamship Admiral conveyed ex-President Roosevelt from Naples to Mombasa, British East Africa. On the voyage the former President came in touch with the Dark Continent, for most of his fellow passengers were officials or residents of East Africa. To live in Africa is to be absorbed by it, to love it, to fear it, and to long for it. Those who have once felt its spell seldom are free from it. To know Africa well is to feel that all other countries are tame, commonplace, and lacking in the dramatic flavor which adds such spice to life out there.

All of Col. Roosevelt's fellow passengers talked Africa to him. They told him of their hopes and plans if they happened to be newcomers, or of their experiences and achievements if they were old residents. These fellow passengers were for the most part English and German, about half and half, with a sprinkling of Portuguese.

As the steamship line is German and subsidized by the German government, precedence is generally given to distinguished German passengers, but Col. Roosevelt had the seat of honor at the captain's table. The ex-President was regaled with some "tall" stories, but they always have the quality unusual to "tall" stories elsewhere of being true.

On these trips the English passengers will pre-empt the forward part of the deck. They have pre-empted the best parts of Africa. They take the best wherever they can get it. It's a national trait which does not endear them to the rest of the world, but when you have the best affection of those you've bested may not be necessary to your enjoyment.

The Germans will take the after part of the deck and say they prefer it. The Americans, if there are any, may be found between the two, while the Portuguese will lurk in corners or stay below, indulging in seasickness so violent and uncalled-for that you will

wonder if they are of the same race as Vasco da Gama, Cortez and those other great navigators.

The German ship in which the distinguished ex-President was a passenger came from Hamburg and touched at Lisbon and Marseilles before arriving at Naples. Leaving Naples, the ship passed through the Bocca, as the two-mile-wide strait between the Campanella (the point of the Sorrentian peninsular) and the Island of Capri is called. Through this channel Ulysses sailed, Æneas passed this way in his flight from Troy to found a new race in a new land. And so many ships of so many nationalities have since glided between these rocky promontories that to name the nationalities would be to skim the history of civilization.

Our good German ship turns in toward the huge cliff which rises on Capri's eastern edge and is crowned by the ruins of a splendid Roman villa, and as it does so, gives three clear toots. It is the captain's greeting to a party of Germans who came with him from Hamburg to Naples. There is always a group of Germans who have the good sense to come by this round-about but charming route to southern Italy.

FOUNTAIN OF FIRE.

The ex-President probably passed Stromboli at sunset on a clear glowing day or by night, when the fountain of fire flares up and then rolls bubbling and seething down to the sea. From the steamer this splendid volcano seems to rise right out of the sea, with no shore or resting place at the base. Symmetrical and awful, it lifts its angry mouth to heaven and spouts fury at the gods, like a creature in torment. Seen against a blazing evening sky and mirrored in glassy, opalescent waters, it is a sight never to be forgotten.

A harrowing fascination must now lie in the dreadful desolation to be seen in passing through the Strait of Messina. For Messina and Reggio lie so close on either hand, as you go through the straits, that with glasses you can see the people and vehicles in the streets. Now all is silent and still there, under a pall of devastation which it will take years to lift.

Three days across the always restless Mediterranean—each day

growing warmer—brought Col. Roosevelt to Port Said, the meeting place of the Occident, the Orient and the tropics. While the ship was coaled here by the sweating, naked, chattering, odoriferous natives running back and forth, up and down, like ants on an ant hill, the ex-President was escorted ashore and shown the sights, the canal offices, the native quarters, the public buildings and new hotels.

I would rather go with you up some of the queer side streets, poking into some of the queer shops, looking at some of the queer people—and there are such extraordinary specimens of the human race walking tranquilly about, as if they were quite at home here, and as if we were the abnormal species and not they. Nubians, black and shiny, Sudanese of many colors and tribes, Egyptians, Arabs from the bare red mountains of the Holy Land, all wearing the tints of the rainbow, so harmonized and blended as to make a wild, rhythmical symphony of color, and with the glare of the earth and sky as a clamorous chorus.

NEW RACE OF TEDDY DONKEYS.

Every resident of Port Said, black and white and yellow, was out to see the great American whose name is known the world over. And after his visit a new race of Teddy donkeys sprung up in Egypt, each one guaranteed to future visitors as being the only one ex-President Roosevelt rode. Jeering, cringing, importuning, clamorous, the children of the desert, the scum of Arabia and Africa pressed about him. And when night fell and they sat in groups about the glowing charcoal of their braziers, cooking coffee or kous-kous under the vast spaces of the starry Egyptian night, they related stories of meeting with the ex-President, of how he looked and walked, what he wore, etc.—stories which will in time grow into fables and myths among the people, where story tellers still take the place of books and newspapers.

Nothing in his whole voyage probably was more interesting to the ex-President than his trip through the Suez Canal. He is parent of the Panama Canal. It was perhaps his favorite among the great undertakings of his administration, and his personal in-

spection of it enabled him to make a close comparison between the two great canals. The Suez Canal is, of course, a very different proposition from that of Panama, though the problem of part of the latter is similar to that of the whole of the Suez Canal, whose sandy shelving banks necessitate a constant dredging which is the day and night task of the canal guardians.

The ex-President's ship glided so silently, so slowly through the narrow channel that at times it seemed as if it was not moving. The low flat level shores, stretching in alternate wastes of sand and water to the horizon, are so uniform that there is no feature by which to mark progress. On the eastern horizon the mountains of the Holy Land rise like a pink vision of lonely desolation. How many years did those unfortunate sons of Israel wander in that dreary land far away to our left?

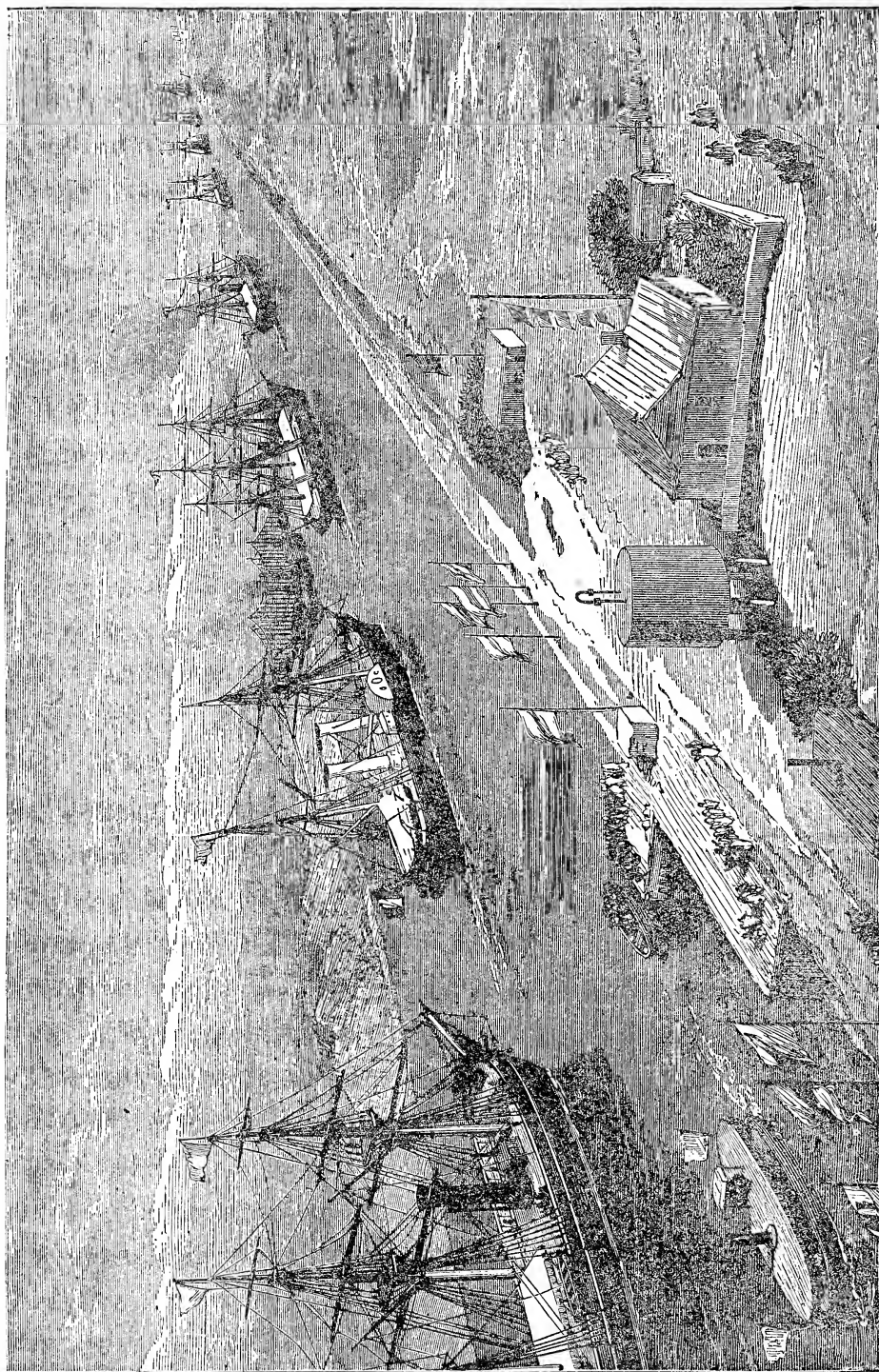
NEATLY KEPT CANAL STATIONS.

Natives, some on camels, some on donkeys and some on sandaled feet, travel with the ship or pass it going the other way. Occasionally, like anthills, Arab settlements rise out of the sand on either side, taking on the color of the desert which drifts about them. Or we come to the neatly kept canal stations, all numbered, which stand at regular intervals along the way. To pass each other steamers must wait in appointed widenings of the channel.

The Bitter Sea spreads out to emphasize the monotony. Always it is sand, sand, sand, and the still and glassy channel and the tremendous firmament on high, blazing by day and all a-glitter by night, bending over the sand and water and shutting it in like a huge brass bell. Beyond Suez, which lies at the Red Sea end of the canal, one comes to the place where the children of Israel passed safely through the divided waters which then rose and engulfed Pharaoh and his hosts. Ah! those wonderful descendants of Jacob! They "wrote the Book," (Exodus 14: 22, 28).

It was at this point that the ex-President passed under the shadow almost of Mount Sinai, where Moses and Aaron ascended and the Lord promulgated the ten commandments, (Exodus 20).

No place on the whole route looks more forbidding and utterly



THE SUEZ CANAL—PROCESSION OF SHIPS. COL. ROOSEVELT TOOK GREAT INTEREST IN THE TRIP THROUGH THE CANAL.

forsaken of God and man than the bare, red peaks and mountains that encircle the Gulf of Suez. Not a blade of grass could grow there, not the boldest cactus. You look and long to see a lonely lion roaring out his grief—it would seem so meet in those fierce solitudes.

The heat grows very stuffy and moist when you get into the Red Sea, where the sun of the tropics begins to make itself a feature of your days in joyous, exquisite sunrises, burning, intolerable noons and sunsets of ineffable splendor. If you are wise you will join the deck sleepers who have their beds made up in the airy stretches of the promenade decks on steamer chairs and benches. Even with electric fans going, sleep in cabins is not to be compared to that which you get above, fanned by night winds, blowing across the softly heaving water, with the stars blinking down at you and the call from the forward watch at the prow floating back to you.

ARRIVAL AT ADEN.

Some bleak, bare, red islands rise and menace you and fade away as you steam toward Aden. A stop at Port Sudan puts you in touch with the Upper Nile and the mysterious hinterland, that hotbed of the most dangerous type of religious fanaticism. Then one morning you will wake to find the fierce, red peaks that frown over Aden frowning over you as well, as the ship lies at anchor in the greenest of pale green water. A clamorous throng of natives in little boats is swarming about the steamer offering ostrich feathers, shells, ivory, sandalwood and all the queer products of Asia and Africa (of a very inferior quality).

But it is best to go ashore while the ship coals again. Before you go do notice the men who are coaling. Lean to emaciation, rather long in the limb, their black skins look gray because they dye their sprouting, woolly locks a carrotty red. Naked as they were born, this uncanny tribe run up and down the ship's sides with their little baskets of dusty coal. Already the smell of the coal dust is in the nostrils. Let us hurry down to the tender waiting to take us ashore, before our nice, white suits are smutty.

The one thing to do at Aden is to drive to the wells, said by some to have been built by Solomon, which you may believe or not

as you like. We are somewhere east of Suez now, where "there ain't no ten commandments," and each man's personal opinion is his own affair.

It is very glaring, very hot on the water front of Aden, and the prospect of a drive in one of the little, ramshackle, covered phaetons will be alluring, even if the horses are poor, dilapidated, ill-fed beasts who threaten to collapse before getting half the way. The callous indifference of the Orient to suffering in man or beast is creeping into your blood. The easy brutality of the tropics is becoming a part of you. Your grandfather was an abolitionist. Your father was the president of the S. P. C. A., but you are beginning to look on the clamorous encroaching crowd about you as "dirty niggers" to be beaten away if necessary, while the mangy, ill-fed cur who slinks from your path, and the gaunt, little horse who prepares to drag you on the sandy road are alike objects of indifference to you.

STATUE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

You are glad of the pith helmet you bought at Port Said, glad of your thin white suit and the green-lined pongee umbrella your friend from India advised you to get as your rickety vehicle crawls noisily along the blazing, dusty stretch of road leading from the landing place. A fine marble statue of Queen Victoria stands out in the square, soaking in the hot sunshine till the stone surface fairly seems to sizzle. Other ships from India, China and Australia are in the harbor coaling, and their passengers are wandering about, pursued by importunate natives. A few English officials pass from building to building, so used both to natives and voyagers that they do not give either even the most cursory glance.

Leaving this part of Aden behind us, we creak out across a bare tract toward the real Aden, which lies away from the harbor. Such quaint equipages, such marvelous people we see on this road! high, queer carts drawn by mules or camels, solitary horsemen on long-tailed Arab steeds, shrouded pedestrians, Jews with greasy, black curls and black head-pieces, turbaned specimens of every species of Arab or Hindu, stately Persians, Africans of many tribes, all are passing to and fro.

Now we meet a caravan of haughty camels walking like incipient jabberwocks down from the interior region, bearing sacks of coffee and their riders looking like other animated sacks of coffee-sacks, camels and riders all the same dun hue. Although there are large placards forbidding any tips to the guides at the wells—where one needs no guide at all—insinuating individuals of polyglot propensities will molest your free passage and convey to you in a mysterious way which defies placards that a little fee is customary and *de rigueur*.

If you are a brave woman you won't give it. If you are a weak man you will. The wells are not worth it, though the drive up and back is. Alas, for the lonely little cemetery you pass on the way! not a wisp of green in it, only sand drifting over pathetic little headstones—never did death look more desolate.

Constructed like rather large bake ovens, the houses in the native quarter are anything but inviting, though, thanks doubtless to English supervision, the roads that run between the irregularly built dwellings are not so filthy as might be expected. Here you may buy brassware, pottery and, above all, the lovely baskets which are a feature of Aden.

CHAPTER III.

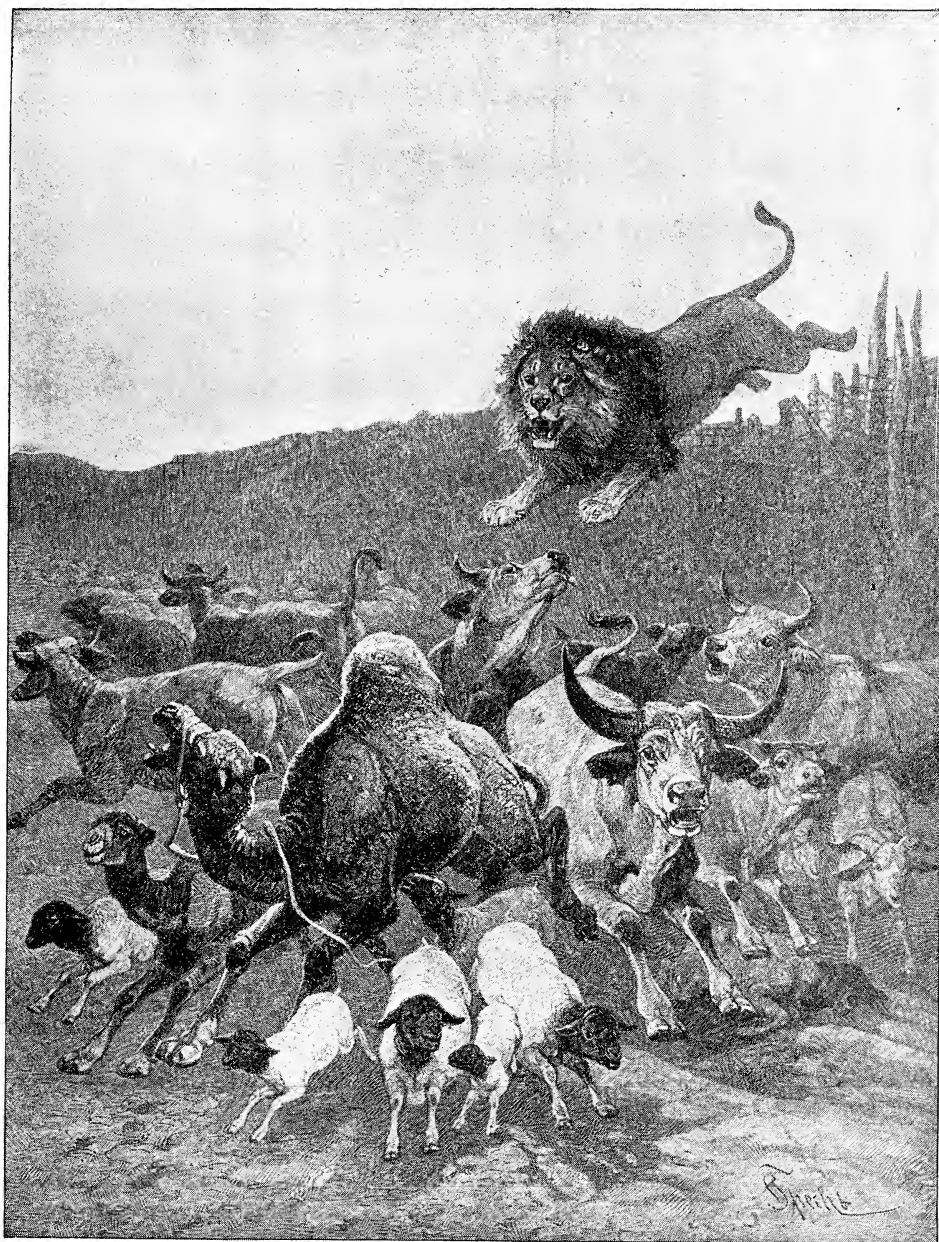
FROM ADEN TO MOMBASA—THROUGH THE TROPICS AND ACROSS THE EQUATOR.

FROM Aden to Mombasa it is a seven days voyage to the South. Rounding Cape Guardaful is a ticklish business—tides and winds and unlighted shores menacing the hundreds of ships that annually feel their route around this easternmost point of Africa. As we leave it behind we cannot fail to note the massive lion's head which the promontory forms, the best natural effigy I know,—better even than the profile in the White Mountains.

The ship's company will now settle down to sports and organized amusements. The captain will give a ball. There will be a gymkhana. Ceremonies appropriate to crossing the equator will take place. The boatswain, disguised as Neptune, will climb up the ship's side with messages and warnings for every one.

Those who have never before crossed the equator will be baptized in a large tank on the forward deck. And night and day will follow each other swiftly as the ship steams southward over the softly heaving Indian Ocean, where "the flying fishes play and the sun comes up like thunder out of China 'cross the bay." The Orient is so perfectly epitomized in Kipling's famous ballad that one must be forgiven for quoting it. Somaliland lies to the west, almost always visible, a low, salmon pink shore line.

There are the palms of Mombasa straight ahead—yes, quite distinct they are, off the port bow, for we are heading now direct toward the land. There, on the starboard bow, is the palm grove of Freretown. In the immediate foreground is the old Portuguese fort, for the Portuguese were the first of European nations to set foot on this coral strand. Into this harbor Vasco da Gama sailed in 1480, in his high-pooed galleon. He nearly came to grief on that sand bar to the south, where the breakers of the Indian Ocean to-day gnash their cruel teeth.



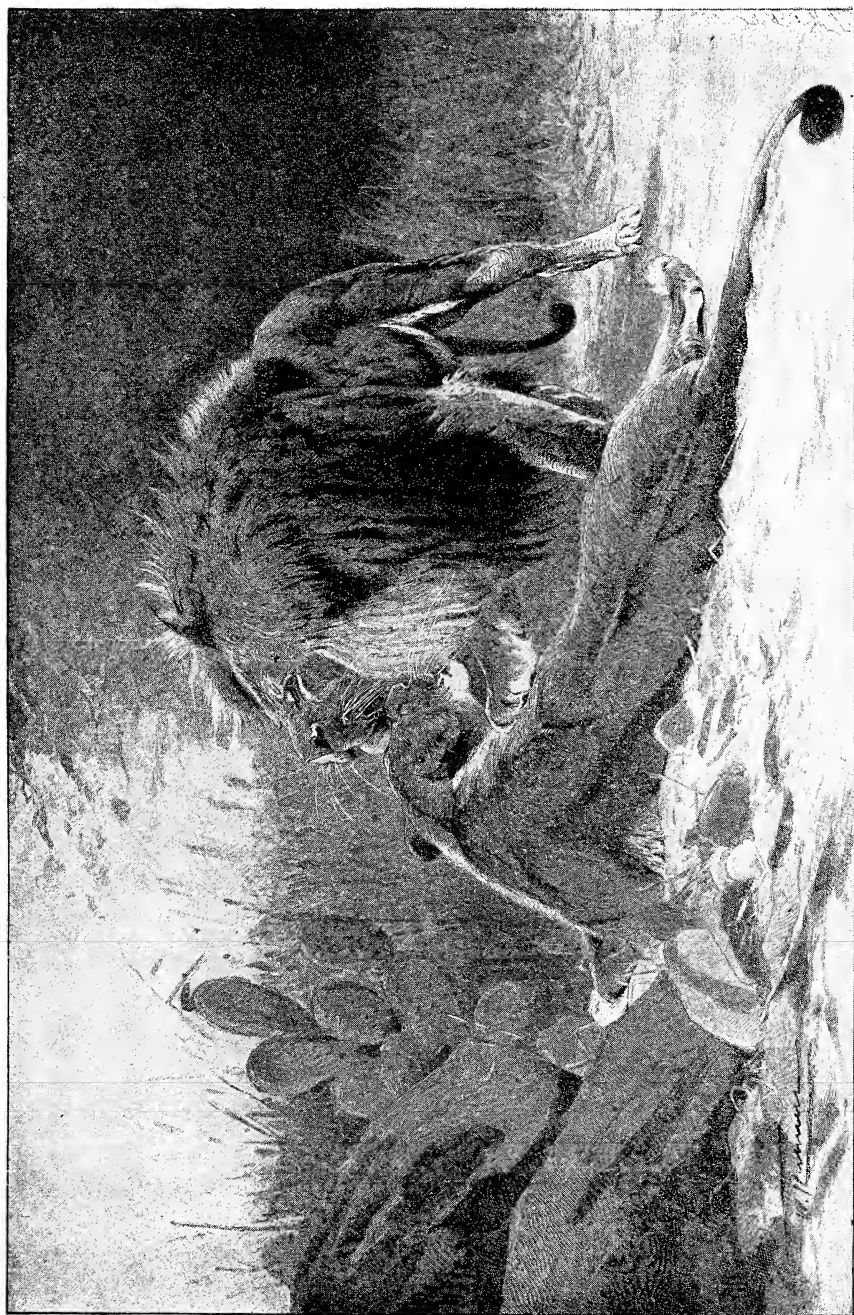
LION LEAPING OVER A STOCKADE

Col. Roosevelt Killed Three Large Lions Like the above During
His First Day's Hunt in Africa.

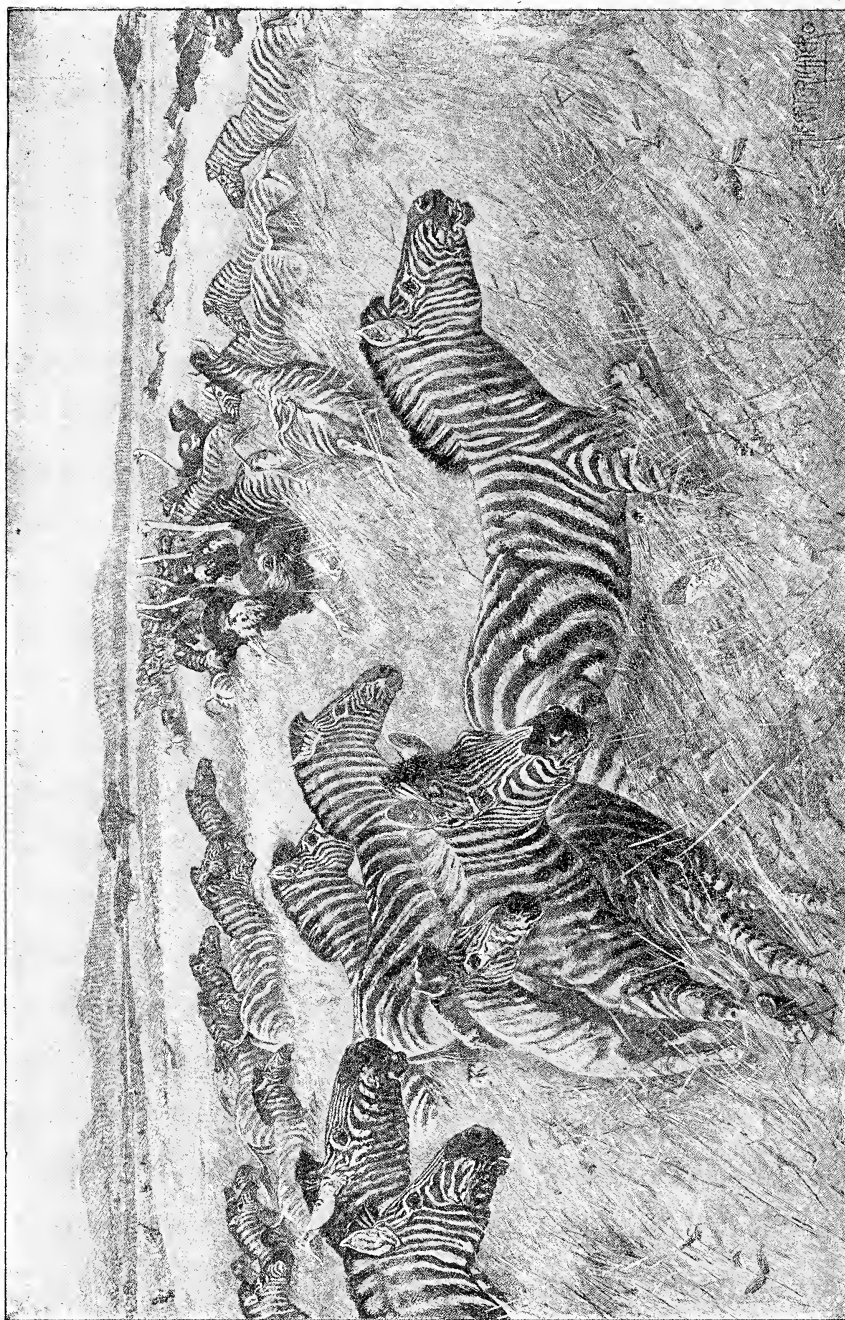


HOME OF THE HIPPOPOTAMUS OR RIVER HORSE

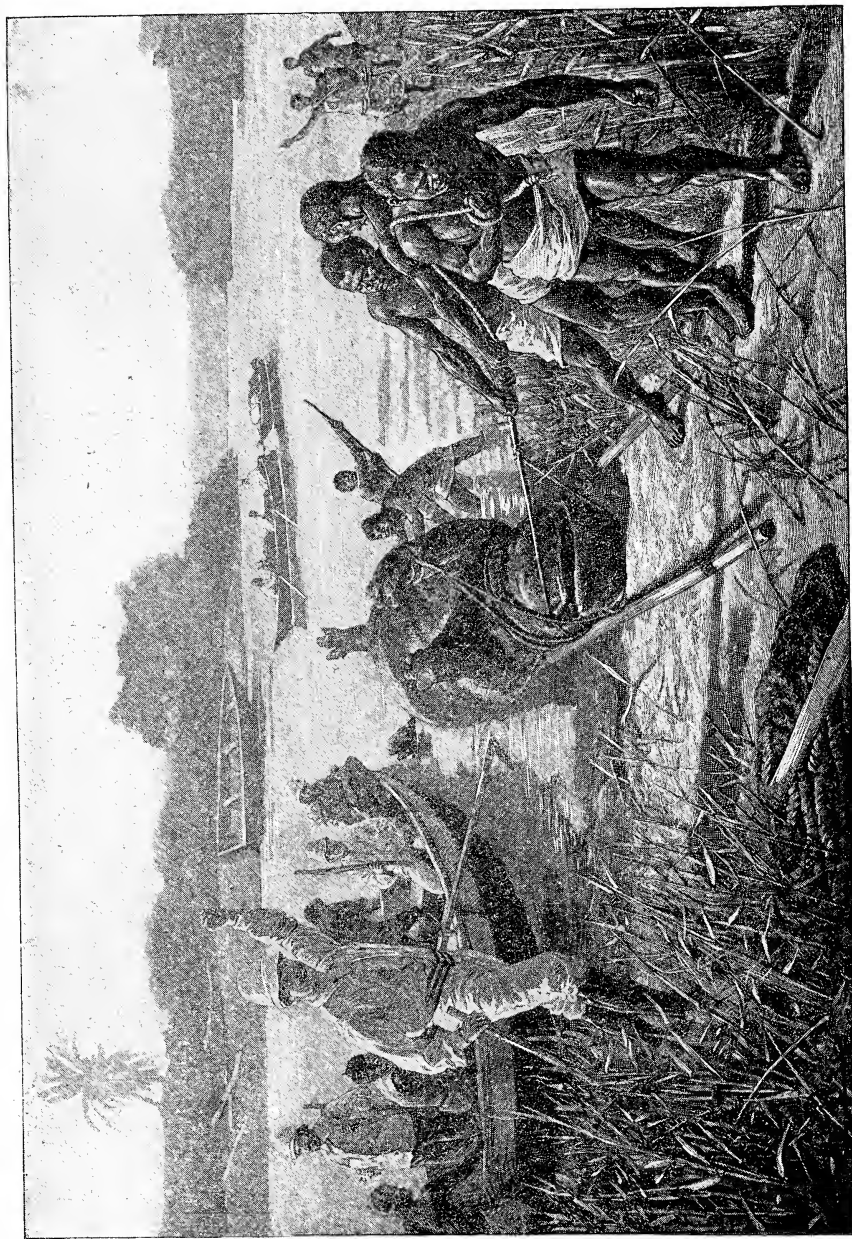
IN AFRICA IT HAUNTS THE REEDY RIVER BANKS. THE ADULT SIZE WEIGHS FROM TWO TO THREE TONS. A MONSTER OF THE ANIMAL WORLD



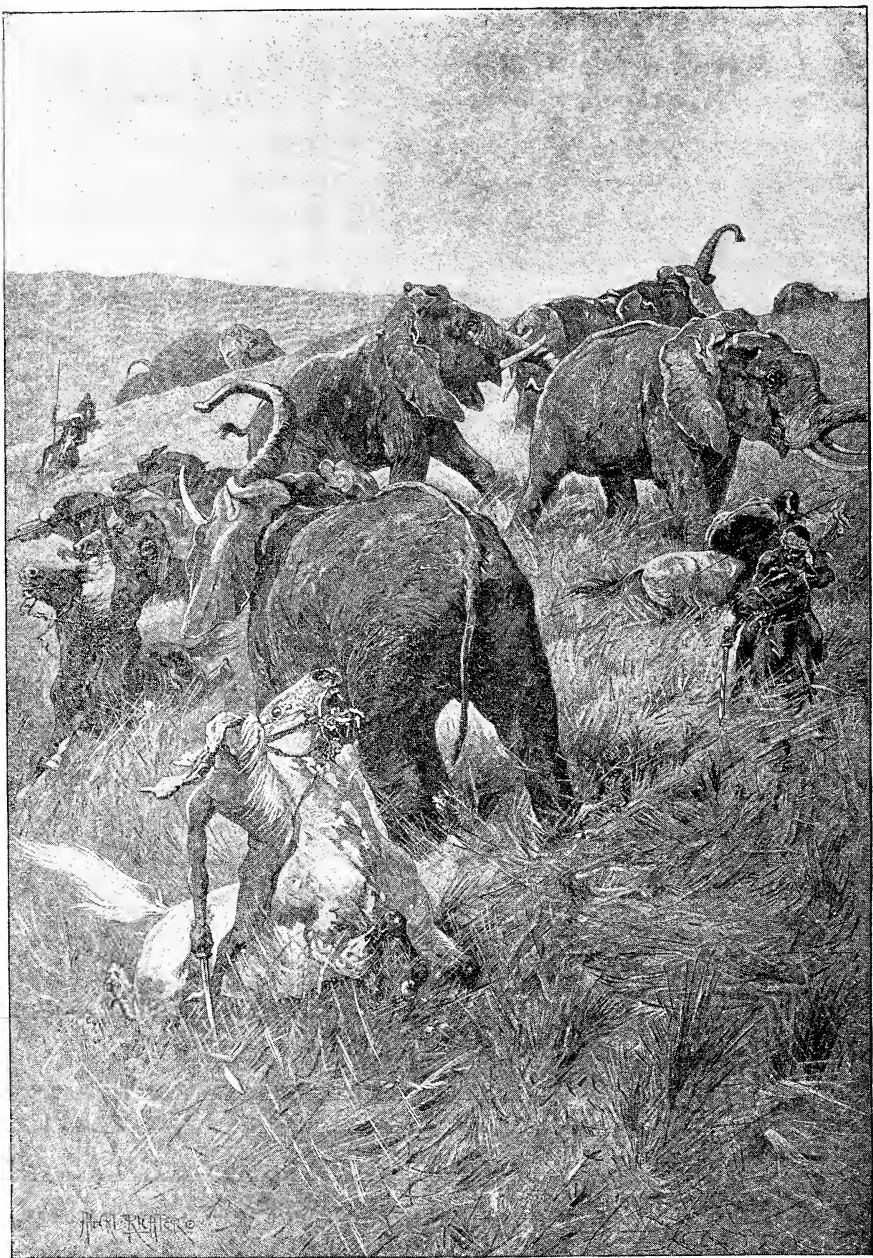
THE KING OF THE FOREST AND HIS MATE
THIS MAGNIFICENT AND NOBLE ANIMAL RECEIVES GRANDEUR AND DIGNITY FROM HIS THICK MANE. THE FEMALE IS
SMALLER THAN THE MALE AND HAS NO SHAGGY APPENDAGE.



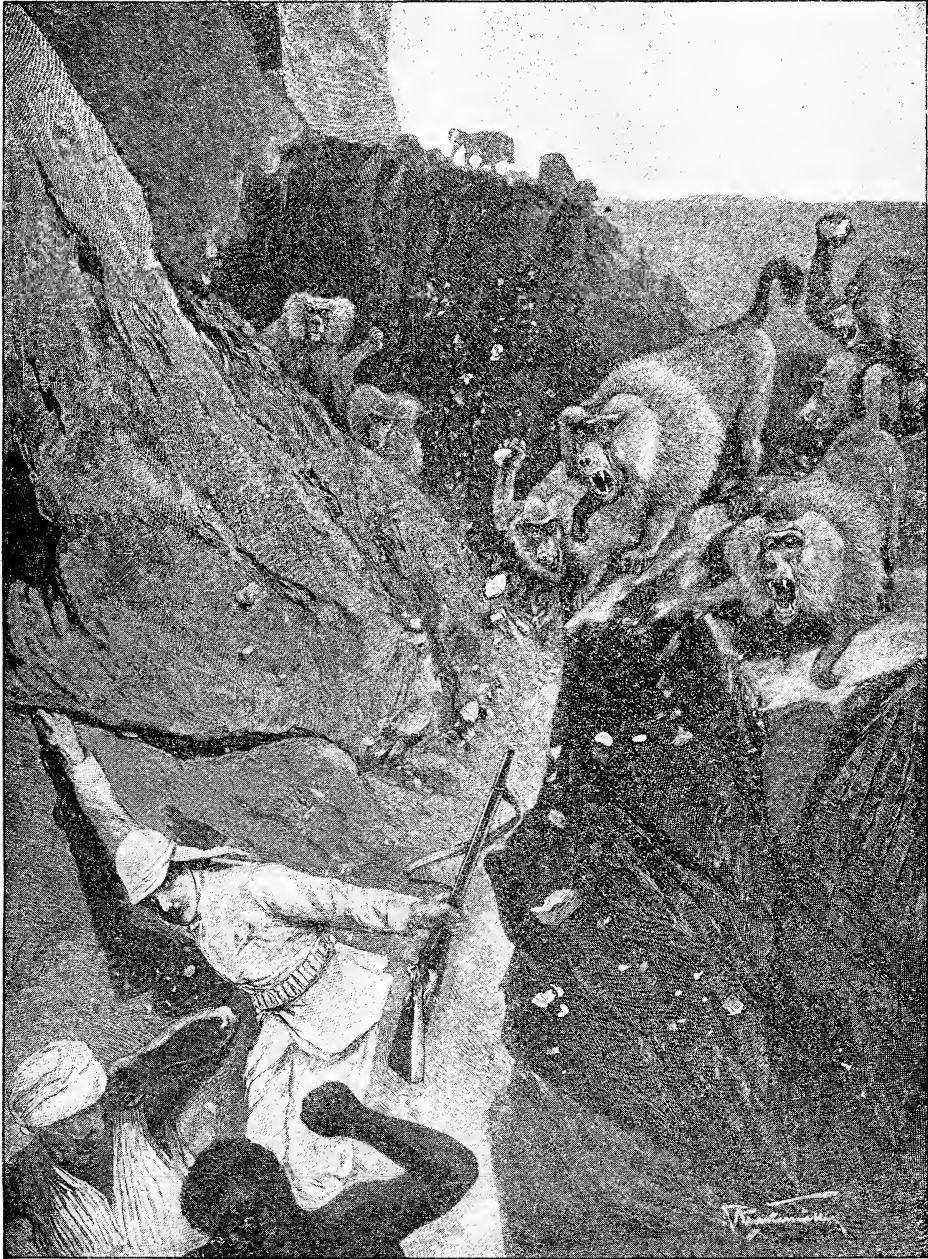
A STAMPEDE OF ZEBRAS, OSTRICHES AND GNUS—SCENE IN EAST AFRICA



DRAGGING A HIPPOPOTAMUS ASHORE—SCENE IN THE WILDS OF AFRICA

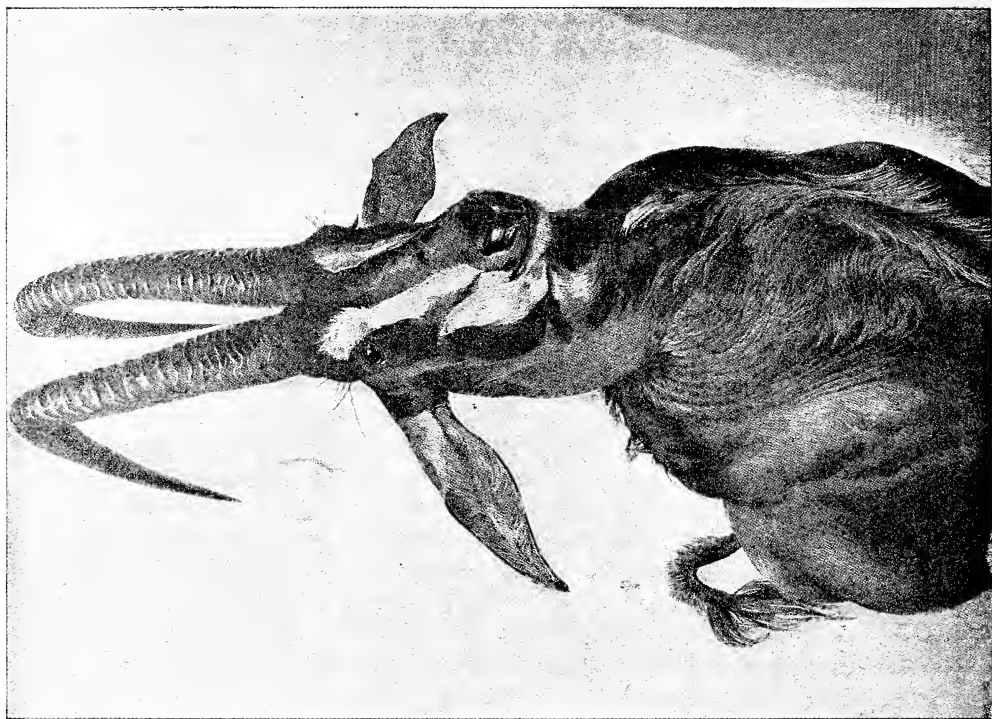


NATIVES CHASING ELEPHANTS
Col. Roosevelt has Killed Several Fine Specimens.

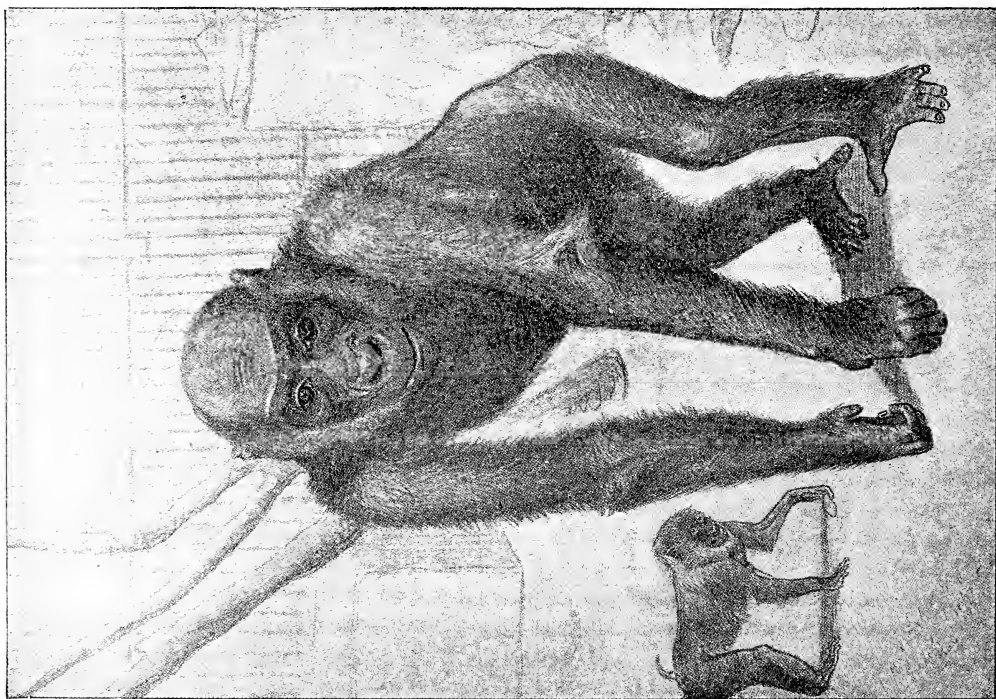


ENCOUNTER WITH BABOONS IN CENTRAL AFRICA

THIS ANIMAL, WHEN IT HAS ATTAINED ITS FULL AGE, EQUALS IN SIZE A LARGE NEWFOUND-
LAND DOG; WHILE IN BODILY STRENGTH AND PROWNESS, IT IS A MATCH
FOR ANY TWO DOGS THAT CAN BE BROUGHT TO ATTACK IT.



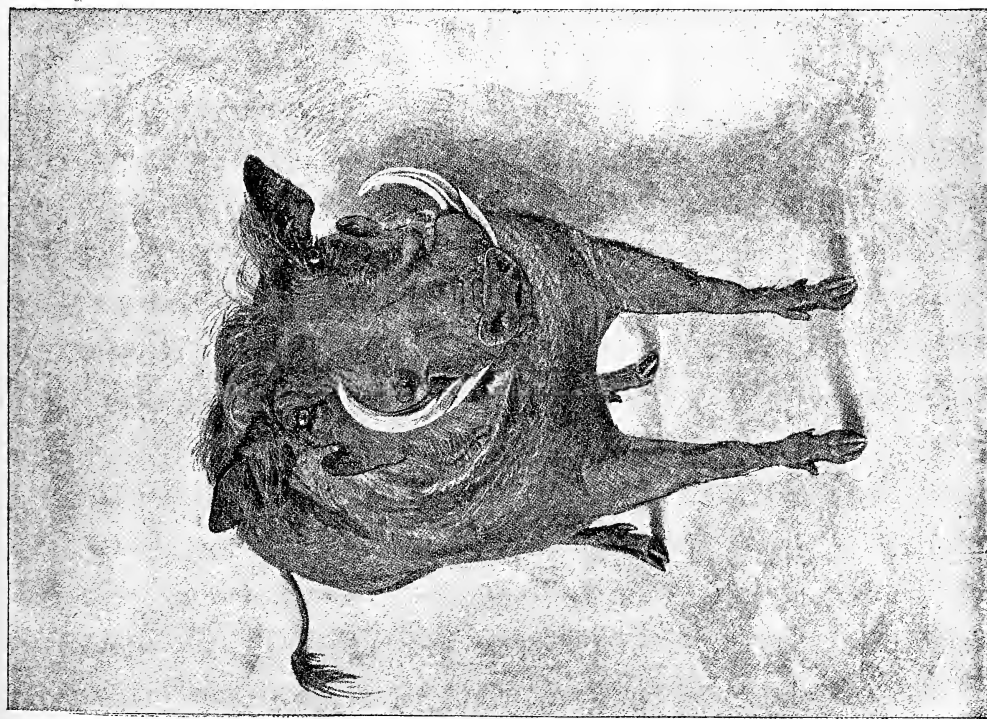
SABLE ANTELOPE OF AFRICA



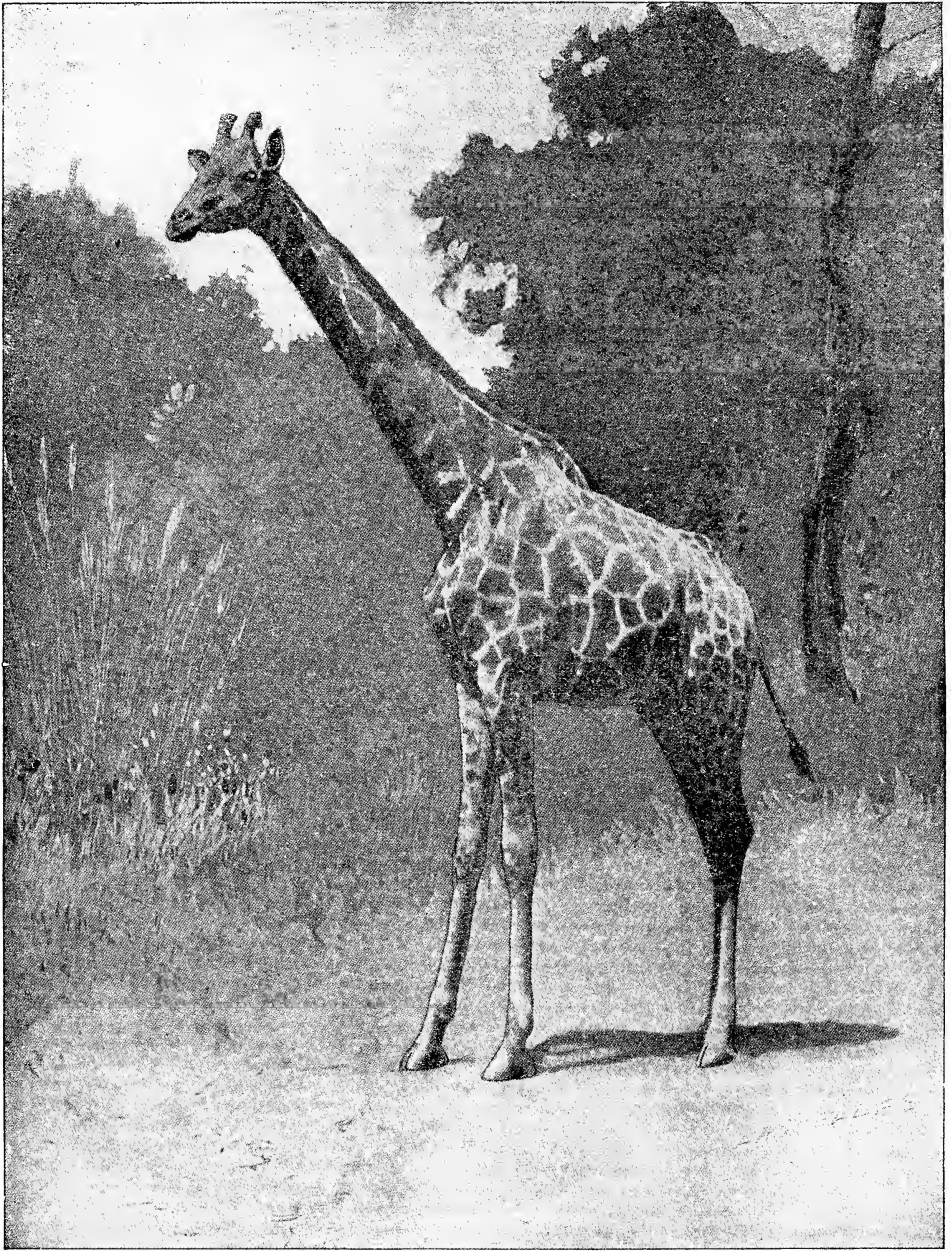
FEMALE GORILLA AND HER YOUNG



SOPHIOMIS OF CENTRAL AFRICA



WART HOG OF AFRICA



THE GIRAFFE

THE TALLEST AND MOST GRACEFUL ANIMAL KNOWN. THE SKIN IS
VERY THICK AND HIGHLY VALUED BY THE NATIVES OF AFRICA.



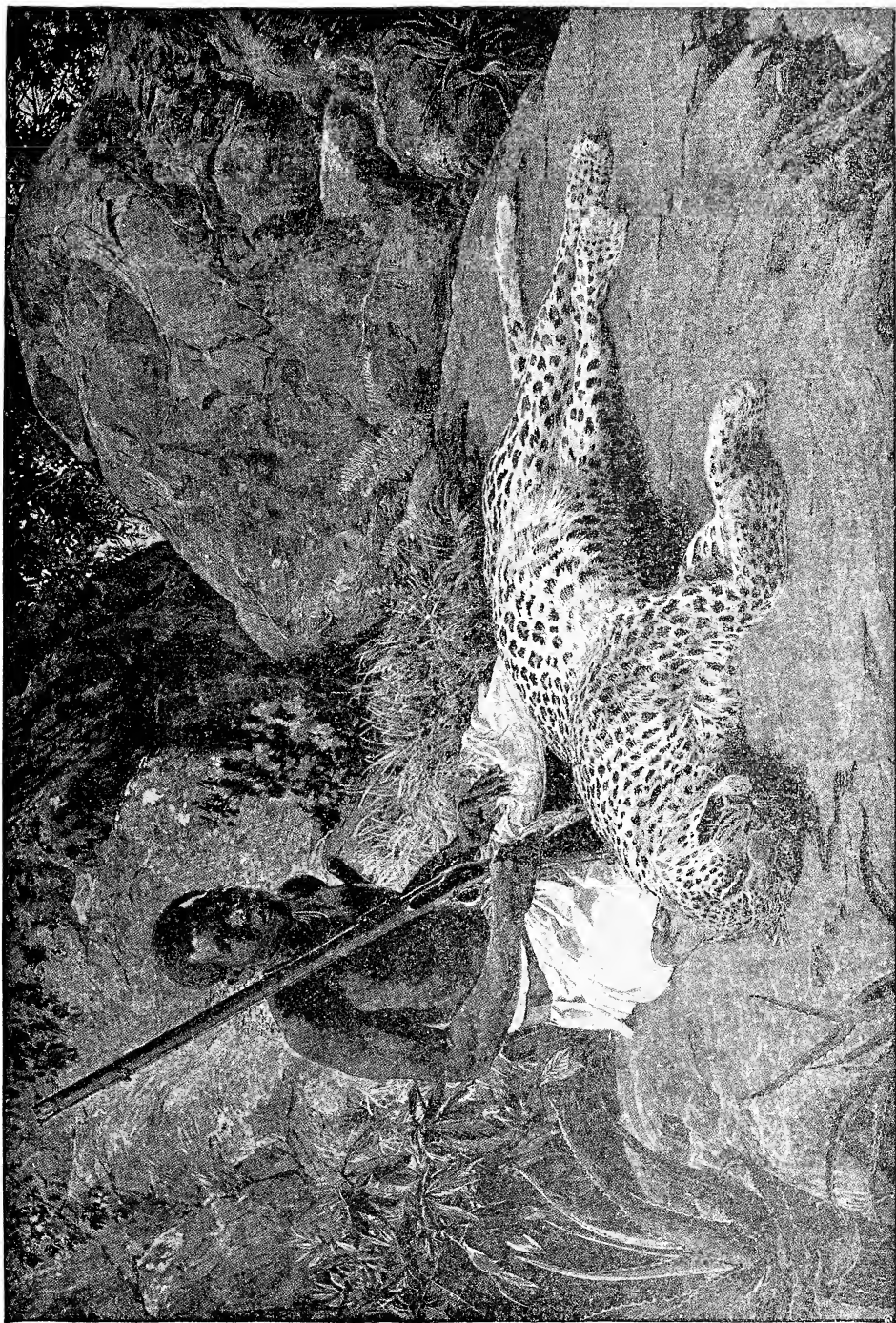
SOUTH AFRICAN RIVER HOG -

IT FREQUENTS RIVER BANKS AND WET PLACES. ONE VARIETY IS NOTABLE FOR ITS PENCILLED EARS

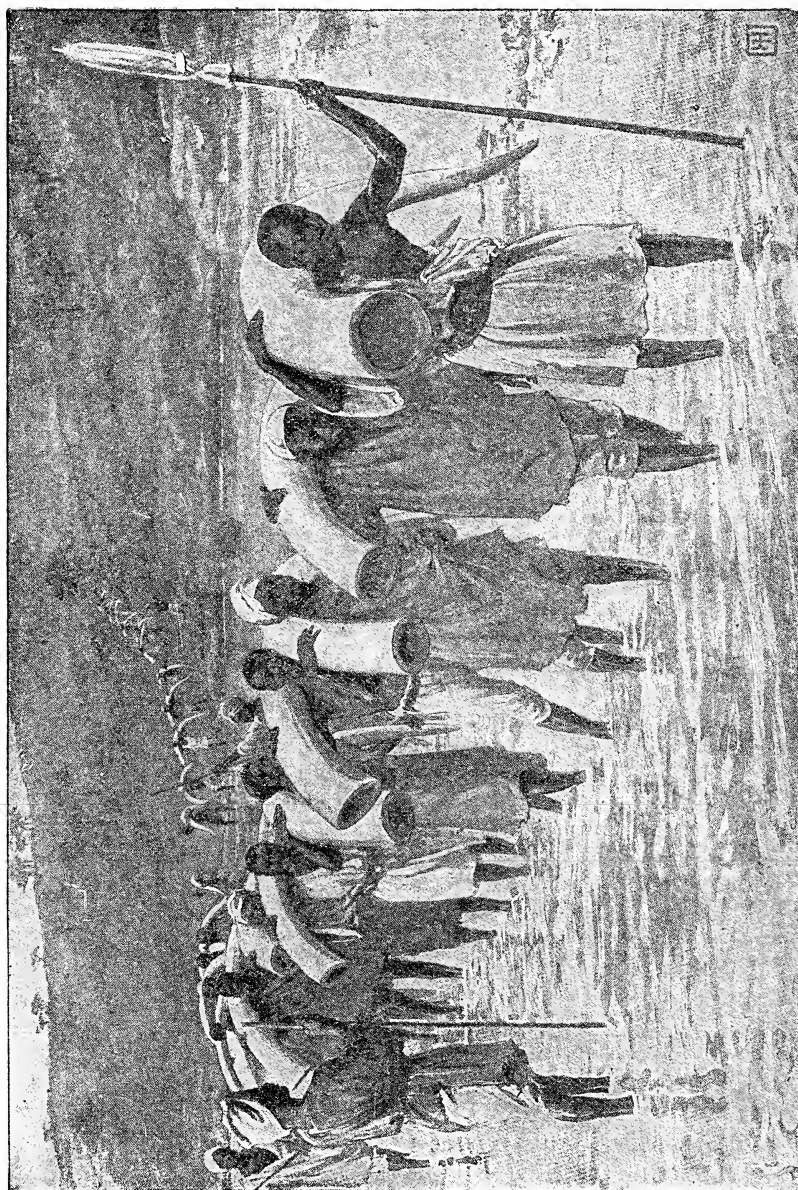


BATTLE BETWEEN WILD BOARS

HIGH CRESTS, BROAD SHOULDERS AND THICK BRISTLING MANES CHARACTERIZE THESE ANIMALS. THEY ARE VERY ACTIVE AND ARE FIERCE FIGHTERS



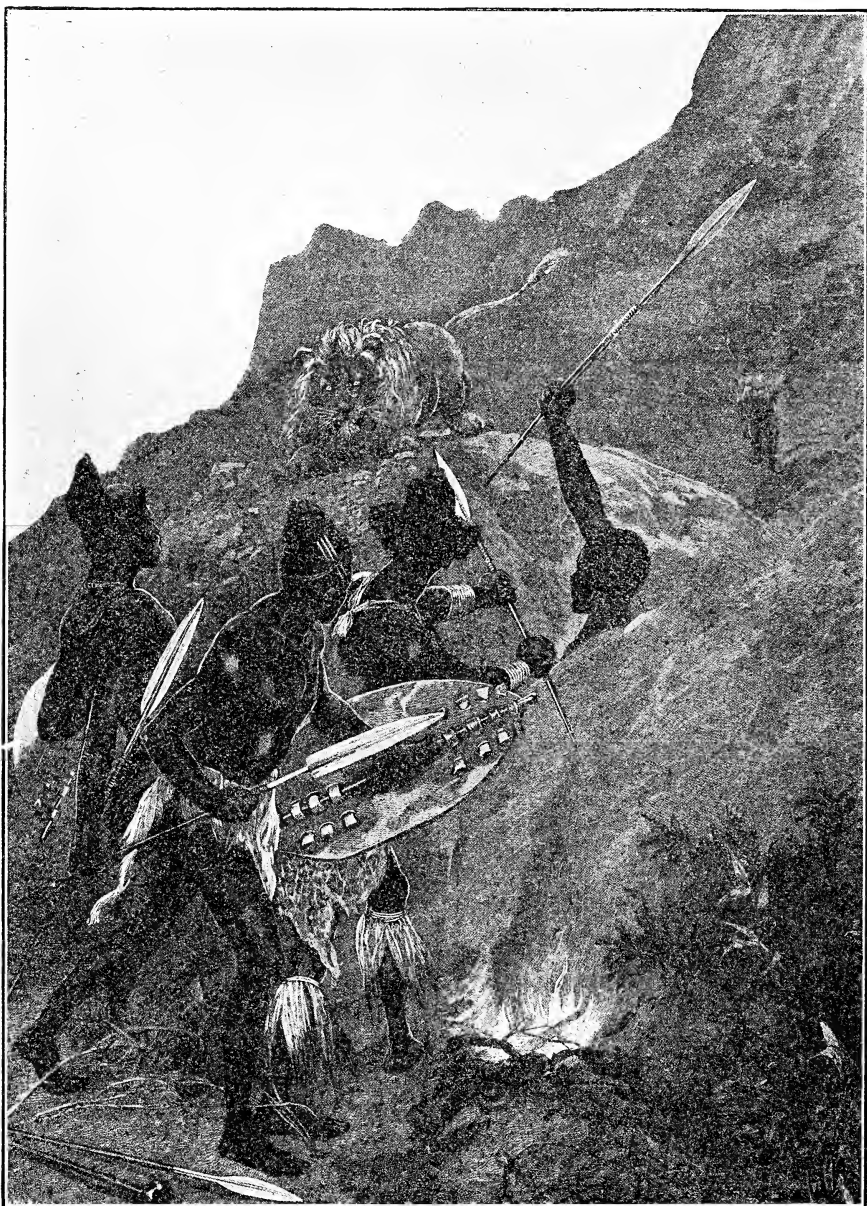
A NATIVE HUNTER OF SOUTH AFRICA AND HIS GAME



A CARAVAN IN EAST AFRICA CARRYING IVORY



KING AND CHIEFS CELEBRATING A VICTORY BY A STATE PROCESSION AND WAR-DANCE



STARTLING ENCOUNTER OF NATIVES WITH A LION

Camoens, coming later on his way to India, wrote of the "noble edifices fairly planned on the seaboard," of the town of Movita, as Mombasa was then called. The letter "m" or "n" prefixed to names gives a peculiar African flavor to them.

Mombasa was undoubtedly Mbasā, as Entebbe was Nteve. Mfumbiro, M'tesa, Mwanga are all of such distinctively African resonance that the mere written words recall vividly the rich, soft, thick utterances of the natives.

But we have lingered too long at the entrance to the harbors of Mombasa. There are two harbors. One is for ships of lighter tonnage on the town's sea front to the northeast; the other, at Kilindini, on the island's southwest side—for Mombasa is on an island—easily accommodates ships of any draught. To get there we turn to the left, then to the right, and glide by a well-buoyed channel to this inner harbor, past the governor's residence and the other bungalows of the settlement that peep out from the dense tropical foliage. The landing is by little boats across a glassy, hot stretch of waters.

CUSTOM FORMALITIES DISPENSED WITH.

Col. Roosevelt was not asked to go through the usual formalities of the custom house, but was conducted on landing by trolley and carried quickly from the docks over the two intervening miles to Mombasa. The trolleys are little affairs of two seats back to back with a sheltering hood, and are run on the narrowest gauge rails by fleetfooted natives, who push clamorously and odoriferously from behind—for even the wind of our going cannot disperse the African fragrance of their sweating, shining bodies.

The road of blazing white coral sand is broad and level, passing through groves of bananas, palms and mangoes, beneath whose branches cluster the grass huts of the natives. Dusky throngs, clad in flowing white or scantily draped in rich colors, pass constantly up and down this highway where sunshine and shadow alternate in fierce contrast.

The brilliantly blue sky, the vivid green of the foliage, the dazzling white road, the many reds, yellows and purples of the passing crowds, knock on the eyeballs with the same effect that rifle shots

have on the ear, making an impression of intense and burning vitality. The heat pours down from above and rises to smite you from the ground. But the color and heat and murmuring undercurrent of clamorous sound are all rather intoxicating in effect. You sniff the heavy air laden with many perfumes. Lapped in the drowsy warmth, you feel your physical being open and expand like that waxen white flower in the nearby garden. What! that is frangipani? Why, hitherto frangipani has been merely a name for a violent French perfume which we have left to our sisters of a less delicate taste.

With a rumble we roll up to the town's two chief hotels, which are side by side. Our ex-President was conducted direct to the mansion of the governor of British East Africa. Sir James Hayes Sadler, made it a point not to be away on some official "safari." He had made elaborate preparations to receive and entertain our distinguished ex-President. Sir James is himself a mighty hunter with a fine collection of skins, especially of Bengal tigers that he shot in India. So he and the ex-President swiftly foregathered and compared notes on bears and tigers.

GOVERNOR SADLER'S CHARMING RESIDENCE.

The governor's residence is charming. Its lofty first story of cream-colored plaster is overhung by a less lofty second story of soft-toned, green timbers resting on snowy pillars and shaded by an almost flat roof of Italian or Japanese effect, with broad eaves. It stands on an eminence whence it can catch each breeze that blows, and in the garden bloom brilliant blossoms of every hue and scent.

As horses cannot endure the tropical climate their place is taken by the trolleys I have mentioned. The tiny rails are laid on every street, with switches at all the intersections, and run to every front door. Each household has its own trolley, and there are public ones for hire. These are supplemented by rickshaws or gharries.

A few of the Hindu merchants who seem to thrive in East Africa satisfy their lust for splendor by having victories drawn by good-looking horses. But they probably have to cherish tenderly their steeds to keep them alive at all. I presume they fan them and

feed them delicately most of the time to enable them to carry the dusky owners, with their sloe-eyed families, at sunset on the hard highroads.

The ex-President was taken to the club and treated royally, but not obstreperously. All was decorous and seemly, quite lacking in demonstrative enthusiasm which marks our hospitality. He was seated in a deep-bosomed Bombay chair on the shaded veranda, which looks out across a garden of coleas, poinsettias and hibiscus to the rippling blue waters of the strait leading to the lesser harbor. Across the water the palm groves of Freretown toss their stately heads in the afternoon breeze. Every one was quietly courteous to the ex-President, but there was no undue hustling to get an introduction or to hear what he had to say.

The stolid Anglo-Saxon exterior does not melt in the tropics nor mellow in the arctic regions. When you get used to it you like it; perhaps you may even emulate it. But if you be a true American you rejoice exceedingly when you return to the friendly warmth and enthusiasm of your own country people, and your mantle of reserve falls from you at the first touch of American geniality.

VISIT TO MISSIONARY SETTLEMENT.

It being Col. Roosevelt's strong characteristic to miss nothing, he accepted the invitation to be taken across the straits to the missionary settlement, Freretown. There he was shown the church built by the converts. These same converts, or their kin, walk about in ill-assorted European garb, the men in trousers and shirts, the women in blouses and skirts.

If they would only convert their souls and leave their bodies free and clad in the simple draperies which are suited to the time, the place, and the man! Freretown is a tidy, well-swept settlement, with an air of gentle self-righteousness united to the real enthusiasm which has carried the torch of Christ to the uttermost ends of the earth.

The ex-President also went to the bazaars or street of shops where Goanese merchants beguiled him with sticks and umbrella handles of yellow rhinoceros horn or deep wrought silver from

Singapore, or kikokos (whips of rhinoceros hide). It is said that Col. Roosevelt bought one of these which he wore on his wrist during the hunt. It may come in hand sometime again and will probably be the only thing not provided by his American outfitters. Every man up country carries one. You are in a savage land, where you may one day have to meet savage conditions in savage manner.

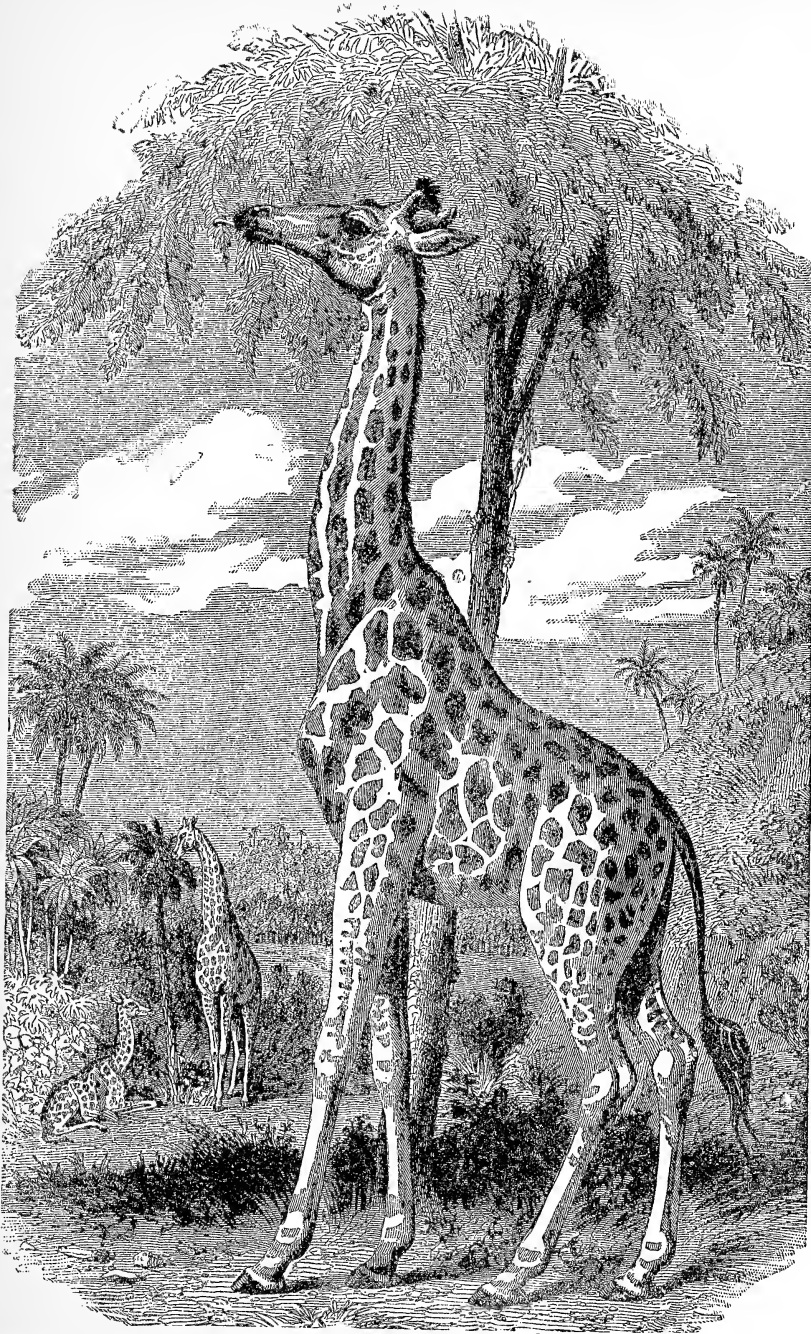
In Mombasa, probably at De Sousa's, the ex-President's party completed its outfit. At De Sousa's you can get every conceivable thing, from a thimble to a coffin. It is a cool, dark, airy repository, where a soft-voiced Goanese family waits on you very gently and pleasantly, seating you in wicker chairs, bringing you fans and serving you with soda and lime juice—a drink you become fond of in the tropics, where water supplies are dangerous.

FROM MOMBASA TO NAIROBI.

The ex-President had all the courtesies of the road going from Mombasa to Nairobi, where he made his headquarters. And what a wonderful journey that is, as you rise from the sea to the great uplands of the interior on the Uganda Railway! In the little cars fashioned like the cars in India you adjust yourself and your belongings on the lengthwise running seats. Each car is divided into two compartments, separated by toilet-rooms, whose not too abundant supply of water is most useful on this dusty trip. The gauge of the track is of the narrowest, the engines are small but energetic, and burn wood with a tremendous sputter of sparks and smoke.

Leaving the noisy, ferociously hot and glaring station of Mombasa the train trundles across the island to the causeway which unites the latter with the mainland. Up, up you rise, through groves of mango trees and bananas, while sea and land spread out in an ever-widening panorama below you until you lose it as the train leaves the seashore and turns inland.

The rich tropical vegetation grows sparser and is finally supplanted by palled, leafless scrub thorns and queer distorted trees of unknown family. Already a cooler air blows into the car. The pungent odors of the lower country are replaced by a sweet freshness suggestive of herbs and aromatic shrubs.



THE GIRAFFE—COL. ROOSEVELT KILLED A FINE SPECIMEN OF THIS
BEAUTIFUL ANIMAL AT A DISTANCE OF 400 YARDS.

As the sun drops down, if you have luck, you may see some giraffes sidling off through those thorn trees, or, perhaps, a stray lion may slink away from the train, for we are rising to the high, interior plateau, where begins the greatest Barnum's show in the world. You settle yourself for the night under the blankets you bought at a preposterous price, at De Sousa's.

The night will be cold in these higher regions and very, very dusty—for we pass through the Taru Desert, a rainless tract, where the red dust rises and permeates everything you have, leaving a



STAMPEDE OF AFRICAN GNUS.

sanguinary hue over you and your belongings, which it will take time and patience to remove.

With the dawn you wake to find the train speeding across the Athi plains, a bare, vast tract, where trembling opalescent hues clothe the level stretches and the distant encircling mountains with splendor. To the right and left are herds of horses and cattle scattered over the earth—why no, they're not; they are zebras and antelopes, grazing or frisking about.

Far away are gnus or wildebeestes, humpbacked and black. Nearer are hartebeestes, hundreds of striped zebras, Thomson

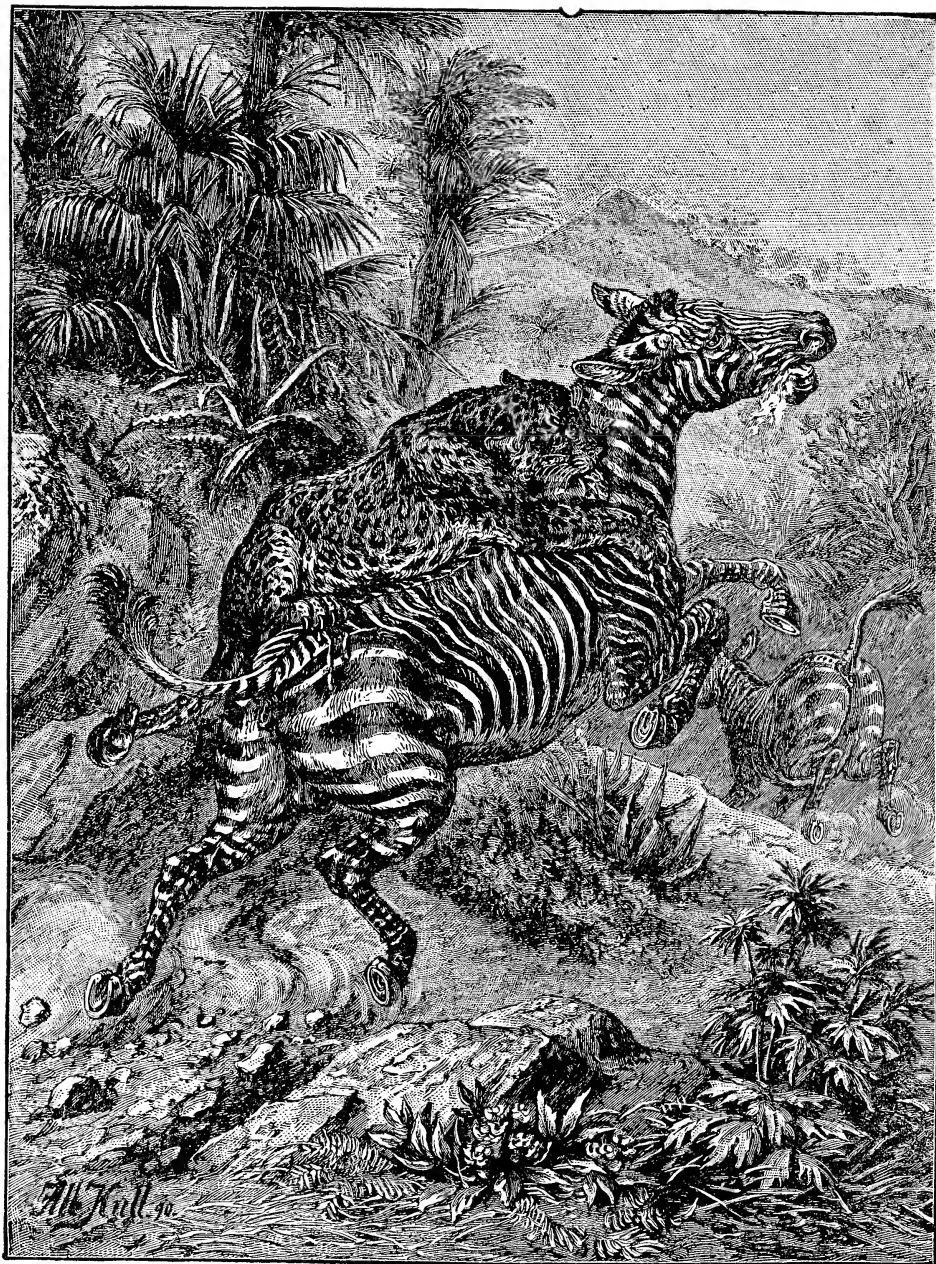
gazelles and Grant gazelles, the latter an exquisite creature with a white band on its dappled sides. All scamper a little distance as the train steams along, then go quietly on with their grazing. If you come to some deserted stretch you may know that a wandering lion is not far away, hence, the dispersal of the tranquil herds, whose keen scent has warned them of the enemy.

CHILDREN OF THE WILDERNESS.

As water is very scarce in this country you do not see so many natives as you did the previous day or as you will beyond Nairobi. After leaving the coast you passed through a country inhabited by the Wa Nyika, "children of the wilderness," a wild-looking tribe, not so large or well formed as the Masai or Kavirondos or other tribes to be found farther inland. Almost all these tribes mutilate their ears by perforating and dragging the lobes so that they hang down over their shoulders. Also around the rims they insert blue, red and yellow disks, or wooden boses, containing charms. Some, like the Masai, further scarify their bodies or plaster themselves from head to foot with red clay. This is sometimes for warmth, but more often for adornment. Both men and women are fond of coiling copper wire around their arms and legs, and used to steal quantities of this from the telegraph lines until they were taught by summary methods the iniquity of this custom.

Some of the important hats worn in the past year in our country look more like the nodding plumes and feathers worn by the savage warriors of East Africa than civilized headgear. The wild tribes that stolidly gaze at the passing train or wave spears and shields or bows and arrows at it are as wonderful and interesting as the immense herds of zebras, antelopes and gazelles, or the wild ostriches and vultures, or hyenas and jackals, or other strange sights one gets from the car windows.

To return to our railway carriage. As the sun rises the land glows with exceeding light, and by noon we have reached Nairobi. Here the ex-President leaves the train, and we will leave him for the present. The Nairobians are a hospitable, gay, sport-loving people. They have horse races two or three times a year.



ZEBRA ATTACKED BY A LEOPARD.

All the men and most of the women are enthusiastic hunters of big game. Here have been organized the various "safaris," or camping trips, which put Col. Roosevelt in touch with the big game he is after,—in touch with the savage jungles and wild plateau, with exhilarating days in the open, with densely black nights about camp fires. How hugely he enjoys the freedom of this life, the primitive natives, the manifold dangers, the subtle, irresistible exhilaration which civilization feels when it comes in contact with savage life! After all is said and done, our centuries of civilization lie on us but as a garment, under which we thrill in response to the call of the wild.

HOW COL. ROOSEVELT HUNTS LIONS.

This is the way in which they hunt lions. First find the lion, lured to a kill, driven from a reed bed or kicked up incontinently by the way. Once located, he must never be lost sight of for a moment. Mounted on ponies of more or less approved fidelity, three or four daring whites or Somalis gallop after him across rocks, holes, tussocks, nullahs, through high grass, thorn scrub, undergrowth, turning him, shepherding him, heading him this way and that, until he is brought to bay.

For his part the lion is no seeker of quarrels; he is often described in accents of contempt. His object throughout is to save his skin. If, being unarmed, you meet six or seven lions unexpectedly, all you need do—according to my information—is to speak to them sternly and they will slink away, while you throw a few stones at them to hurry them up. All the highest authorities recommend this.

But when pursued from place to place, chased hither and thither by the wheeling horsemen, the naturally mild disposition of the lion becomes embittered. First he begins to growl and roar at his enemies in order to terrify them and make them leave him in peace. Then he darts little short charges at them. Finally, when every attempt at peaceful persuasion has failed, he pulls up abruptly and offers battle.

Once he has done this he will run no more. He means to fight, and to fight to the death. He means to charge home, and when a lion, maddened with the agony of a bullet wound, distressed by long



A HUGE LION ABOUT TO DEVOUR A CALF. COL. ROOSEVELT KILLED THREE LIONS WITH THREE SHOTS IN ONE DAY.

and hard pursuit, or, most of all, a lioness in defense of her cubs, is definitely committed to the charge; death is the only possible conclusion. Broken limbs, broken jaws, a body raked from end to end, lungs pierced through and through, entrails torn and protruding—none of these count. It must be death—instant and utter—for the lion, or down goes the man, mauled by septic claws and fetid teeth, crushed and crunched, and poisoned afterward to make doubly sure. Such are the habits of this cowardly and wicked animal.

It is the stage when the lion has been determinedly “bayed” that the sportsman from London or New York is usually introduced upon the scene. He has, we may imagine, followed the riders as fast as the inequalities of the ground, his own want of training and the burden of a heavy rifle will allow him.

He arrives at the spot where the lion is cornered in much the same manner as the matador enters the arena, the others standing aside deferentially, ready to aid or divert the lion.

LION SWIFTER THAN A RACEHORSE.

If his bullet kills he is, no doubt, justly proud. If it only wounds, the lion charges the nearest horseman. For 100 yards the charge of a lion is swifter than the gallop of a racehorse. The riders, therefore, usually avoid waiting within that distance. But sometimes they do not; or sometimes the lion sees the man who has shot him, or sometimes all sorts of things happen which make good stories—afterward.

After establishing camp Col. Roosevelt and his party made several short expeditions into the jungle to get the ex-President's hand in, so to speak. On these trips several of the smaller animals of the wilderness were captured. It was not, however, until early in May that any lions were captured. During this time the ex-President got down to hunting in dead earnest and the usual Rooseveltian luck attended him. During his first days' hunt for the King of Beasts he killed three lions. This gave Col. Roosevelt the record for lion hunting in that part of Africa.

In view of the former President's advent in Africa the dangers of the “sleeping sickness,” prevalent in that far-off country, has

been widely commented upon. The deadliness of the disease is such that Col. Roosevelt's friends were alarmed. Many thought him reckless and rash to take his life in his hands and to cause his family such extreme anxiety by such a trip. He was warned by scientific men and the press to keep away from that particular part of Africa at least.

The Sleeping Sickness Commission expressed a desire that Theodore Roosevelt visit the camp at Sesse, Uganda, where Sir David and Lady Bruce are in charge of the segregation hospitals, where the governments of Germany, France, and Belgium, as well as the United Kingdom, are working together to find a cure or preventive of the sleeping sickness. Seven European physicians have succumbed to the disease since the attempts to cope with it were begun.

In appealing to the millionaires of the world and others for gifts to enable him to purchase meat to gratify the one and only craving of those whose suffering is so intense, Governor Sir Hesketh Bell describes **one** of his visits to the camp in part as follows:

THE SLEEPING SICKNESS CAMP.

"The patients were lodged in large thatched bandas and were divided according to sex and the various stages of the disease. In one inclosure we saw a number of infants in whom the first outward signs of the scourge were appearing. Unaware of their impending doom, the black mites played and romped to their heart's content in the shade of the banana grove, and only the swelled glands at the bases of their necks showed that their fate was sealed. It was sad to think that in a short time those merry peals of laughter would become more and more rare and that after a year or two of misery all the poor little creatures in whom the joy of life was so strong would be laid in the crowded cemetery that I could just see between the trees.

"In a row of sheds surrounded by the banana groves which supply food for the patients, we saw many of those who had reached the second stage of the disease. Most of them seemed to be suffering acutely. They shunned the cool shade of the broad thatched

roofs and preferred to sit or lie in the full blaze of the noonday sun. Even there many of them shivered almost constantly and drew about their emaciated limbs the brown rags of cloth which partly covered them. The drawn features and haggard eyes testified to the gnawing pains that afflicted them, and the unhappy creatures appeared to have special dread of being touched.

"Many of them were in the peculiar state of lethargy which undoubtedly has been the cause of the misleading name by which the disease has become commonly known. Unfortunately, sound sleep seldom comes to the relief of the doomed ones, and the torpor in which they lie results from the constant strain of neverceasing pain. Many of them put an end to their miserable lives, and it is a wonder that more of them do not do so.

LIKE SKELETONS IN LAST STAGES.

"Farther in we came to those who were in the last stages of the disease. Lying about on beds or withered leaves, they had reached a degree of emaciation that was horrible to see. The unhappy creatures looked like skeletons, and only their moaning indicated the presence of life. A few in whom nature was struggling hard had gone mad, and in spite of the fact that they had to be chained to heavy logs to prevent their doing harm, one almost congratulated them on their insensibility to the tortures that afflicted their fellow victims. The frenzied laughter of these unfortunates seemed dreadful in that abode of suffering and death.

"It is generally accepted that a variety of the tsetse fly, the *glossina falpalis*, is the principal, if not the only, agent for the transmission of the disease. This fly exists in enormous numbers on the shores of Lake Victoria Nyanza and on the borders of other lakes and rivers of Uganda. Its habitation, however, is restricted to a narrow growth adjoining water, and a width of two miles is believed to be the limit of the infested zones. Of about 300,000 persons inhabiting the shores of Victoria Nyanza and the islands in the great lake more than 200,000 have been swept out of existence, and it remains to be seen whether the remainder can be saved.

"The extermination of the tsetse seems a hopeless task, and it

has been decided to remove all the surviving population from the reach of the fatal fly. It is estimated that more than 20,000 sick remain to be treated, and they are being placed in large camps capable of accommodating about 1,000 at a time.

“Cattle, sheep and goats are cheap in Uganda, and a comparatively moderate sum would enable us to provide now and then meals for the unhappy inmates of the camps. Unless a cure is discovered soon they will not long remain a charge to us, and if my readers could have seen the intense delight that transfigured the faces of the inmates of the refugee camp at Kissubi over the prospect of meat they would think a few shillings well spent in that direction.”

CHAPTER IV.

ROOSEVELT'S BIRTH AND EDUCATION.

EIGHT GENERATIONS OF KNICKERBOCKERS — QUALITY OF THE ROOSEVELT STOCK—A PALE AND DELICATE BOY—FISHING ON A STEAMSHIP—PREPARING FOR COLLEGE—AMUSING INCIDENT AT THE PREPARATORY SCHOOL — FOND OF WRESTLING AND BOXING—CAREER AT HARVARD—AN ORIGINAL CHARACTER—PARTIALITY FOR NATURAL HISTORY—MEMBER OF MANY CLUBS—HIS IDEA OF A GOOD CITIZEN—ROOSEVELT'S GRADUATION AND TRIP TO EUROPE.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT was born in New York city on October 27, 1858, and comes from a family that for generations has been noted for wealth, social position, high intelligence, disinterested public spirit, general usefulness and philanthropy. The list of his ancestors includes many who were distinguished in public life, and were honored for their sterling qualities.

He is a Knickerbocker of the Knickerbockers, being seventh in descent from Klaas Martensen van Roosevelt, who, with his wife, Jannetje Samuels-Thomas, emigrated from the Netherlands to New Amsterdam in 1649, and became one of the most prominent and prosperous burghers of that settlement. For two and a half centuries the descendants of this couple have flourished in and near the city of New York, maintaining unimpaired the high social standing assumed at the beginning, and by thrift, industry and enterprise adding materially to the wealth acquired by inheritance. With the special opportunities for distinction afforded by the Revolution, a number of them came into marked prominence.

Just previous to that struggle, and during its earlier years, Isaac Roosevelt was a member of the New York Provincial Congress. Later he sat in the State Legislature, and for several years was a member of the New York City Council. For quite a long period he was President of the Bank of New York. Jacobus

J. Roosevelt, great-grandfather of the subject of this sketch, who was born in 1759, gave his services without compensation as commissary during the War for Independence. A brother of this Revolutionary patriot, Nicolas J. Roosevelt, born in New York city in 1767, was an inventor of ability, and an associate of Robert L. Livingston, John Stevens and Robert Fulton in developing the steamboat and steam navigation.

The grandfather of Governor Roosevelt, Cornelius van Shaick Roosevelt, born in New York city in 1794, was an importer of hardware and plate glass, and one of the five richest men in the town. He was one of the founders of the Chemical Bank. One of his brothers, James J. Roosevelt, was a warm friend and ardent supporter of Andrew Jackson; served in the New York Legislature and in Congress, and was a Justice of the Supreme Court of New York from 1851 to 1859.

A DISTINGUISHED FAMILY.

A cousin, James Henry Roosevelt, was distinguished for his philanthropies, and left an estate of a million dollars, which, by good management, was doubled in value, to found the famous Roosevelt Hospital in New York city. Cornelius V. S. Roosevelt married Mary Barnhill, of Philadelphia. Of their six sons the Hon. Robert B. Roosevelt was one of New York's most distinguished citizens, served in Congress and also as a United States Minister to the Netherlands.

Theodore, another son, born in New York city, and deceased in 1878, was the father of President Theodore Roosevelt. He married Martha Bulloch, who, with four of their children, survived him. Theodore Roosevelt, Sr., continued in the business founded by his father, and became a controlling factor in the plate glass trade. He greatly augmented the family fortune, and at his death was reputed a millionaire.

Thus President Roosevelt comes from a distinguished family. Good stock may turn out to be poor sometimes, but it makes a vast difference as to the kind of blood a man has in his veins, and good stock is much more likely to turn out well than stock of the

opposite kind. It meant something to be a Roosevelt. More was expected of every member of the family than would have been expected of anyone with a name less honorable. It was some advantage, and at the same time it involved a good deal of responsibility, to be connected by blood and birth with an old Knickerbocker family that had helped for generations to make the history of New York.

It was the Roosevelt idea that a boy should be taught to run alone, be independent, be something more than a pampered weakling. Money was intended to help a young man, not to handicap him. Young Theodore might have lived on his fortune and made his life one of sport and pleasure, but to do this he would have had to be something besides a Roosevelt. Such an aimless, empty, worthless career would have been contrary to all the Roosevelt family history and achievements. There is no good reason why the self-made men should all be poor. It is possible to become great in spite of money.

HIS APPEARANCE WHEN A BOY.

Mr. Ray S. Baker, in a sketch of Mr. Roosevelt, says this of his boyhood: "As a young boy he was thin-shanked, pale and delicate, giving little promise of the amazing vigor of his later life. To avoid the rough treatment of the public school, he was tutored at home, also attending a private school for a time—Cutler's, one of the most famous of its day. Most of his summers, and in fact two-thirds of the year, he spent at the Roosevelt farm near Oyster Bay, then almost as distant in time from New York as the Adirondacks now are. For many years he was slow to learn and not strong enough to join in the play of other boys; but as he grew older he saw that if he ever amounted to anything he must acquire vigor of body. With characteristic energy he set about developing himself. He swam, he rode, he ran; he tramped the hills back of the bay, for pastime studying and cataloguing the birds native to his neighborhood; and thus he laid the foundation of that incomparable physical vigor from which arose his future prowess as a ranchman and hunter."

At the age of eleven years, young Roosevelt made a voyage across the Atlantic with his father. A boyhood friend, by name George Cromwell, tells several amusing incidents of the European voyage. It was a great event in 1869 to cross the Atlantic, particularly for youngsters, all of them under eleven years of age.

"As I remember Theodore," recalls Mr. Cromwell, "he was a tall, thin lad, with bright eyes and legs like pipe-stems.

"One of the first things I remember about him on that voyage was, that after the ship had got out of sight of land he remarked, half to himself, as he glanced at the water, 'I guess there ought to be a good many fish here.' Then an idea suddenly struck him, and turning to me he said: 'George, go get me a small rope from somewhere, and we'll play a fishing game.' I don't know why I went at once in search of that line, without asking why he didn't go himself; but I went, and it never occurred to me to put the question. He had told me to go, and in such a determined way that it settled the matter.

A MASTERLY LEADER FROM BOYHOOD.

"Even then he was a leader—a masterful, commanding little fellow—who seemed to have a peculiar quality of his own of making his playmates obey him, not at all because we were afraid, but because we wanted to, and somehow felt sure we would have a good time and get lots of fun if we did as he said.

"Well, I went after the line and brought it to him. While I was gone on the errand he had thought out all the details of the fishing game, and had climbed on top of a coiled cable; for, of course, he was to be the fisherman.

"Now," he said, as I handed him the line, 'all you fellows lie down flat on the deck here, and make believe to swim around like fishes. I'll throw one end of the line down to you, and the first fellow that catches hold of it is a fish that has bit my hook. He must just pull as hard as he can, and if he pulls me down off this coil of rope, why, then he will be the fisherman and I will be a fish. But if he lets go, or if I pull him up here off the deck, why I will still be the fisherman. The game is to see how

many fish each of us can land up here. The one who catches the most fish wins.'

"The rest of us lay down flat on our stomachs," Mr. Cromwell says, in continuation of his narrative, "and made believe to swim; and Theodore, standing above us on the coiled cable, threw down one end of his line—a thin but strong rope. If I remember correctly, my brother was the first fish to grasp the line—and then commenced a mighty struggle. It seemed to be much easier for the fish to pull the fisherman down than for the fisherman to haul up the dead weight of a pretty heavy boy lying flat on the deck below him—and I tell you it was a pretty hard struggle. My brother held on to the line with both hands and wrapped his legs around it, grapevine fashion. Theodore braced his feet on the coiled cable, stiffened his back, shut his teeth hard, and wound his end of the line around his waist. At first he tried by sheer muscle to pull the fish up—but he soon found it was hard work to lift up a boy about as heavy as himself.

THE FISH CAUGHT BY STRATEGY.

"Then another bright idea struck him. He pulled less and less, and at last ceased trying to pull at all. Of course the fish thought the fisherman was tired out, and he commenced to pull, hoping to get Theodore down on deck. He didn't succeed at first, and pulled all the harder. He rolled over on his back, then on his side, then sat up, all the time pulling and twisting and yanking at the line in every possible way; and that was just what Theodore hoped the fish would do. You see, all this time, while my brother was using his strength, Theodore simply stood still, braced like steel, and let him tire himself out.

"Before very long the fish was so out of breath that he couldn't pull any longer. Besides, the thin rope had cut his hands and made them sore. Then the fisherman commenced slowly and steadily to pull on the line, and in a very few minutes he had my brother hauled up alongside of him on the coil of cable."

The elder Roosevelt was a firm believer in hard work, and made this a part of the science he knew so well—the science of

bringing up a boy. Although a man of wealth and position he taught his children—the four of them, two boys and two girls—the virtue of labor, and pointed with the finger of scorn to the despicable thing called man who lived in idleness. With such teachings at home, it is no wonder that Theodore was moved to declare:

“I was determined as a boy to make a man of myself.”

His vacation days and little outing excursions to the farms of his uncles gave the boy a fondness for country life, which found appreciation in later years in these words:

“I belong as much to the country as to the city, I owe all my vigor to the country.”

RESOLVED TO MAKE SOMETHING OF HIMSELF.

In New York he was an example of the strong-spirited, well-educated young Knickerbocker of the better class. “He had no need to work,” says a writer in McClure’s. “His income was ample to keep him in comfort, even luxury, all his life. He might spend his summers in Newport and his winters on the continent, and possibly win some fame as an amateur athlete and a society man; and no one would think of blaming him, nor of asking more than he gave.”

Such a life, however, was not according to his taste or the high ideal of manhood and splendid achievement he had placed before him. He was not a dreamer, not a builder of air-castles. Better than the moderate wealth he had inherited were the family traits, the strong common sense, the noble purposes and true ideas of worldly success, which were as much a part of him as his fondness for fun and athletic sports. Let every American boy remember Mr. Roosevelt’s saying that in early life he resolved to make something of himself.

He attended a preparatory school, in order to fit himself for entering Harvard College. It was customary with the teacher in this school to call on the boys for declamations. Theodore at that early period lacked many of the graces of oratory, which he seems to have acquired afterward; and, like most boys, when he was the victim of embarrassment his memory was more or less treacherous.

Upon one occasion he was called upon to recite the poem beginning :

“At midnight, in his guarded tent
The Turk lay dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Would tremble at his power.”

Theodore arose and started out bravely. With all the flourishes of boyish energy he repeated the lines as far as “When Greece, her knee——” and then he stopped.

He stammered, shuffled his feet, and began again : “When Greece, her knee——” The old schoolmaster leaned forward, and in a shrill voice said : “Grease ’em again, Teddy, and maybe it will go then.” And Teddy, with his usual pluck, tried it again with marked success.

“What strong direction did your home influence take in your boyhood?” was asked Mr. Roosevelt.

“Why,” he replied, “I was brought up with the constant injunction to be active and industrious. My father—all my people—held that no one had a right to merely cumber the earth; that the most contemptible of created beings is the man who does nothing. I imbibed the idea that I must work hard, whether at making money or whatever else.

TAUGHT THAT HE MUST BE A WORKER.

“The whole family training taught me that I must be doing, must be working—and at decent work. I made my health what it is. I determined to be strong and well, and did everything to make myself so. By the time I entered Harvard College I was able to take my part in whatever sports I liked. I wrestled and sparred and ran a great deal while in college, and though I never came in first I got more good of the exercise than those who did, because I immensely enjoyed it and never injured myself.

“I was fond of wrestling and boxing; I think I was a good deal of a wrestler, and, though I never won a championship, yet more than once I won my trial heats and got into the final round. I was captain of my polo team at one time, but since I left college

I have taken most of my exercise in the 'cow country' or mountain hunting."

Theodore Roosevelt is the third graduate of Harvard University to hold the highest honor in the gift of the American people. John Adams and John Quincy Adams were graduated from Harvard. It was in 1825 when J. Q. Adams became President. Now comes Roosevelt. Roosevelt entered Harvard in 1876, when he was eighteen years old. His work in college was characterized by the enthusiasm and earnestness which have become known to all the people as dominant traits of his character in public life.

When he came to the Cambridge college he was a slight lad and not in robust health, but he at once took a judicious and regular interest in athletics, and in a little while the effects were apparent in his stalwart figure and redoubled energy. He wrestled and sparred and ran a great deal, but never indulging in athletic work to the point of injury.

EARNEST AND MATURE STUDENT.

In his studies young Roosevelt was looked upon "as peculiarly earnest and mature in the way he took hold of things," as one of his classmates put it. Ex-Mayor Josiah Quincy, of Boston, who was in college with Roosevelt, says of him:

"He exhibited in his college days most of the traits of character which he has shown in after years and on the larger stage of political life. In appearance and manner he has changed remarkably little in twenty years, and I should say that his leading characteristic in college was the very quality of strenuousness which is now so associated with his public character. In whatever he did he showed unusual energy, and the same aggressive earnestness which has carried so far in later life.

"He exhibited a maturity of character, if not of intellectual development, greater than that of most of his classmates, and was looked upon as one of the notable members of the class—as one who possessed certain qualities of leadership and of popularity which might carry him far in the days to come, if not counter-

balanced by impulsiveness in action or obstinacy in adhering to his own ideas. He was certainly regarded as a man of unusually good fighting qualities, of determination, pluck and tenacity.

"If his classmates had been asked in their senior year to pick out the one member of the class who would be best adapted for such a service which he rendered with the Rough Riders in Cuba I think that, almost with one voice, they would have named Roosevelt. Theodore Roosevelt is in many respects as broad and typical an American as the country has produced."

ORIGINAL AND SELF-RELIANT.

Both his fellows and his teachers say that he was much above the average as a student. He was just as original, just as reliant on his own judgment as he is now. In a mere matter of opinion or of dogma he had no respect for an instructor's say-so above his own convictions, and some of his contemporaries in college recall with smiles some very strenuous discussions with teachers in which he was involved by his habit of defending his own convictions.

At graduation he was one of the comparatively few who took honors, his subject being natural history. When young Roosevelt entered college he developed the taste for hunting and natural history which has since led him so often and so far through field and forest. His rifle and his hunting kit were the most conspicuous things in his room. His birds he mounted himself.

Live turtles and insects were always to be found in his study, and one who lived in the house with him at the time recalls well the excitement caused by a particularly large turtle sent by a friend from the southern seas, which got out of its box one night and started for the bathroom in search for water. Although well toward the top as a student he still had his full share of the gay rout that whiles dull care away. In his sophomore year he was one of the forty men in his class who belong to the Institute of 1770.

In his senior year he was a member of the Porcelain, the Alpha Delta Phi, and the Hasty Pudding Clubs, being secretary of the last named. In the society of Boston he was often seen.

Roosevelt's membership in clubs other than social shows

conspicuously the kind of college man he was. In rowing, base-ball and foot-ball he was an earnest champion, but never a prominent participant. In the other athletic contests he was often seen. It was as a boxer that he excelled. Boxing was a regular feature of the Harvard contests of that day, and "Teddy," as he was universally called, was the winner of many a bout.

He had his share in college journalism. During his senior year he was one of the editors of the "Advocate." Unlike the other editors, he was not himself a frequent contributor.

The range of his interests is shown by this enumeration of clubs in which he had membership. The Natural History Society, of which he was vice-president; the Art Club, of which Professor Charles Eliot Norton was the president; the Finance Club, the Glee Club (associate member), the Harvard Rifle Corps, the O. K. Society, of which he was treasurer, and the Harvard Athletic Association, of which he was steward.

HIS APPEARANCE AT GRADUATION.

Roosevelt's share of class-day honors was membership in the class committee. All who knew Roosevelt in his college days speak of him as dashing and picturesque in his ways and handsome appearance. His photograph, taken at graduation, shows no moustache, but a rather generous allowance of side whiskers.

Although he was near-sighted, and wore glasses at the time, they do not appear in the photograph. Maturity and sobriety are the most evident characteristics of the countenance. A companion of student days tells a story to show that the future President did things then much as he does them now. A horse in a stable close to Roosevelt's room made a sudden noise one night which demanded instant attention. Young Roosevelt was in bed at the time, but he waited not for daytime clothes—nor did he even wait to get down the steps. He bounded out the second-story window, and had quieted the row before the less impetuous neighbors arrived.

It was while in college that he conceived the idea of his history of the American Navy in the War of 1812. This volume

was written soon after leaving college. He was not yet twenty-four when it was completed. In view of the position which the author afterward held, next to the head of the American Navy, the preface, written before the beginning of our present navy, is of striking interest. He says: "At present people are beginning to realize that it is folly for the great English-speaking republic to rely for defense upon a navy composed partly of antiquated hulks and partly of new vessels rather more worthless than the old."

IDEAS OF PUBLIC LIFE AND CITIZENSHIP.

Mr. Roosevelt's ideas of college education, and the results thereof in the making of good citizens, are well defined in his admirable essay on "College and Public Life," written for the *Atlantic Monthly*, in which he says: "The first great question which the college graduate should learn, is the lesson of work rather than of criticism. College men must learn to be as practical in politics as they would be in business or in law. A college man is peculiarly bound to keep a high ideal and to be true to it; but he must work in practical ways to try to realize this ideal, and must not refuse to do anything because he cannot get anything. No man ever learned from books how to manage a governmental system." Yet he never disparaged book knowledge.

He says further:

"This obligation (of being good, active citizens) possibly rests even more heavily upon men of means; of this it is not necessary now to speak. The men of mere wealth never can have, and never should have, the capacity for doing good work that is possessed by the men of exceptional mental training; but that they may become both a laughing stock and a menace to the community is made unpleasantly apparent by that portion of the New York business and social world which is most in evidence in the papers.

"Wrongs should be strenuously and fearlessly denounced; evil principles and evil men should be condemned. The politician who cheats or swindles, or the newspaper man who lies in any form, should be made to feel that he is an object of scorn for all honest men."

In giving advice to college men, and he knew whereof he spoke, he denies that they are better or worse than men who have never been inside the walls of a college, while their responsibilities are infinitely greater.

"The worst offense that can be committed against the republic is the offense of the public man who betrays his trust; but second only to it comes the offense of the man who tries to persuade others that an honest and efficient public man is dishonest or unworthy. This is a wrong that can be committed in a great many different ways. Downright foul abuse may, after all, be less dangerous than incessant misstatements, sneers, and those half-truths which are the meanest lies."

HIS LOFTY AIMS AND PURPOSES.

It is evident that Mr. Roosevelt did not pursue a college course merely to gratify some ambitious member of his family who wished him to obtain and flourish an academic degree. Nor did he care to be known merely as an educated gentleman. Neither did he count the friendships and pleasant associations of college life a compensation for four years of study. He had a higher purpose in view than to be able merely to say he had been through college.

He was a student, a scholar, an athlete, a man with a college degree that he might be something else. His education was only a stepping-stone to those grand achievements for which a course of study would help to prepare him. He had lofty aims. He wished to be more than a money maker or a money spender. He did not despise wealth, but he did despise the base, sordid, vulgar use of it.

"Each of us who reads the Gettysburg speech," he writes, "or the second inaugural address of the greatest American of the nineteenth century, or who studies the long campaign and lofty statesmanship of that other American who was even greater, cannot but feel within him that lift toward things higher and nobler which can never be bestowed by the enjoyment of material prosperity."

It is not possible in every instance to guess from a young

man's reputation and standing in college what will be his subsequent career. Sir Walter Scott in his academic days was remarkable for nothing except dulness. He excelled in stupidity. Many persons have magnificent ability, but it requires a long time to wake it up, and then the right occasion must present itself.

Henry Ward Beecher had the distinction of being very near the foot of his class in college. When told by his tutor that he ought to learn his lessons in mathematics for the mental discipline he would thus gain, he replied that, as he always had to have an excuse when he failed on a lesson, he thought getting up his excuses would be better discipline than learning his lessons.

NO SIGNS OF A BRILLIANT CAREER.

When General Grant graduated from West Point he was so near the foot of a class numbering forty-four that no one ever risked his reputation for acuteness by predicting that such a dullard would achieve success in anything he undertook. Many a college dunce has comforted himself with such examples, but never proved himself to possess anything in common with them except the stupidity.

In Mr. Roosevelt's case it could have been predicted from his college course what his career would be afterward. He was known as a positive character, a strong and earnest soul, and independent thinker, full of force and fire, yet not quite so reckless as to incur the charge of being hot-headed. It would indeed be singular if one with so much Dutch blood in him should exhibit a dangerous rashness of conduct. He showed his courage, his force, his positive character in college, and it was easy to predict that these traits would distinguish him in his public career. This remarkable career has occasioned no very great surprise to those who best knew him in his earlier years.

On the day of his graduation he discoursed on natural history. This was one of his favorite studies. His knowledge of this subject is apparent on every page of his interesting descriptions of animal life on our western plains. Even at Harvard he was a kind of Nimrod and had his guns and other sporting

equipments. Outdoor life has always had a charm for him, and to this can be attributed in part his sturdy physique and robust health.

Capable of great endurance, he can distance others in the amount and quality of work he is able to perform. In short, both in mind and body he is a model of vigorous manhood and the "strenuous life" he is so fond of advocating.

After leaving college he went abroad, acting upon the common impression, not entirely a correct one, that the education of a young American cannot be considered complete until it is "finished off" in some foreign capital. For a while he studied at Dresden, then travelled through Switzerland and elsewhere, and distinguished himself as a mountain climber. There was enough of difficulty and danger in this pastime to suit his adventurous nature; besides, it afforded him a fine opportunity for exercising and testing his powers of endurance. To ascend the Jungfrau was no great undertaking, but the far-famed and, one might almost say, fatal Matterhorn was a different proposition. To climb this mountain was to incur risks of a serious nature; only the boldest and most self-reliant athletes would attempt it.

Mr. Roosevelt's success in scaling the almost impassable Alpine heights was such as to entitle him to membership in the Alpine Club of London. No one can become a member of this famous club without having performed a feat in mountain climbing that is worthy of commemoration.

CHAPTER V.

SEEKING ROMANTIC ADVENTURES—ROOSEVELT BUYS A RANCH—
ADVANTAGES OF LIFE ON THE PLAINS—FIRST APPEAR-
ANCE AT MEDORA—THE RANCH BUILDING—PURSUIT OF BIG
GAME—THRILLING ADVENTURE WITH A GRIZZLY BEAR—
CHIMNEY BUTTE RANCH—GUNS AND TENTS IN AFRICA—
HOW THE 'TRAVELLERS' CARAVAN IS MADE TO ORDER—A
GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION BY THE REV. W. S. RAINSFORD, D.D.

IF Theodore Roosevelt, the boy, ever read a dime novel or a story of wild western life, no mention has ever been made of it. He did not get his love of frontier life from the cheap literature that kills bears and Indians on every page. The average boy who reads of the burly bandit and desperate outlaw holding up stage-coaches and railway trains, is apt to admire such bold deeds and imagine himself the hero of similar achievements. He is eager to outdo the ruffians whose exploits are all duly chronicled.

Suddenly the band of desperadoes appears, halts the coach in an unfrequented spot, flourishes rifles and revolvers, terrorizes the helpless passengers, strips them of their valuables, paralyzes by threats all attempts at resistance, and having secured the plunder, purses, watches and jewelry, vanishes from sight, leaving the outraged victims to express their thankfulness at having escaped with their lives. Stories of this description, dressed up in hysterical phrases, form the staple of that vast mass of pernicious dime literature which fascinates the youthful reader and in many instances turns him into an adventurer and an outlaw.

He is thrilled by the strange, wierd, sanguinary tales of pioneer life. He craves a career of romantic adventure. He would shoot a bear or an Indian; he would ride a bucking horse on a hunting excursion; perhaps he would become an armed ruffian and make his name a terror by robbery and deeds of violence. His ambition is to roam the plains, lead the life of a marauder and become a free-

booter like those whose exploits he has read of in books and which he is eager to imitate.

It was not from such motives or with such intentions that young Roosevelt resolved to try the experiences of life on the western plains. If the thousand tales of daring feats, bold enterprises and dangerous ventures that are so eagerly read by school-boys ever had any charm for him, they certainly did not influence his actions in the slightest degree. He had no thought of achieving distinction by scalping Indians. But he wanted a ranch in the West and secured one in North Dakota during his third term at Albany. He was fond of hunting big game. The long expedition with his trusty rifle and a few associates or attendants was his pastime.

BOOKS WERE A PART OF HIS OUTFIT.

Mere sport is commonly an idle thing, a device for whiling away time and obtaining a temporary pleasure. Roosevelt had no thought of going to the Bad Lands for any such purpose. He had other objects in view, and, although enjoying the chase as any full-blooded man would be apt to enjoy it, he never would have ventured into the far West merely for this. He had aims and ideals that could not be realized by trout fishing and bear hunting. His books went with him, and were as much a part of his outfit as his gun and cartridge pouch.

He felt that vigor of mind and body would result from roughing it on his ranch. He would breathe a pure air, drink from unpolluted streams, climb steep cliffs and stand on their summits in the glow of healthful exercise. The winds would bronze his cheek and toughen his fibre. The weariness of toil would bring refreshing sleep; the silence of the evening camp would give him an opportunity to think; books would be read with a keener relish; the wild horse, spirited and hard to subdue, would test his nerve and muscle; association with the shrewd, yet untutored ranchmen would hold him in contact with common, ordinary men; he would learn much from the rough characters whose names are never written in histories, but who are, after all, heroes in their way.

Col. Roosevelt's favorite works while on the Ranch were books

of natural history. Irving, Hawthorne and Poe were great favorites of his and Robert Burns was a constant companion. We find in Theodore Roosevelt's own book entitled: "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman; Being Sketches of Sports of the North Cattle Plains," much to charm and instruct. Only a brief outline can be given here of the exciting times in the far west of the man who has become our most distinguished citizen.

THE HOME RANCH OF COL. ROOSEVELT.

On the Northwest border of North Dakota—six hundred miles from St. Paul—where the Little Missouri winds its course through the Bad Lands, is the town of Medora, surrounded by huge buttes of scorched clay. About eight miles from the little town is "Chimney Butte," the home ranch of Col. Roosevelt. The little house is built of logs; in fact it is a log cabin one and a half stories high. The first story contains a kitchen, living room, and a private room for Col. Roosevelt when he visits the ranch. As cowboys sleep anywhere little attention was given by cowboy Roosevelt to sleeping apartments. In bad weather they spread their blankets on the floor upstairs. To the right is the stable, while in front is the horse corrall. This is built in circular form to prevent crowding and jamming in corners. Whenever a horse is wanted the whole herd is driven in.

The ranch building is most picturesque. From the low, long veranda, shaded by leafy cottonwoods, one can look across sand bars to a strip of meadow—behind which rises the sheer cliffs. From the doorway of his log cabin Col. Roosevelt has killed a deer, and big game abounds in the vicinity. He has worked here in a flannel shirt and overalls tucked into alligator boots, side by side with his cowboys during many an exciting round-up, at night to sleep on bear skins and buffalo robes, trophies of his skill as a hunter. "When he first went West they called him the 'four-eyed tenderfoot,'" says Mark Twain. The cowboys soon changed their mind about the "tenderfoot" from New York.

Herds of cattle roam over the unsurveyed "Bad Lands" as far as 200 miles at times. The "Round-up" always brings them home.

Each ranchman's cattle are branded with a distinctive mark burned into the animal's hide with a red hot iron when the beasts are young. Col. Roosevelt owns two brands for his cattle and bronchos—the "Elkhorn" and the "Maltese Cross"—to correspond with the names of his two ranches. The Elkhorn ranch is located thirty miles down the river from Medora. It was originally intended to be the home ranch, and the buildings are much more elaborate and expensive than the Maltese Cross. But the two have been consolidated and administrated from the latter, it being a superior location.

The whole region swarmed with game of all sorts, more especially elk, deer and mountain sheep. Col. Roosevelt learned much and enjoyed more during his first year (1884) of cowboy life on the plains. The next summer he came again and hunted all sorts of big game. He tells the following graphic story of an interview he had with a grizzly in Idaho.

CHARGED BY A GRIZZLY BEAR.

The bear was wounded and charged with manifest anger. "I held true, aiming behind the shoulder and my bullet shattered the point or lower end of his heart, taking out a big nick. Instantly the great bear turned with a harsh roar of fury and challenge, blowing the blood foam from his mouth, so that I saw the gleam of his white fangs; and then he charged straight at me, crashing and bounding through the laurel bushes, so that it was hard to aim. I waited until he came to a fallen tree, raking him as he topped it with a ball, which entered his chest and went through the cavity of his body; but he neither swerved nor flinched and at the moment I did not know that I had struck him.

He came steadily on, and in another second was almost upon me. I fired for his forehead, but my bullet went low, entering his open mouth, smashing his lower jaw and going into the neck. I leaped to one side almost as I pulled the trigger; and through the hanging smoke the first thing I saw was his paw, as he made a vicious side blow at me.

"The rush of his charge carried him past. As he struck he lurched forward, leaving a pool of bright blood where his muzzle hit

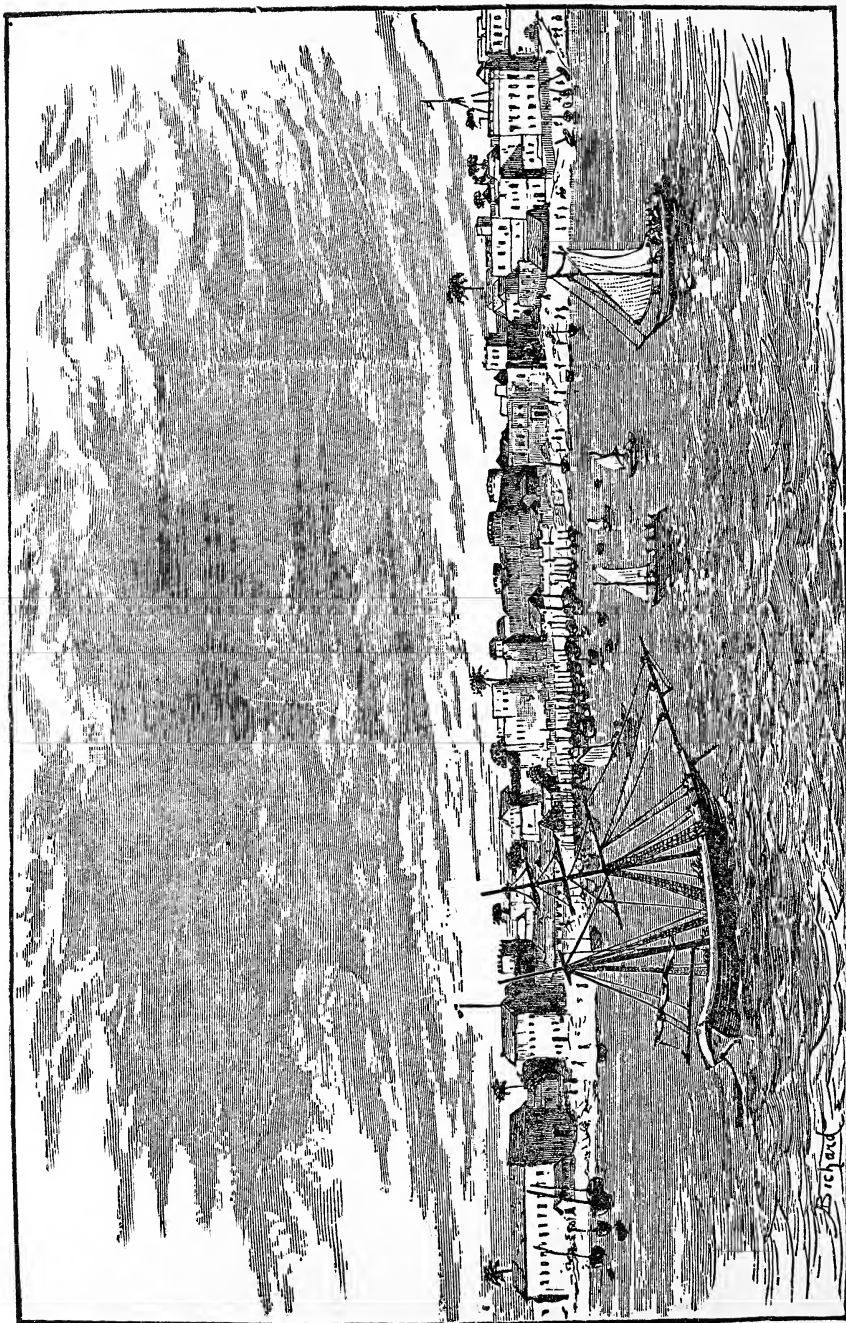
the ground; but he recovered himself, and made two or three jumps onward, while I hurriedly jammed a couple of cartridges into the magazine, my rifle holding only four, all of which I had fired. Then he tried to pull up, but as he did so his muscles seemed suddenly to give way, his head drooped, and he rolled over and over like a shot rabbit. Each of my first three bullets had inflicted a mortal wound." This Col. Roosevelt calls his most thrilling moment. It will no doubt seem tame to him now after his thrilling days of hunting lions and other ferocious beasts in Africa.

HOW AN AFRICAN TRAVELLER'S CARAVAN IS MADE.

Safari is the name used all over East Africa for what in the West we call "outfit"—the men you take along to enable you to prosecute your journey, or procure you sport. Col. Roosevelt, of course, became very familiar with the East African terms. The pleasure and success of an East-African trip depend more on a well-chosen and well-managed *safari* than on anything else—more, even, than on the perseverance and skill of the sportsman or traveller.

In olden days of *safari* travelling, when ivory or game was sought, the process of collecting a *safari* on the East coast was simplicity itself. Zanzibar was usually the starting-point, and the Zanzibari authorities were the intermediaries between the white man or Arab and the unfortunate natives. These were compelled to go on any journey, with any adventurer their masters gave them orders to accompany. Some little part of wages due to them they might or might not receive. They were mere slaves, and had no choice in the matter. They were landed on the mainland, men, women, and children, at so much the head, and started with their loads into the dangerous unknown.

If they fell down by the way they were kobokoed till they rose again. If they could not rise, they were left where they lay. If they deserted, they were shot by their masters or, if they escaped from them, were murdered by unfriendly tribes, who naturally strove in every way they could to prevent the inroads of caravans,



ZANZIBAR.

whose object was generally to steal their ivory or capture themselves.

East Africa till very lately was in an awful plight. The curse of age-long slavery and perpetual wars and cattle-raiding among the tribes turned what should have been a prosperous country into the darkest and most hopeless of lands, where every man distrusted and feared his fellow. There was no rule, no central authority. The strong consumed the weak. It was a region where rapine, cruelty, and bloodshed perpetually reigned.

The distance from one inhabited oasis to another was often great. Vast tracts had been depopulated by native wars, pestilences, or the slave trade. *Safari*, therefore, whether they were made up—as were Somalis or Swahili exhibitions—for purposes of trade, or for discovery or sport, had to be large; a march through much of the country meant a little war, and every porter carried a gun in addition to his pack.

NATIVE DISTRUST AND DISCONTENT.

So it came to pass often that, willingly or unwillingly, almost every *safari's* progress tended but to increase the native distrust and discontent and to add to the misery of the country it passed through.

The food question was ever the burning question—men carrying trading goods into the interior couldn't carry a sufficient supply of food as well. The limit of human endurance is reached at sixty pounds the man. It takes a stout porter to carry that, day after day, in the sun. Now that same porter eats in one month forty-five pounds of his load, so it is at once evident he cannot carry food and other things as well.

It is needless to say that with the abolition of slavery, and far more still with the introduction of protectorate rule by England, rule that does most really attempt at least to protect the native, all this has ceased. You are obliged to do a good deal for your *safari*—often much more than local opinion deems necessary.

The porter's wages are fixed. You cannot pay less, and for this country they are high. The quality and quantity of food you



EXPEDITION STARTING FOR THE INTERIOR OF AFRICA IN TERRIFIC STORM.

must give him are fixed. He must have a blanket, tent, and water-bottle from you, even if he is engaged for but a few weeks. He is supposed to be examined and passed as fit to work—by the medical officer. He “signs on” for so long a time with you, and at the end of that time, if he demands them, you must pay him his wages. You are supposed not to punish him, but hand him over, in case he misbehaves, to the civil authorities. But as you are likely to be often more than a hundred miles from any court, a reasonable enforcement of discipline, when necessary, is expected from you, and not resented by him.

So much about present *safari* life. Every would-be traveller soon learns. He knows his own amount of baggage. He knows it to the *pound*, and to his cost, if he pays his steamer bills at Mombasa before coming up country, and a further interview with the railroad authorities on the question of baggage is likely to impress him still more. He reads in books or hears from friends that he will need so many men, and that he had better engage them at Nairobi rather than at Mombasa, and so save the \$5 fare per man. That is about all he knows.

PREPARING FOR A TRIP.

He chooses his agent at Nairobi and seeks advice, says how long he intends to be out and what he wants to go and get; whether he will ride or walk; whether he is determined to go far afield and stay away from the railroad for several months at a time, or make shorter trips, moving his *safari* by rail from place to place.

These matters settled, his agents undertake to do the rest, and promise in so many days to have everything ready for a start. Tell your agent at Nairobi that above all other things they must give you a really honest and reliable “head man.” Your head man will make you or mar you. The problem of *potio* is quite beyond even the most painstaking investigator at first. You will have to do as you are told, and get the hang of it soon as you can.

At the beginning of *safari* life you will have to be guided by your head man. Show him your baggage. Tell him roughly what you wish to do and where to go. He, on his part, will tell you where

he has been with other *bwanas* (masters) and what luck they have had, how long they were out, what number of porters were necessary, and if the *safari* was able to employ donkeys to save porterage—a very important point.

After one or two quiet talks with your man, you will have some idea of the size of your expedition, but not yet, I am sorry to say, even a glimmering notion of the size of your bill. I remember well how golden were the dreams I indulged in when I took out my first *safari*. Literally golden, for here at last was a delightful form of sport that cost less than ordinary hotel living. The disillusionment,



SINGULAR MODE OF DRESSING THE HAIR.

when it came, was complete. No, you cannot “do” Africa cheaply, and of all countries under the sun, this is the very worst, I should fancy, in which to try to practice economy.

You will need: to carry your tent (a green waterproof, eight by eight); three porters; bedding, one porter; tent table and chair, one porter; canteen pots and pans, one porter; private tin boxes, clothing, books, one to three porters; ammunition, one to two porters; own food (depends on time out), one to ten porters; gun-cases, one porter; if pony is taken, one syce, one porter; tent boy, one porter; cook, one porter.

It is a safe rule to allow twenty porters for your personal belongings, not, of course, including men's food or anything else.

If you wish to travel more rapidly you will take your *safari*, perhaps, the first stage of the way by the railroad, and since you thus cover in one day what it would take you several days to do marching, you will find the expense comes to about the same. You will find that a month away from all base of supplies is about your practical limit. For remark (and if you remember this it will save you many tedious efforts after calculation) each man carries sixty pounds of *potio*, and each eats forty-five pounds each month. A porter is, therefore, able to carry fifteen pounds only for you in addition to his food.

DIFFICULTIES OF A HEAD MAN.

A *safari* of one hundred porters—not including, remember, gun-boys, head man, tent-boys, cook or syce—can carry for a month 1,500 pounds over and above their food, and no more. Of course this is all very confusing at first. You can only trust your head man and keep perpetually noticing things. Gradually it will dawn on you that to be a successful head man implies a most unusual combination of qualities.

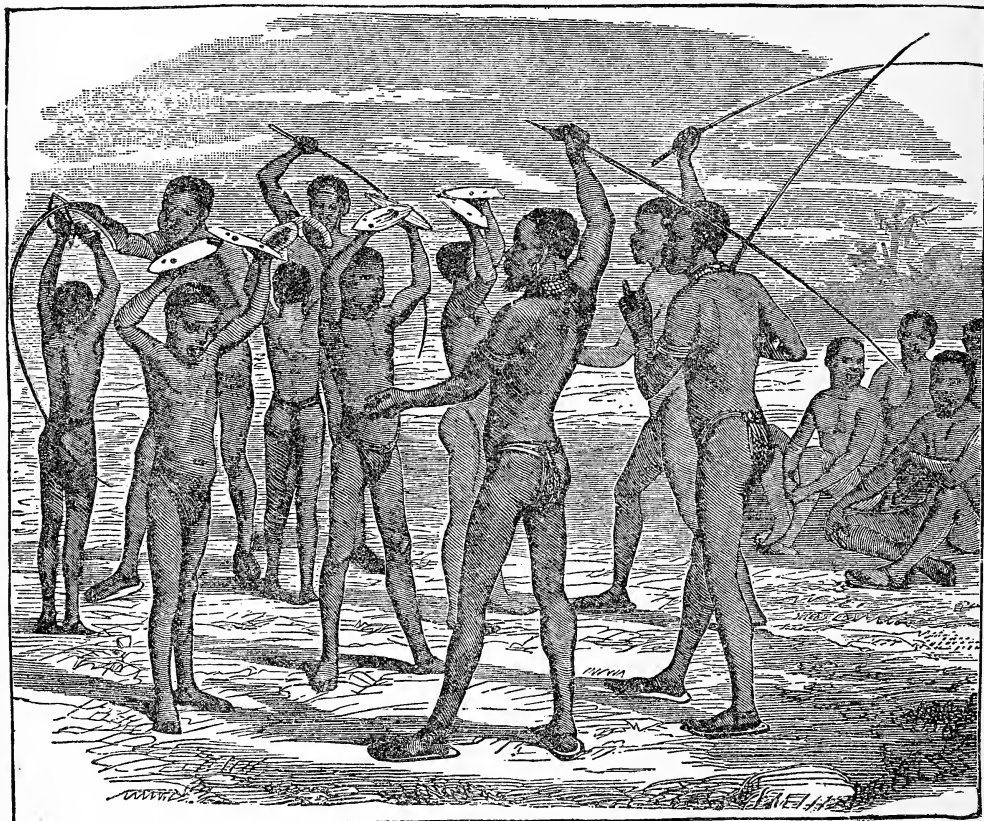
In addition to those I have already named, he must be absolutely fair-minded as between man and man. He must be strictly just in giving out *potio*. The little cup of meal must not be heaped or shaken for one and just dipped into the sack for another. That the *safari* will not endure. He apportions each man's daily burden.

The loads should be weighed before starting from Nairobi. After that there can be no daily weighing. At a glance, therefore, he must know what each must have. He can have no favorites, and no enemies. His eye it is that notes the sick man—the really sick—and detects the lazy and incompetent man. He it is who must decide who shall be relieved of his burden on the march, and among what other reluctant fellows that burden must be shared till number one can take it again.

The multitudinous employments of the camp, as well as of the march, he can alone apportion. So many men are chosen during

the first few days' marching to pitch the tents the moment the *safari* comes in. So many at once for the wood. So many fetch water. One has to trench each tent. There are from ten to twenty other tents to be pitched.

The men whose duty it is to do this are all told off, and let me say here that no one can, I believe, pitch a tent so fast or so well as



TRAINING BOYS FOR HARDSHIPS.

these people can. Smartness at the job is of vital importance. For instance, we had to reach a certain water spring, and as we did so, over us drew one of those dark, gray-lipped clouds that here mean torrent.

Many of the men were sick and suffering from the severe cold and rain; for a month African fountains had not been sunny, and in the evening and at night you needed a suit of fur-lined under-

clothes, some one said. To get these men dry-footed was all-important, for we would be out of *potio*, if we delayed, and there was no game just there. It was a race against time and storm.

The pipers piped up manfully, the *safari* came in after a long march at its best pace, and I counted fourteen tents and our three big ones, pitched perfectly and trenched completely so that they could stand any weather, in eight minutes from the time the first bundle was thrown down by the first porter marching on the ground.

The head man practically decides, till you get to know the men yourself, who needs punishment when (it is to be hoped very rarely) punishment has to be meted out. Disobedience to definite orders, and theft, must be punished at once. But if the influences of the *safari* are good there are scarcely such things as either disobedience or theft. In six months one man received eight koboko for disobedience, and there was no thieving whatever.

THE TENT BOY.

Your next ally in the managing of the *safari*, and your hourly instructor in the way in which you should go, is your tent-boy. There are many excellent tent-boys, wonderful to say. A good one will valet you as well as you have ever been valeted in your life. Indeed, I have yet to discover what a good tent-boy will not do. But I wrote hastily. My boy John, the best tent-boy man ever had, will not do one thing—he will not, under any inducement whatever, make one of a party to beat a swamp or bit a brush for a lion.

Porters are to the *safari* what the Macedonian phalanx was to Alexander's armies. There can be no *safari* without them. Successful sportsmen there have been who depended for transport almost entirely on donkeys or ox-wagon, but as between the donkey and the porter, many a solid advantage rests with the latter.

You can never tell where you want to go in East Africa. Plan your trip never so carefully, a hundred things may arise which will deflect, if they don't alter, your route. You set out for six weeks' journey. You do not return for four or five months. Freedom of movement is, I am sure, an essential in this land where the unexpected is forever happening. Now, donkeys pin you down in two



GIANT TREE OF AFRICA WITH WIDESPREADING BRANCHES.

ways: they cannot make more than ten or at most twelve miles a day, even where the trails are good; and when there are none, or when there is much swamp, cannot be got along at all.

Donkeys are excellent to keep your base of supplies full. It is often necessary to have a number of them regularly travelling with *potio* between the railroad and some selected spot near the country to be explored or hunted. In this way you can keep the field for as long as you please, for it is easy to send ten or twenty porters from your hunting camp to this supply base, while, if you had to send the men fifty or a hundred miles for *potio*, ten or twenty could not carry any sufficient quantity, and would consume a large part of their loads on the way, and to send more than a small number of men is to cripple your travelling machine and to force you to remain camped till they return.

Never so denude yourself of men that you cannot march. This is a rule every *safari* leader should remember.

THE COOK AN IMPORTANT PERSONAGE.

The *safari* cook is an important personage. He literally makes you or mars you, and a good, cleanly and honest cook is not found every day. Still, the East-African has a natural bent for cooking. Quite uninstructed, he cooks his own rice when he is not in too great a hurry; it's none but the man of the East can cook it, and since you eat rice twice a day, that is something to begin on.

My cook Peter was a friend of three years ago. I had suffered at his hands and in consequence he had, on at least one occasion, suffered at mine, or rather at the hands of my official representative, the *askari*. Peter knew he deserved it, and so bore no grudge. Indeed, had I defrauded him of his just dues, I should have fallen greatly in his estimation.

When he heard, therefore, that I had returned to the country, he at once sought me out and begged for his old job. His weak point, I well remembered, had been his bread, and good, well-baked, well-raised, yeast bread (not baking-flour abominations) is one of the few things absolutely necessary to health.

I made immediate inquiries as to whether Peter had been to a

baking school. He assured me he had, and that by now his productions were unrivalled. His appearance certainly belied his optimism, and I pointed this out to him. But he was proficient in excuses, said he had lost my chits and had been out of a job for a long time.

I sent him off under John's charge to bake a loaf while his guardian looked on to make sure that he had no unfair assistance, and as the result proved fairly satisfactory, I re-engaged him.

I began with the head man, the director and guide of my company. I have come now to its tail—the *toto*—its apprentice boy, not entered on your list of men. You have no knowledge of his existence till some day, from somewhere, he bobs up before you, just a *toto*. It may be you see him first—though this is unlikely—wedged in among the legs of a dozen or fifteen men, in one of the already dreadfully crowded third-class compartments of the train that is carrying all your party to some wayside station.

THE OVERWORKED TOTO.

It may be he has so far escaped you entirely, as he surely has the ticket collector, and your first sight of him is as, fagged out, he totters along, carrying a much too heavy load for his little boy's body, far behind the rearmost *askari*, on some long, hot marching day. Thus it was I first came to know him.

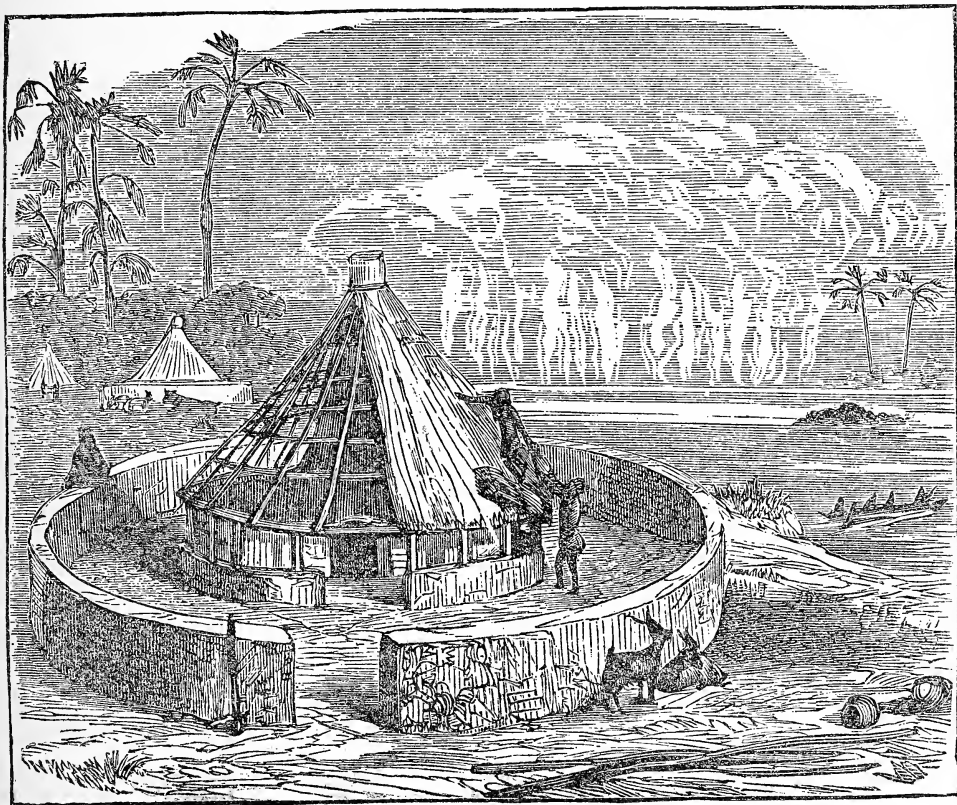
"Is he a little fellow following his father?" I asked. "Oh no, he is just a *toto*." To my ignorance, of that my first *safari*, this meant nothing at all. I was soon to learn. The boy on that occasion was on the point of collapse, and fortunately I had determined to walk myself at the rear of the column, as the way was long, water distant, and the lava rock we were traversing terribly hard for all our feet.

The boy was not more than fourteen years old at most, and had been ill or underfed, for he lacked the robustness of *totos* generally. I halted the men and asked who claimed him, and how he came to be carrying, as he was, a man's load, not less.

Five or six big porters came up. Still I was mystified, and only after some time did I learn that I was supposed to have no responsibility for him at all. He was not on the "strength" of the *safari*.

He was just a *toto*, hired by the aforesaid five or six to do their little jobs around camp, carry water, cook food, and carry at least a part of their *potio*. Had he a father? No. A mother? Doubtful. Generally these little black mites are orphans.

Many such there are, alas! They hang round government stations, claiming no one, recognized by none. In some sore strait some helpless woman laid him at a stranger's hut door, to live or



HOUSE BUILDING IN AFRICA.

die as it might be. Many of the *totos* show too plainly traces of that early disaster. Rickety, consumptive, half-starved atoms of humanity, who yet face with an African's quite wonderful cheeriness the chances of *safari* life, because it offers them plentiful food and some sort of a home. Others there are of them, of course, who are in a far better condition, whose mothers have died, and who come along with their fathers.

The worst-used *toto* I ever knew was such a one. I found him one dreadfully hot day when we were marching, without water, for eight hours, struggling along two miles behind his useless father, who, since he was an *askari*, carried not one ounce himself but his short Schneider carbine. That half-starved child was struggling under four men's *potio* for eight days—*i. e.*, forty-eight pounds of meal—besides a large *sufaria* and his father's sleeping-mat—quite sixty pounds in all. I was very ignorant, as I say, of African matters then, but that day taught me a lesson, and ever after I made a point of turning up unexpectedly at the tail of the column and staying there sometimes for hours, when long marches have to be made.

No *totos* should be admitted to any *safari* till they have passed the *bwana's* inspection, and the men who engage them should be obliged to come forward and show themselves. Nor should these men be paid their wages (this is very important) when the *safari* is paid off, till you are sure the *toto* has received his modest and well-earned dole.

In this poor child's case I was able to see rough justice done. We had fully two hundred miles steady marching ahead of us, and for every mile of it his father carried that load, while he marched free. I got him to hospital on my return, and after long sickness he at last recovered from that awful day's march.

CHAPTER VI.

AFRICA—A SKETCH. I,

CIVILIZATION TAKEN ROOT—PARCELED OUT AMONG MANY EUROPEAN COUNTRIES—GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS—THE RIVER NILE.

AFRICA is one of the three great divisions of the Old World, and the second in extent of the five principal continents of the globe forms a vast peninsula joined to Asia by the Isthmus of Suez. It is of a compact form, with few important projections or indentations.

The continent extends from 37 degrees north latitude, to 35 degrees south latitude, and the extreme points, Cape Blanco and Cape Agulhas, are nearly 5,000 miles apart. From west to east, between Cape Verde, longitude 18 degrees west, and Cape Guardafui, longitude 51 degrees east, the distance is about 4,600 miles. The area is estimated at 11,508,793 square miles, or more than three times that of Europe. The islands belonging to Africa are few; they include Madagascar, Madeira, the Canaries, Cape Verde Island, Fernando Po, Prince's Island, St. Thomas, Ascension, St. Helena, Mauritius, Bourbon, the Comoros and Cocotra.

The desperate struggle among the European powers for colonial possessions in Africa is of comparatively recent origin. While the earliest explorations began in 1553, when a body of British merchants sent out in search of trade a few vessels to Guinea, there was no thought of anything more than an effort to find a new market for English productions.

It was more than forty years later, in 1595, that the Dutch followed the English merchants in the attempt to establish a trading station on the coast of Guinea. About the same time that the British traders began the exploration of the Guinea coast the French set out on the same errand and located at what is now known as French

Guinea. Thus at the beginning of the seventeenth century nearly all the portions of Africa that were held by the nations of Europe were the three divisions of the coast of Guinea that were known respectively as British, French and Dutch Guinea.

Even at the end of that century England and France were the principal rivals for African trade, but at the close of the French wars France had lost nearly all her possessions in Africa as well as elsewhere. In this war Great Britain acquired the ascendancy in African affairs, which she stubbornly held for 200 years.

Leaving the coast, they both pushed into the interior, which example was followed by other nations. Generally the partition of Africa went on slowly and peaceably, and it was not until the Brussels conference in 1878 that the unrestrained scramble began that has resulted in the division of the entire continent among the different nations of Europe. Thus in 1876, while Great Britain, France, Spain and Portugal had located colonies on the coast of Africa, the interior was held by the wild tribes that occupied it against all foreign aggression.

CONFLICTING INTERESTS AMICABLY SETTLED.

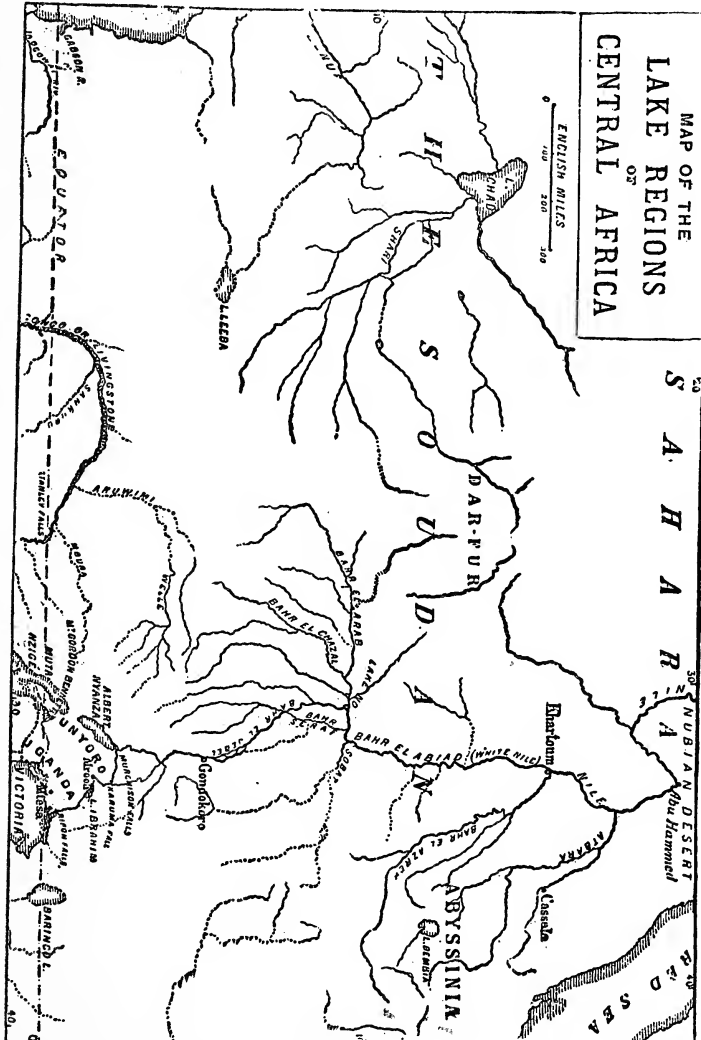
The Berlin conference in 1876 was the time at which the energetic division of the continent was inaugurated, and at the close of 1890 of the 11,508,793 square miles of territory composing the continent of Africa only some 1,500,000 remained open to seizure by the nations of Europe. There were even then some conflicting claims that had not been settled, as the conflicts between French, German and British interests on the Niger clearly testified.

But these, together with the disputes between Portugal and England in the upper Zambesi, have been amicably settled, and it is mainly the claims that arise out of the British occupation of Egypt now that the British and Boers in South Africa have come to a settlement.

The interior of Africa is as yet imperfectly known, but we know enough of the continent as a whole to be able to point to some general features and characterize it. One of these is that almost all round it at no great distance from the sea, and, roughly speak-

ing, parallel with the coast-line, we find ranges of mountains or elevated lands forming the outer edges of interior plateaux.

The most striking feature of Northern Africa is the immense tract known as the Sahara or Great Desert, which is inclosed on



the north by the Atlas Mountains (greatest height, 12,000 to 13,000 feet), the plateau of Barbary, and that of Barca, on the east by the mountains along the west coast of the Red Sea, on the west by the Atlantic Ocean, and on the south by the Sudan.

The Sahara is by no means the sea of sand it has sometimes been represented; it contains elevated plateaux and even mountains radiating in all directions, with habitable valleys between. A considerable nomadic population is scattered over the habitable parts, and in the more favored regions there are settled communities.

The Sudan, which lies to the south of the Sahara, and separates it from the more elevated plateau of Southern Africa, forms a belt of pastoral country across Africa, and includes the countries on the Niger, around Lake Tchad (or Chad), and eastwards to the elevated region of Abyssinia.

FERTILITY OF SOIL OF SOUTHERN AFRICA.

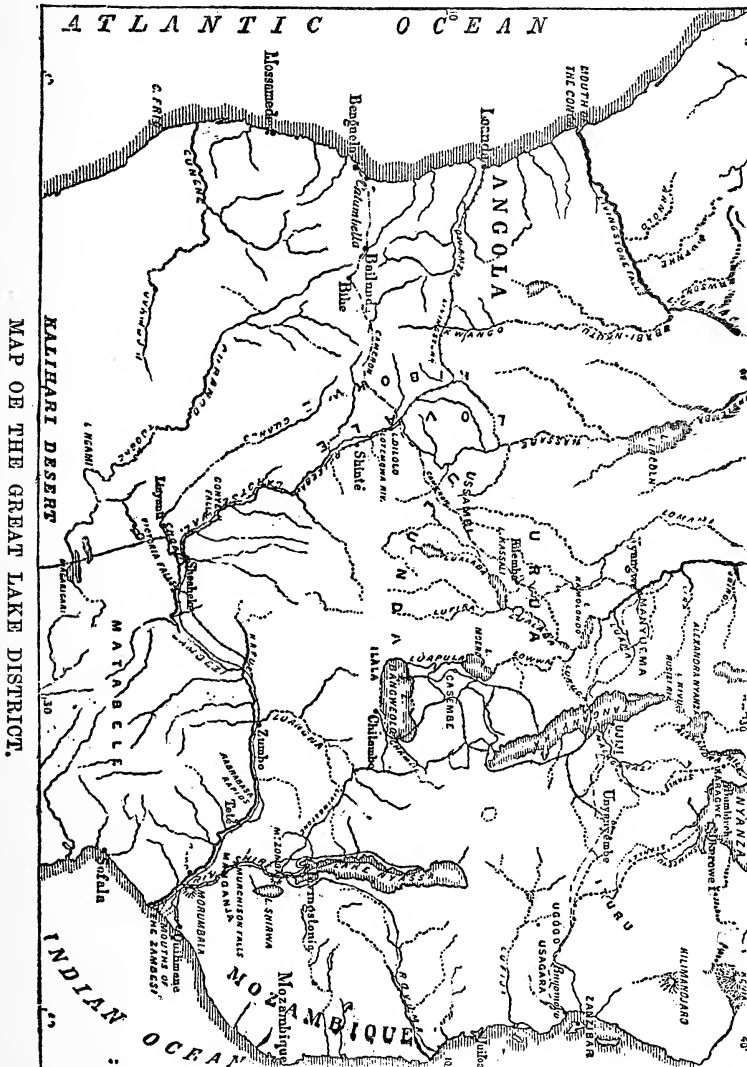
Southern Africa as a whole is much more fertile and better watered than northern Africa, though it also has a desert tract of considerable extent (the Kalahari Desert). This division of the continent consists of a table-land, or series of table-lands, of considerable elevation and great diversity of surface, exhibiting hollows filled with great lakes, and terraces over which the rivers break in falls and rapids, as they find their way to the low-lying coast tracts.

The mountains which inclose Southern Africa are mostly much higher on the east than on the west, the most northerly of the former being those of Abyssinia, with heights of 10,000 to 14,000 or 16,000 feet, while the eastern edge of the Abyssinian plateau presents a steep unbroken line of 7,000 feet in height for many hundred miles. Farther south, and between the great lakes and the Indian ocean, we find Mounts Kenia and Kilimanjaro (19,500 feet), the loftiest in Africa, covered with perpetual snow.

Of the continuation of this mountain boundary we shall only mention the Drakenburg Mountains, which stretch to the southern extremity of the continent, reaching in Cathkin Peak, Natal, the height of over 10,000 feet. Of the mountains that form the western border the highest are the Cameroon Mountains, which rise to a height of 13,000 feet, at the inner angle of the Gulf of Guinea. The average elevation of the southern plateau is probably from 3,000 to 4,000 feet.

The Nile is the only great river in Africa which flows to the

Mediterranean. It receives its waters primarily from the great lake Victoria Nyanza, which lies under the equator, and its upper course is fed by tributary streams of great size, but for the last



1,200 miles of its course it has not a single affluent. It drains an area of more than 1,000,000 square miles.

The Indian Ocean receives numerous rivers; but the only great river of South Africa which enters that ocean is the Zambesi,

the fourth in size of the continent, and having in its course the Victoria Falls, one of the greatest waterfalls in the world.

In Southern Africa also but flowing westward and entering the Atlantic, is the Kongo, which takes origin from a series of lakes and marshes in the interior, is fed by great tributaries, and is the first in volume of all the African rivers, carrying to the ocean more water than the Mississippi. Unlike most of the African rivers, the mouth of the Kongo forms an estuary. Of the other Atlantic rivers, the Senegal, the Gambia and the Niger are the largest, the last being third among African streams.

With the exception of Lake Tchad there are no great lakes in the northern division of Africa, whereas in the number and magnificence of its lakes the southern division almost rivals North America. Here are the Victoria and Albert Nyanza, Lakes Tanganyika, Nyassa, Shirwa, Bangweolo, Moero, and a few others.

Of these the Victoria and Albert belong to the basin of the Nile; Tanganyika, Bangweola, and Moero to that of the Kongo; Nyassa, by its affluent the Shire, to the Sambesi, Lake Tchad on the borders of the Northern desert region, and Lake Ngami on the borders of the southern, have a remarkable resemblance in position, and in the fact that both are drained by streams that lose themselves in the sand.

CHAPTER VII.

AFRICA—A SKETCH. II.

CLIMATE—MINERAL AND VEGETABLE PRODUCTIONS—ANIMALS—
PEOPLE—EXPLORATIONS—LIVINGSTONE'S BRILLIANT WORK—
STANLEY'S DISCOVERIES.

THE climate of Africa is mainly influenced by the fact that it lies almost entirely within the tropics. In the equatorial belt, both north and south, rain is abundant and vegetation very luxuriant, dense tropical forests prevailing for about 10 degrees on either side of the line.

To the north and south of the equatorial belt the rainfall diminishes, and the forest region is succeeded by an open pastoral and agricultural country. This is followed by the rainless regions of the Sahara on the north and the Kalahari Desert on the south, extending beyond the tropics, and bordering on the agricultural and pastoral countries of the north and south coasts, which lie entirely in the temperate zone. The low coast regions of Africa are almost everywhere unhealthy, the Atlantic coast within the tropics being the most fatal region to Europeans.

Among mineral productions may be mentioned gold, which is found in the rivers of West Africa, (hence the name Gold Coast), and in Southern Africa, but rarely in much abundance; diamonds have been found in large numbers in recent years in the south; iron, copper, lead, tin and coal are also found.

Among the plants are the baobab, the datepalm (important as a food in the north), the doum-palm, the oil-palm, the wax-palm, the shea-butter tree, trees yielding caoutchouc, the papyrus, the castor-oil plant, indigo, the coffee-plant, heaths with beautiful flowers, aloes, etc.

Among cultivated plants are wheat, maize, millet, and other grains, cotton, coffee, cassava, ground-nut, yam, banana, tobacco, various plants, etc.



ANIMALS OF THE TROPICS.

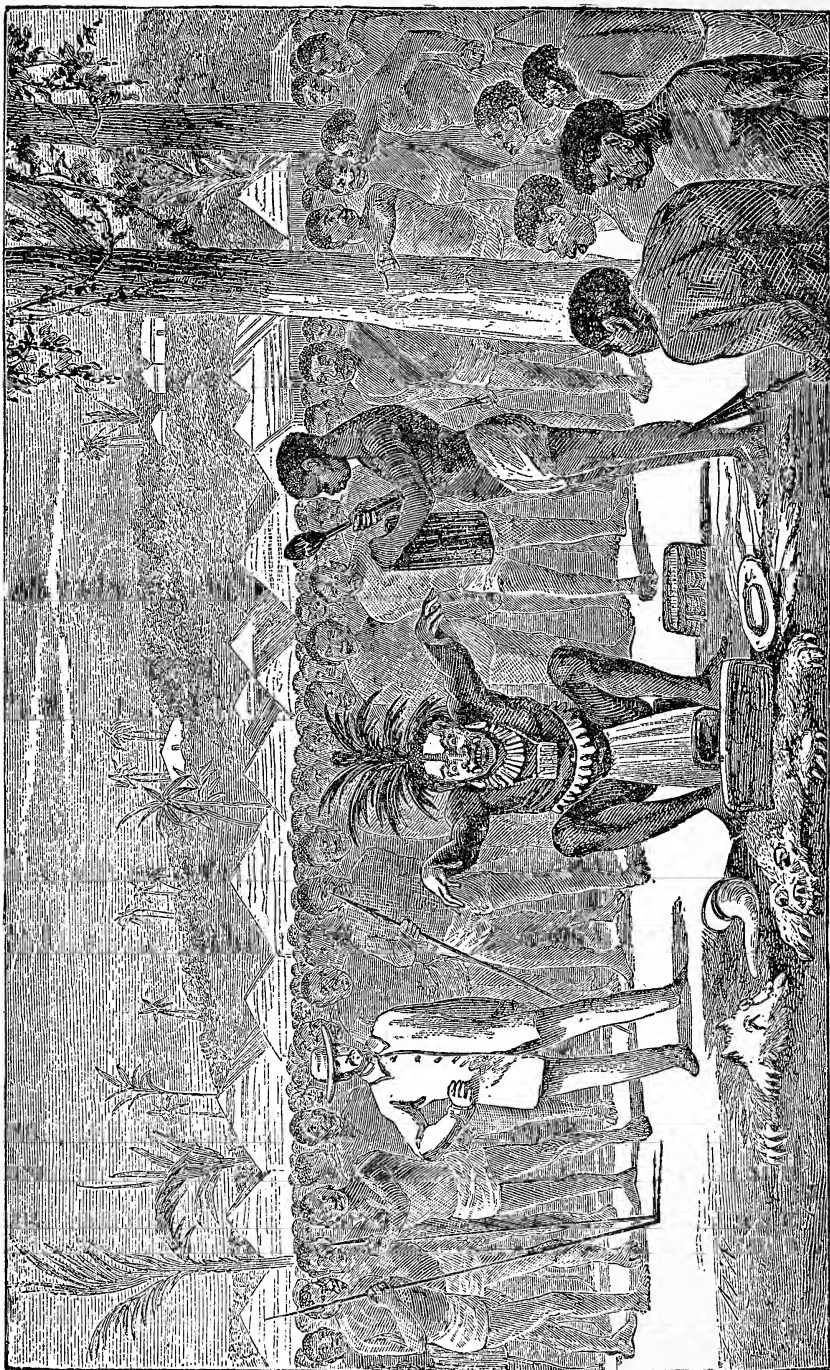
Among the most characteristic African animals are the lion, leopard, hyena, jackal, gorilla, chimpansee, baboon, African elephant (never domesticated, yielding much ivory to trade), hippopotamus, rhinoceros, giraffe, zebra, quagga, antelopes in great variety and immense numbers. Among birds are the ostrich, the secretary-bird, or serpent-eater, the honey-guide cuckoo, sacred ibis, guinea fowl. The reptiles include the crocodile, chameleon, and serpents of various kinds, some of them very venomous. Among insects are locusts, scorpions, the tsetse-fly, whose bite is so fatal to cattle, and white ants.

The great races of which the population of Africa mainly consists are the Hamites, the Semites, the Negroes, and Bantus. To the Semitic stock belong the Arabs, who form a considerable portion of the population in Egypt and along the north coast, while a portion of the inhabitants of Abyssinia are of the same race (though the blood is considerably mixed). The Hamites are represented in Northern and East Africa. The Negro races occupy a vast territory in the Sudan and Central Africa, while the Bantus occupy the greater part of Southern Africa from a short distance north of the equator, and include the Kaffres, Bechuanas, Swahili, and allied races.

HOTTENTOTS AND BUSHMEN LARGELY INTERMINGLE.

In the extreme southwest are the Hottentots and Bushmen (the latter a dwarfish race), distinct from the other races as well as, probably, from each other. In Madagascar there is a Malay element. To these may be added the Fulahs on the Niger and the Nubians on the Nile, and elsewhere, who are of a brownish color, and are often regarded as distinct from the other races, though sometimes classed with the negroes.

In religion a great proportion of the inhabitants are heathens of the lowest type; Mohammedanism claims a large number of adherents in North Africa, and is rapidly spreading in the Sudan; Christianity prevails in Egypt along the Congo River, among the Abyssinians, the Niger territory, Sierra Leone, Liberia and Southern Africa.



SCENE IN AFRICA—THE MEDICINE MAN DRIVING AWAY THE INFLUENCE OF THE EVIL SPIRIT.

Over great part of the continent civilization is at a low ebb, yet in some parts the natives have shown considerable skill in agriculture and various mechanical arts, as in weaving and metal working.

Of African trade two features are the caravans that traverse great distances, and the trade in slaves that still widely prevails and is accompanied by an immense amount of bloodshed.

Among articles exported from Africa are palm-oil, diamonds, ivory, gold, ostrich feathers, wool, cotton, esparto, caoutchouc, etc.

The chief independent states in Africa are Morocco, Liberia, Abyssinia, the South African Republic, and the Orange Free State. In 1891 Portugal annexed part of Loanda. To Great Britain belong the colonies of the Cape and Natal, with some large adjoining tracts, also British East Africa, Sierra Leone, the Gold Coast, the Niger territory, Zanzibar, the Samali Coast, the islands of Sokotra, and Mauritius; to France belong Algeria and Tunis, Senegambia, and a considerable territory north of the Lower Congo; the western Sahara, Dahomey, a small territory on the Gulf of Aden, known as French Somali, and the Island of Madagascar and adjacent islands; the Portuguese possess a portion of the west coast of South Africa from about latitude 6 degrees south to 17 degrees south, and the east coast from about 10 degrees south to 27 degrees south, and a small tract on the west coast.

GERMANY SWAYS THE DESTINY OF THE SOUTHWEST

Germany now has a portion of the southwest coast, and a large tract near Zanzibar, and the Komerun and Togo on the Gulf of Guinea; to Turkey nominally belong Egypt, Barca and Tripoli; Spain has a part of the coast of Sahara. The Congo State is under the sovereignty of the King of Belgium.

The name Africa was given by the Romans at first only to a small district in the immediate neighborhood of Carthage. The Greeks called Africa Libya, and the Romans often used the same name. The first African exploring expedition on record was sent by Pharaoh Necho about the end of the seventh century B. C. to circumnavigate the continent.



The navigators, who were Phœnicians, were absent three years, and according to report, they accomplished their object. Fifty or one hundred years later, Hanno, a Carthaginian, made a voyage down the west coast and seems to have gotten as far as the Bight of Benin.

The east coast was probably known to the ancients as far as Mozambique and the Island of Madagascar.

Of modern nations, the Portuguese were the first to take in hand the exploration of Africa. In 1433 they doubled Cape Bojador, in 1441 reached Cape Blanco, in 1442 Cape Verde, in 1462 they discovered Sierra Leone. In 1484 the Portuguese Diego Cam discovered the mouth of the Congo.

In 1486 Bartholomew Diaz rounded the Cape of Good Hope and reached Algoa Bay. A few years later a Portuguese traveler visited Abyssinia. In 1497 Vasco da Gama, who was commissioned to find a route by sea to India, sailed round the southern extremity as far as Zanzibar, discovering Natal on his way.

PORTUGUESE THE FIRST EUROPEAN SETTLERS.

The first European settlements were those of the Portuguese in Angola and Mozambique, soon after 1500. In 1650 the Dutch made a settlement at the Cape. In 1770 James Bruce reached the source of the Blue Nile in Abyssinia. For the exploration of the interior of Africa, however, little was done before the close of the last century.

Modern African exploration may be said to begin with Mungo Park, who reached the upper course of the Niger (1795 to 1805). Doctor Lacerda, a Portuguese, about the same time, reached the capital of the Cazembe, in the center of South Africa, where he died.

In 1802-6 two Portuguese traders crossed the continent from Angola, through the Cazembe's Dominions, to the Portuguese possessions on the Zambesi. In 1822-24 extensive explorations were made in Northern and Western Africa by Denham, Clapperton, and Oudney, who proceeded from Tripoli by Murzuk to Lake Tchad, and explored the adjacent regions; Laing, in 1826, crossed the desert from Tripoli to Timbuctoo, Caillie, leaving Senegal, made in



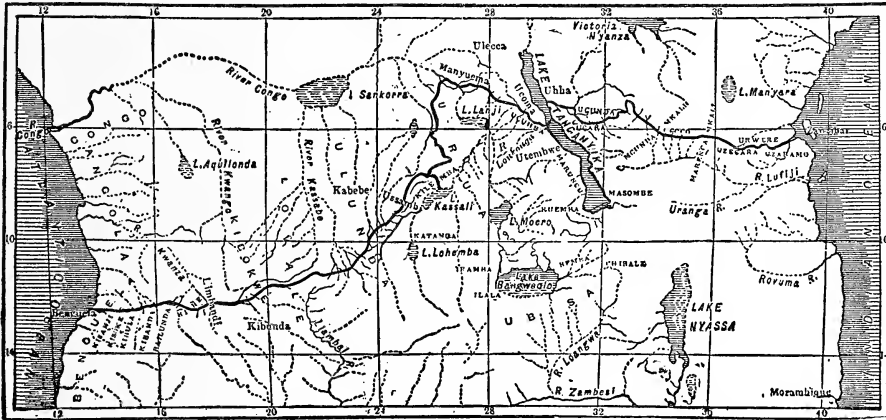
SOME OF THE CELEBRATED EXPLORERS OF THE WORLD.

1827-28 a journey to Timbuctoo, and thence through the desert to Morocco.

In 1830 Lander traced a large part of the course of the Niger downward to its mouth, discovering its tributary, the Binue.

In the south, Livingstone, who was stationed as a missionary at Kolobeng, setting out from that place in 1849, discovered Lake Ngami. In 1851 he went north again, and came upon numerous rivers flowing north, affluents of the Zambesi. In 1848 and 1849 Krapf and Rebmann, missionaries in East Africa, discovered the mountains Kilimamjaro and Kenia.

An expedition sent out by the British Government started from Tripoli in 1850 to visit the Sahara and the regions around

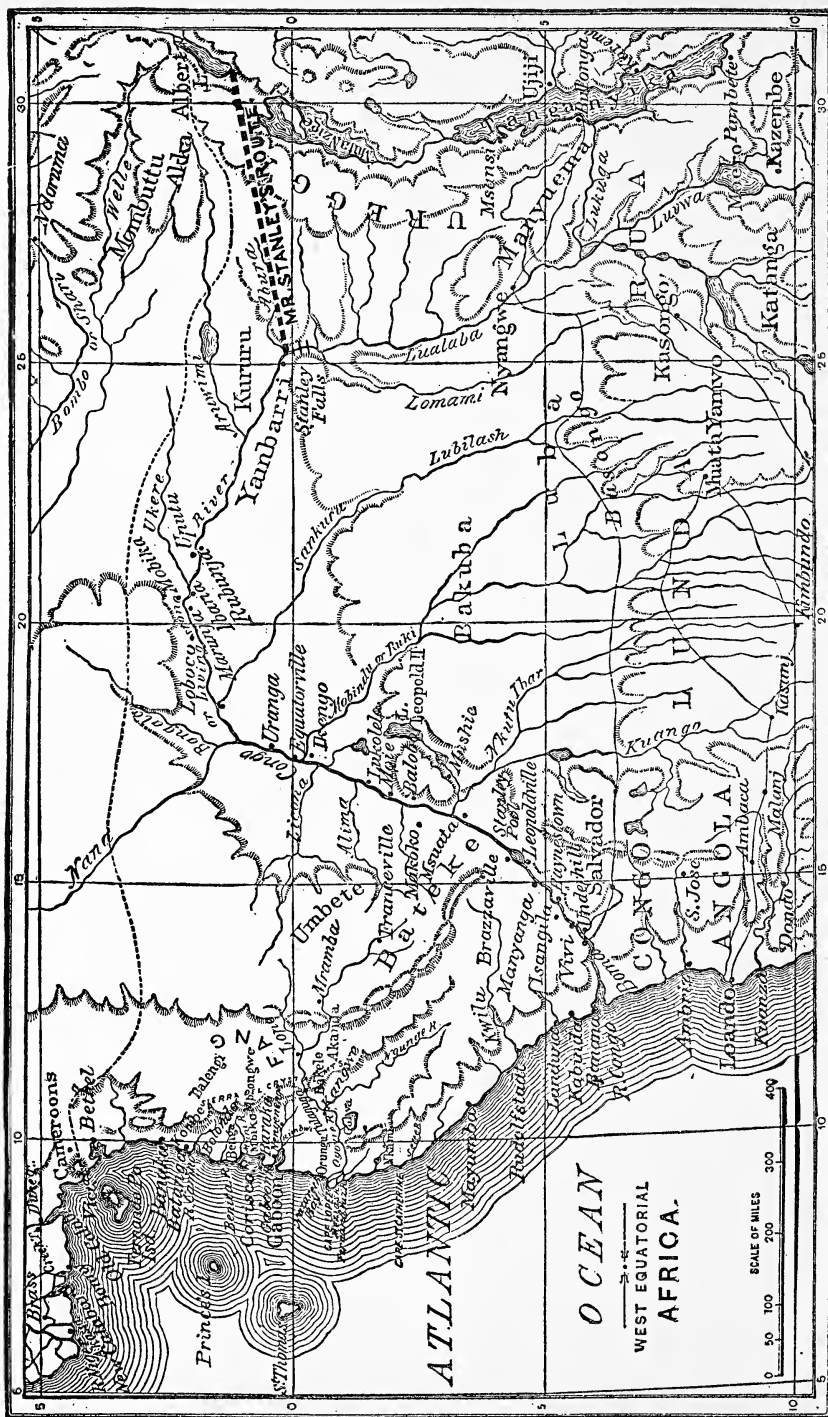


REGION EXPLORED BY LIEUTENANT CAMERON.

Lake Tchad, the chief being Richardson, Overweg, and Barth. The last alone returned in 1855, having carried his explorations over 2,000,000 square miles of this part of Africa, hitherto almost unknown.

Victoria having been discovered by Burton and Speke in 1858, and the latter having been visited by Speke and Grant in 1862 and found to give rise to the Nile, while the Albert Nyanza was discovered by Baker in 1864.

In 1866 Livingstone entered on his last series of explorations, the main object of which was to settle the position of the watersheds in the interior of the continent, and which he carried on till



MAP OF EQUATORIAL AFRICA.

his death, in 1873. His most important explorations on this occasion were west and southwest from Tanganyika, including the discovery of Lakes Bangweolo and Moero, and part of the upper course of the river Congo. For over two years he was lost to the knowledge of Europe, till met with by H. M. Stanley, at Tanganyika, in 1871.

Gerhard Rohlfs, in a succession of journeys, from 1861 to 1874, has traversed the Sahara in various directions, and has crossed the continent entirely from Tripoli to Lagos by way of Murzuk Bornu, etc.

In 1873-75 Lieutenant Cameron, who had been sent in search of Livingstone, surveyed Lake Tanganyika, explored the country to the west of it, then traveling to the southwest, finally reached Benguela on the Atlantic coast.

LIVINGSTONE'S BRILLIANT WORK.

In 1853-56 Livingstone made an important series of explorations. He first went northwest, tracing part of the Upper Zambesi, and reached St. Paul de Loanda, on the west coast, in 1854. On his return journey he followed pretty nearly the same route till he reached the Zambesi, and, proceeding down the river and visiting its falls, called by him the Victoria Falls, he arrived at Quilimane at its mouth, thus crossing the continent from sea to sea.

In 1858 he resumed his exploration of the Zambesi regions, and in various journeys visited Lakes Shirwa and Nyassa, sailed up the Shire to the latter lake, and established general features of the geography of this part of Africa, returning to England in 1864.

In 1874-77 Stanley surveyed Lakes Victoria, Nianza and Tanganyika, and explored the intervening country, then going westward to where Livingstone had struck the Congo, he followed the river down to its mouth, thus finally settling its course and completing a remarkable and valuable series of explorations. In 1879 Serpa Pinto completed a journey across the continent from Benguela to Natal, and in 1881-82 Wissman and Pogge crossed it again from St. Paul de Loanda to Zanzibar.

In the past few years our knowledge of this part of Africa has been rapidly increased through the efforts of travelers, missionaries, and commercial agents, and it is surprising at how many points towns have sprung up and the great amount of commerce that is being carried, both domestic and foreign. On the Nile there are many freight and passenger steamers, as well as sail boats.

On the Upper Congo there are now a fleet of steamers, on Tanganyika three, on Nyassa two, while there are a number of short railways and practically a survey has been made for a continental railroad from Alexandria to Cape Town. Stanley's latest mission to Africa (1887-89), ostensibly to rescue Emin Bey, appears to have been a great diplomatic move for conquest.

CHAPTER VIII.

AFRICA A COUNTRY WITHOUT HOME GOVERNMENT—LIBERIAN
REPUBLIC—AMERICAN CONSULATES—MOROCCO—ALGIERS—
TUNIS—EGYPT—CAIRO—CAPE TOWN—CAPE OF GOOD HOPE—
KIMBERLEY—HOME LIFE IN AFRICA—NAMING THE BABY—
AMBITIOUS BOYHOOD—IMMATURE CHILD WIVES.

AFRICA is a country of more than 11,000,000 square miles in area and nearly 200,000,000 inhabitants, without any government except what foreign countries have established there. Practically there is no monetary system in that country. The money used is that of the European nations having dependencies there. They control all the banks.

Liberia is a republic, established through American influence. The Capital is Monrovia. About 12,000 negroes born in the United States now live in Liberia. The United States government has recently established a commission to look into the conditions in Liberia, with a view to giving our government authentic information concerning the country. Whether this has in view the encouragement of negro emmigration from the United States is not as yet definitely known.

A DIFFICULT PROBLEM.

There has been much speculation in this regard, however, although it is admitted to be a most difficult problem to handle. There are political theorists in the United States who hold to the idea that the "negro problem" can be solved by colonizing them in some country like Liberia.

Liberia is the only country in Africa having Consular representatives in the United States. In this case there are only two Consular Agents. It will be seen then that here are 200,000,000 people without diplomatic representation, except that of the British,

German and other Colonies that stand for the affairs of those nations in their African Colonies.

The United States has Consular or Diplomatic Representatives at the following places in Africa, under the country named after each :

The Consulates at Alexandria, Cairo, Port Said, and Suez are credited to Turkey; Tangier is credited to Morocco; Zanzibar, Cape Town, Durban, Kimberly, are credited to Great Britain; Algiers, Goree-Gakar are credited to France, and a Consulate at Monrovia, Liberia.

The duties of these Consular and Diplomatic Officers are chiefly commercial.

Africa is the greatest gold producing country in the world. The value of the gold production in 1908, the latest figures available, amounted to \$133,361,943. Nearly all of this was mined in the Transvaal. The United States is the second gold producing country in the world, the mines yielding \$90,435,700.

VALUABLE TIMBER AND COSTLY FURS.

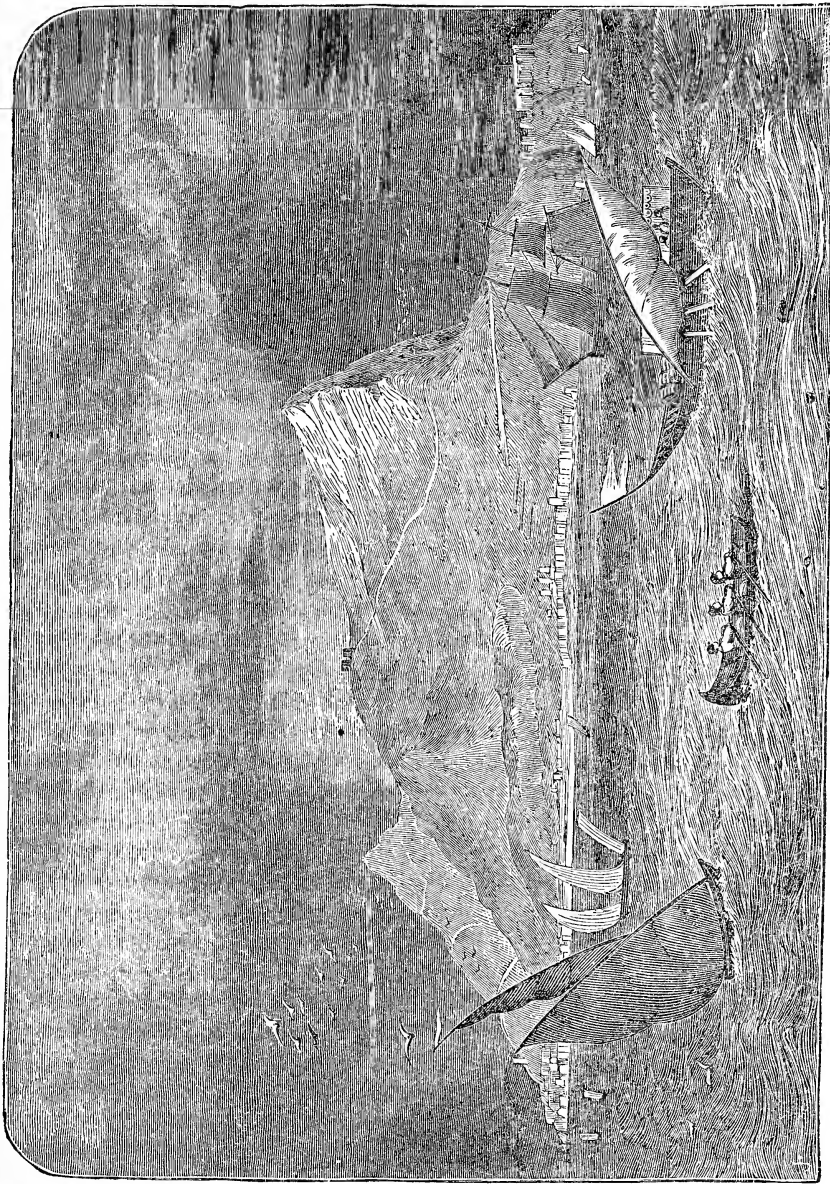
As an agricultural producing country Africa has comparatively little importance. Aside from the mineral productions, the chief source of the output is from the forests in valuable timber and the animals that rove the forest jungles in almost every part of the continent. Valuable furs come from Africa. A large percentage of the world's ivory comes from Africa.

Every reader is familiar with South Africa as a diamond producing country, with the exception of a small percentage of the world's supply of diamonds, Africa produces all. There are pearl fisheries on many of the islands adjacent to Africa.

Tangier is the chief city of Morocco, in the northern most corner of Africa. Morocco is a Sultinate, or Empire, and is the last of the independent Barbary States. It is the primitive country in the sight of Europe.

Tangier is but 35 miles south of Gibraltar, across the Straits of the same place. One can look across the water from Gibraltar, or from the Spanish shore, and easily see the Moroccan coast.

Tangier is in daily communication with Gibraltar by steamer. The American Minister and the Consular General to Morocco are located



GIBRALTAR.

at Tangier, as well as the Diplomatic and Consular of other countries. There are 25,000 people, including many Jews and Spaniards.

There are not more than 2,000 Europeans in Morocco, and only a few Americans who are Missionaries.

The other coast towns of note are Tetuan, Lasache, Rabat, Casablanca, Mazagan, Saffi and Mogador. Fez is the largest town, quite a distance in the interior. Its population is estimated all the way from 24,000 to 150,000. Nearly all the towns are walled, unlighted and incredibly filthy.

Since 1830 the French have greatly improved Algiers and improved it as a Port and a City.

It is a strongly walled city, has palaces, synagogues, mosques, good shops, bazaars, markets, hotels, libraries, museums and club-houses.

In the outskirts of the city the country is dotted with beautiful villas, among olive, orange, pomgranate and fig trees, palms, cactuses and American Aloes. Regular steamship lines connect Algiers with all the Mediterranean ports. A cable line runs to Marseilles. The population is 81,800, half of which are French.

THE CITY OF TUNIS A SEAPORT.

The City of Tunis is the seaport of Tunis. Tunis has greatly advanced since the French took possession in 1881. The city is situated on an island and has 145,000 people; 45,000 of which are Jews; 11,000 French and 8,000 Maltese and Italians; the rest natives.

The wonderful ancient history of Alexandria would be the history of Egypt almost as would be the history of Cairo. Alexandria is the principal seaport of Egypt. Under the Ptolemies it was the capital of Egypt and the most important commercial city of the world. It was the chief center of Greek Science and Literature, with a population of 500,000; the city was built by Alexander, the Great, 332 B. C. It now has electric lights and modern improvements to a considerable extent. It is connected by rail (113 miles) with Cairo and other towns in northern Egypt.

The remarkable edifices of Cairo comprise many of the finest remains of Arabian architecture, all dating from the time of the ancient Sultan of Egypt. The famous pyramids and the Sphynx are

situated across the river Nile, about five miles from the city, at the very edge of the Great Sahara Desert. Magnificent hotels abound in Cairo and accommodate the great influx of tourists from Europe and America.

Cairo is called the "lazy man's" city, because the winter climate is so mild and pleasant that it attracts people of leisure. The population is 375,000, 21,650 of which are foreigners, principally Europeans.

Cape Town, capital of the Cape Colony, South Africa, at the head of Table Bay, thirty miles from the Cape of Good Hope. It is regularly laid out and furnished with most of the institutions and conveniences of a European town, has a fine public library (40,000 vols.) and museum, a Roman Catholic and an Anglican cathedral, new and handsome houses of parliament, government offices, a university, a botanic garden, an observatory, town-house, exchange, railway station, etc.

The port has a breakwater 2,000 feet long, two docks 16 acres in area, and a large graving-dock. Besides the railway going inland, a railway connects the town with Simon's Town on False Bay.

CAPE TOWN FIRST OWNED BY THE PORTUGUESE.

Cape Town was first owned by the Portuguese as a port of call. The British took possession in 1795 by conquest from the Dutch. By treaty it went back to the Dutch in 1802. The British again took control in 1806 and the settlement has made steady progress since. Population of Cape Town, including suburbs, 83,718.

A celebrated promontory near the southern extremity of Africa, at the termination of a small peninsula extending south from Table Mountain, which overlooks Cape Town. This peninsula forms the west side of False Bay, and on its inner coast is Simon's Bay and Simon's Town, where there is a safe anchorage and a British naval station. Bartolommeo Diaz, who discovered the Cape in 1487, called it Cape of Storms; but John II. of Portugal changed this to its present designation. It was first doubled by Vasco de Gama in 1497.

One of the liveliest towns in South Africa is Kimberley. It is also considered one of the dreariest. It is the center of the great diamond fields of South Africa, as stated elsewhere, and is the second in size to Cape Town. It was the scene of the greatest and most desperate struggles during the Boer-British war.

An African Negro baby on first opening its eyes in its mother's low, dark, smoky, bamboo-palm hut, is saluted with a din of excited men, women and children—perhaps as many as twenty of its grandmothers, uncles, aunts and cousins.

Outside, in the village street, are the more distant relatives with the husband, and the other townspeople, slaves and visitors. The father is not admitted into the hut; his mother-in-law is there as chief directress, and he is afraid of her. As soon as word is brought to the father, he and the other men in the street join in the shouts of welcome, drums are beaten and guns are fired, to show their joy, and also to drive away any malignant spirits that may happen to be in the vicinity, and which are supposed to be sent on errands of evil against the child's life.

CARE OF THE NEW-BORN BABE.

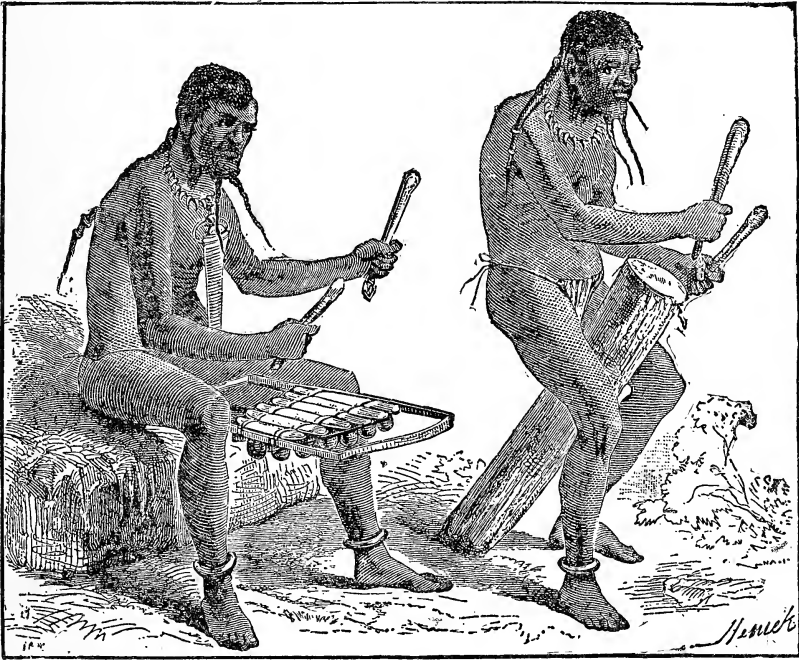
On this same line of protection from witchcraft, the babe is not many hours old before amulet fetishes are tied about its neck or loins. The washing immediately after its birth is in cold water, and the baby is then dusted over with powder of the red dye-wood tree. Perhaps its astringent tonic properties are beneficial. The mother is not allowed to nurse her baby for three days, which is a cause of needless suffering to both mother and child. African women will not be persuaded of this.

Often baby goes for months without a name, the final giving of which is performed with some ceremony and in the presence and by the authority of the father. In the meanwhile, all babies in most tribes are called "Ndindo." This means nothing, except that in one tribe it is the word for dirt; perhaps a playful insult, as one might say, laughingly, "You Rascal." Naming is governed (as with us) by family considerations, and (as with the Israelites) by some striking incident precedent to or connected with the birth.

Most noticeable are the frequent coincidences (as in Bible history) between the meaning of the names and the subsequent character developed in the child.

All names of persons mean something. Perhaps the name of some animal connected with the family fetish, e. g., Njaku (Elephant) or Njiwu (Wild Deer); or some wish or hope of the parents, e. g., Oyonguno (Remembrance).

Often two or three names are given; the official one by the



PECULIAR MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

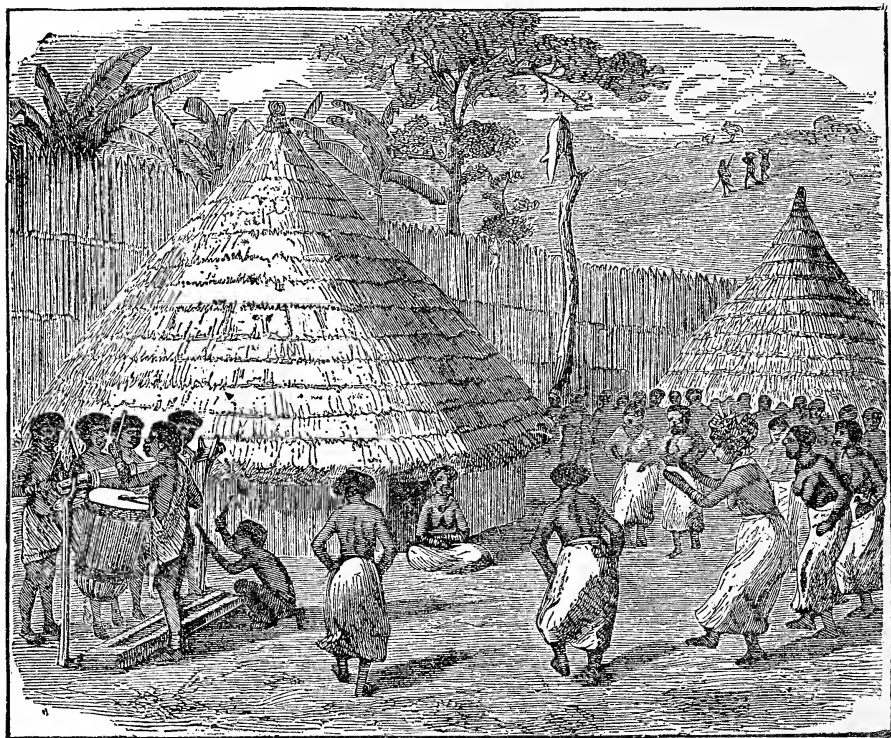
father, the pet one by the mother, and where there are foreign neighbors, an English one—an empty compliment to some missionary or trader, as a basis on which to ask gifts for their “name-child.”

Generally all these names are subsequently dropped by the child itself, who then takes a new one of its own choosing, as a recognition of emerging into young manhood or womanhood.

On marriage, the husband sometimes ignores all these names, and gives a new and often complicated name of his own invention.

Children are longed for, as increase of family brings dignity and source of future wealth.

Either sex is welcomed, though more especially a boy, as one who will carry on the father's name and title. But a girl baby is not despised, as in some countries. She will be wealthy some day



REJOICING ON THE BIRTH OF A BABY.

when sold to a husband. In the meanwhile, she is useful as a servant.

Only the deformed and monstrosities are destroyed. In a few tribes twins are regarded as monstrosities, and are, therefore, destroyed and the mother is punished with exile. Where twins are welcomed, they are regarded with special consideration. Many ceremonies are performed to ward from them witchcraft evil. They are always given the same names. When, therefore, we meet with adults, named, e. g., Ivaha (Wish) and Ayenive (the Unseen), we know that they are either one of twins, or were named for a twin relative.

In the happy instances where baby is so fortunate as to be fed on natural food, it grows rapidly, and its fatness stands it in good stead as it rolls or creeps in the dust of the village street, or as it falls in its early attempt to stand alone.

The mothers' love for their children is the purest love that enters into their lives, and while the children are yet infants, the



SOCIAL AMUSEMENT AMONG THE NATIVES.

women are generally accorded some exemption from the usual long list of woman's duties.

The child, if a boy, is apt to be neglected. Its mother is again fully occupied with her tasks, many of which take her away from the village for half-days. A man will kindly nurse and fondle his helpless baby while his wife may be away, but when the boy's ability to run about relieves both parents, he may suffer during their absence. A jealous fellow-wife will take small interest to give him food, or to interfere for his defense against the self-assertion of some bigger boy.

If the little lad emerges into boyhood safely escaped from all childhood dangers, he has a comparatively happy time. The insulting words and angry curses which he was taught as witty sayings (his first successful utterances of which were received with shouts of admiring laughter, but for which subsequently said by him voluntarily in real anger, he received many a blow) he can now indulge in to his heart's satisfaction, his legs being able to carry him swiftly from the wrath of the object of them.

He is not compelled constantly to do hard work, but will do many small jobs or errands; he is mostly idle, however, shooting with bow and arrow at birds, angling in the brook, flinging mimic spears, carrying toy canoes, or building playhouses, all which plays become strong realities in his future labors as a man. Growing to be a stout lad he is pleased to be allowed to follow with men into the forest, setting traps for wild animals, or gathering the milky sap of India rubber, watching them cut down trees for canoes, and learning from them the way to hollow out the log with adze and fire.

AMBITIOUS BOYHOOD.

It is a proud day when he is allowed to carry a gun and join the men in a hunt. Or he goes into trade, elated if he can get into a white man's employ, at first as boy valet, then as table boy, waiter, cook, steward, and trader, with chance to steal goods with which to buy a wife some day. Then, as a young man, he begins to build a real house. It may be worked at only by fits and starts, perhaps two years before it is finished, in expectation of seeking a wife.

She goes through most of the same treatment as her little brother. She is not allowed to idle as much as he, but stays more about the kitchen fire with the women, eating tid-bits as they cook, and learning to cook little possets for herself; or following her mother to the plantation (distance one-half to one mile from the village), imitating her mother in carrying a basket on her back, its weight supported by a broad strap going around it and over her forehead.

Some burden is always put into that basket, often one beyond the child's strength, as a jug of water. The little one staggers under

it, leaning far forward to lessen the direct traction over her forehead. With that daily bending the child would become deformed were it not counteracted by the carrying at other times of a log of firewood or some lighter bundle on her head.



BOY SHOOTING BIRDS.

This agile feat is impossible unless the bearer walks most gracefully erect. By this constant association with older women, the young girl soon ceases to be a young girl in thought. She passes by one leap, from childhood to womanhood.

Around the clay-floor kitchen fire, or along the plantation bath, she hears and takes part in the general gossip. Before becoming

a wife, she early learns that any sort of a lie, and even marital infidelity, is a crime if it be discovered.

As a woman, she is modest in deportment, as are most of the women, and somewhat chaste, but she has no particular reason to be virtuous either as a matter of education or of general practice. She expects, of course, to be a wife.

To be unmarried would be reason for taunt, as if she were not pretty, or were otherwise disagreeable. But her wishes are not asked as to who the man shall be: that was settled in her childhood by the parents' acceptance of a marriage fee from some rich adult man, whose claim on her was made surer yearly by paying on a "dowry" price.

IMMATURE CHILD WIVES.

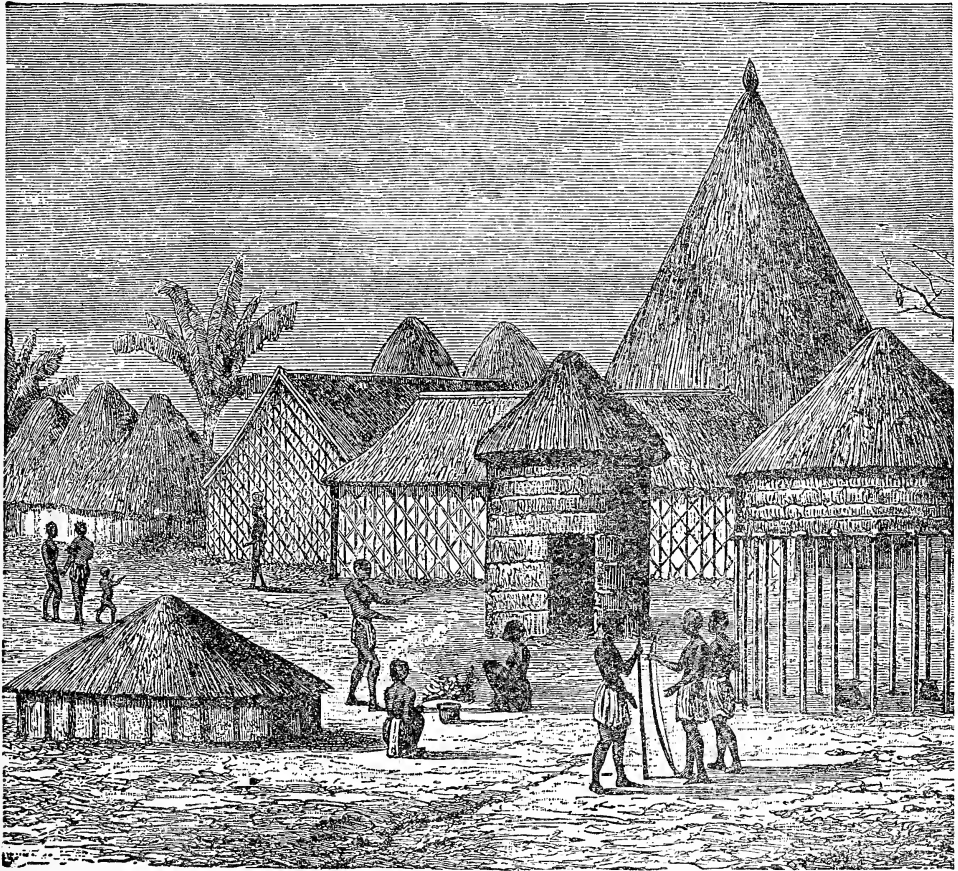
When this dowry is completed, the "husband" may take her to his own home as his "little" wife, even though she is only a child in years. Of course, she does not, nor never will, like him. He treats her kindly at first, as a daughter, to overcome her dislike. She takes a place with the older women as a little servant. They are not jealous of her. They welcome her as a fellow-servant, and push off upon her some of their own tasks.

Some day the "husband" will die, and she will be inherited, along with his other goods, by some other man, perhaps a young man whom she may fancy. Or, if her position become unendurable, there is always some wifeless young fellow who is ready to comfort her, or with whom she is willing to elope if he has the energy and audacity to face the quarrel that will inevitably fall on his family, if they induce his act, and if they can induce the "injured husband" to accept a money satisfaction instead of the usual blood feud.

If, under fortunate circumstances and older years, she becomes, by choice or promotion, the head-wife or "queen" (konde), her lot is a comparatively easy one, as far as her husband's responsibility, and the ill-will, spite, jealousy, and even machinations against life, of the disappointed inferior wives. If the husband dies, her previous life must have been a judiciously guarded one in all its acts and words—even words spoken often in passion or under great provoca-

tion—if she escapes a witchcraft charge of having caused his death. In which case her own life may be forfeit.

Where children have access to mission schools, the boys are willingly sent by their parents, solely that the knowledge of the white man's language may make them more available for white man's service in trade, the ambition of every native as the stepping-



AFRICAN HOUSES WITH THATCHED ROOFS.

stone to wealth. Girls are less willingly sent to school; they are so much needed by mother or husband in the many tasks of women, cooking food and planting vegetables, constant clearing them of the amazingly quick-growing weeds, and guarding them from the ravages of elephants, wild oxen, monkeys, wild pigs and hippopotami.

Apparently, then, there is a very little of real home life in an African heathen Negro hut. The women each have their own apartment adjacent to their polygamist husband's larger bamboo house. But polygamy can make no home. It does not ask for love. It buys only service, degraded, shameful, unfaithful service. These women are only slaves, and they give only the service of slaves.

In our mission school, visions are given of what a woman's life may be in a Christian home. The school girl wildly grasps after this. Often the ideal is too high, and she obtains only a part of it. Then, she being so far forth a failure, her young monogamist husband, himself, perhaps, a professing Christian, but probably not an ideal husband, blames his wife and the school and civilized marriage as a failure.

Sometimes the mission school girl, viewing only one vista of the Christian wife's life, i. e., its liberty as contrasted with the heathen slave-wife's, mistakes liberty for exemption from law, and makes her home a failure by exasperating impertinence and unnecessary disobedience. Our mission efforts towards the development of a civilized home, with a Christian liberty, necessarily partake of the trying experiences of all transition stages of life. Yet even now there are many Christian homes where the parents are united by a true affection and the children are brought up in the love and fear of God.

CHAPTER IX.

SEVERAL NOTABLE MEN ACCOMPANIED COL. ROOSEVELT.—SCIENTIFIC EXPERTS PROPOSE THE ANIMALS SECURED FOR THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION—ROOSEVELT'S EXPEDITION—ROOSEVELT AND THE MISSIONARIES—AFRICA THE LAST OF THE HEATHEN COUNTRIES INVADED BY THE MISSIONARIES—CHRISTIANITY IN NORTH AFRICA LONG BEFORE CHRIST.

THREE months before President Roosevelt's term expired he authorized those in charge of the Smithsonian Institution to issue an official statement in regard to his proposed expedition to Africa. On December 5th Charles Walcott, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, gave out the statement which announced to the world the President's intentions.

It told us that Col. Roosevelt would sail late in March as the head of a Scientific Expedition to Africa, outfitted by the Smithsonian Institution. The purpose of the expedition was to gather Natural History materials for the government collections, to be deposited by the Smithsonian Institution in the new United States National Museum at Washington.

Besides the President and his son, Kermit, the personnel of the party, on leaving New York, consisted of three representatives of the Smithsonian Institution, as follows:

Major Edgar A. Mearns, Medical Corps of the United States Army (retired); Mr. Edmund Heller and Mr. Alden Loring. Upon arrival in Africa the party was enlarged by the addition of Mr. R. J. Cunninghame, who had been in Africa for some time, preparing Col. Roosevelt's outfit. Mr. Cunninghame's work was to select native porters and the necessary animals, including valuable saddle horses, adapted to hunting in the jungles. Thus, a caravan was formed by Mr. Cunninghame, which was in readiness when Col. Roosevelt arrived.

It was planned that Col. Roosevelt and his son would kill the big game. They were assisted and guarded from danger and protected when pursued by fierce lions and other animals, by the members of the caravan, many of them expert hunters and accurate shots. In case Col. Roosevelt or his son were being hotly pursued by a wounded lion or a rhinoceros, the animal would be covered from all sides by a number of expert riflemen and brought down if necessary to save the Ex-President and his son from harm.

The skins and skeletons captured by Col. Roosevelt were prepared and shipped to the United States by members of the party, some of them being taxidermists. Kermit Roosevelt was the official photographer of the expedition.

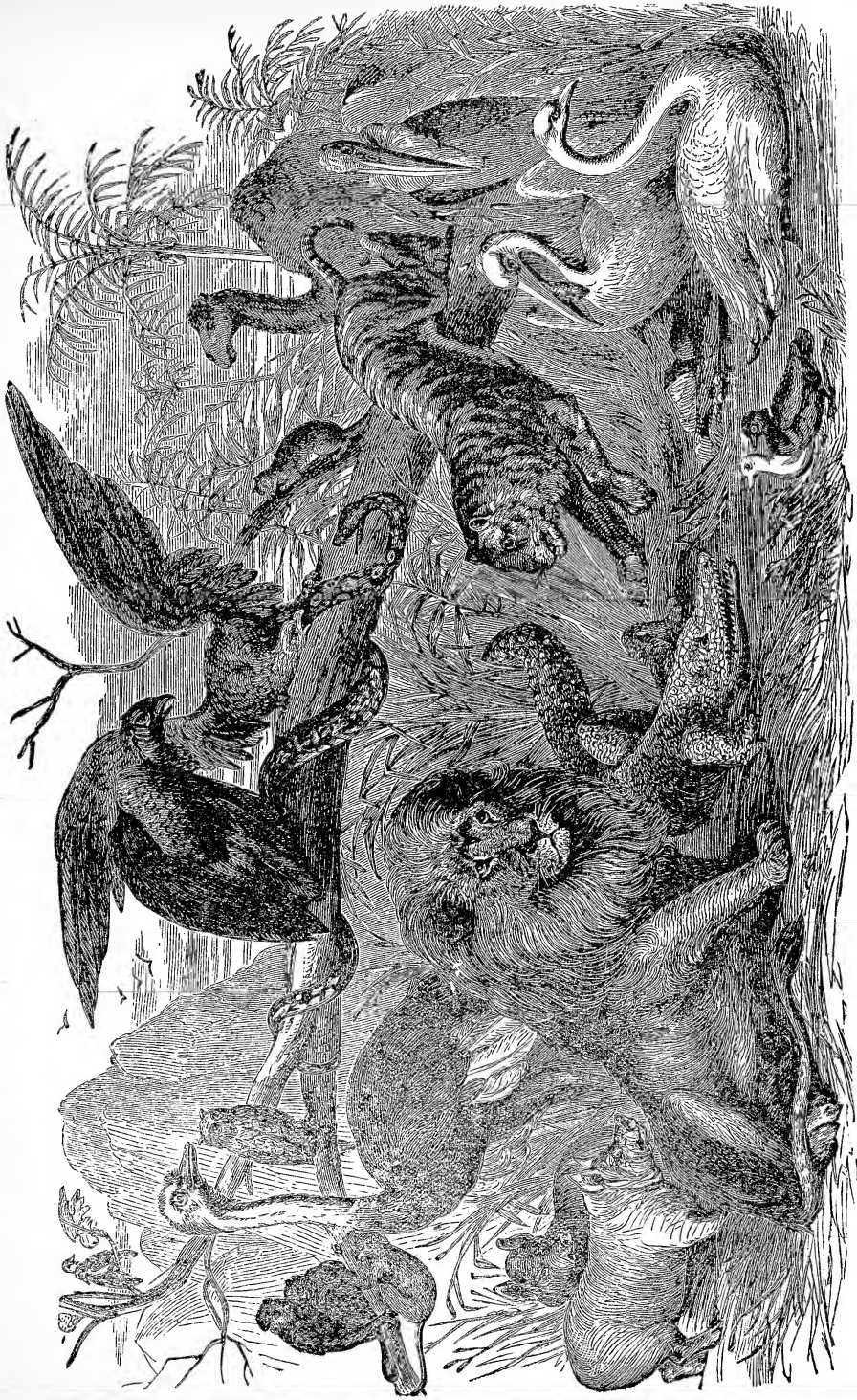
SPECIMENS FOR SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION.

The officers of the Smithsonian Institution announced that the National Collection were very deficient in Natural History materials from the Dark Continent and that it was the purpose of Col. Roosevelt's expedition to gather general collections in Zoology and Botany to supply some of its deficiencies; but the main effort was made to collect the large and vanishing African animals.

Mr. Cunninghame who assembled the materials for Col. Roosevelt's use and organized a caravan was guide and manager of the expedition. Mr. Cunninghame is said to be an expert in Natural History specimens, having made collections for the British Museum in Norway and Africa. He is an English fieldman, who has guided numerous hunting parties in Africa and was the chief hunter for the Field Columbian Exposition.

Mr. Edmund Heller, a graduate of Stanford University, is a thoroughly trained Naturalist, whose special work was the preparation and preservation of the specimens of large animals captured by Col. Roosevelt.

Before joining Col. Roosevelt's expedition, Mr. Heller had had large experiences in animal collecting in Alaska, British Columbia, United States, Mexico, Central America and South America. In the year 1898 he made a collecting trip of eleven months to Gallopagos Islands, starting from San Francisco. He is a born enthu-



ANIMALS OF THE TROPICS.

siastic collector, as well as a well equipped Naturalist. He is also author of Scientific papers on Mammals, Birds, Reptiles and Fishes. When he started with Col. Roosevelt's expedition he was assistant curator of the Museum of Vertebrate Zoology of the University of California.

J. Alden Loring was a field naturalist, whose training comprises service in the biological survey of the Department of Agriculture and in the Bronx Zoological Park, New York City, as well as on numerous collecting trips through British America, Mexico and the United States.

He was of ardent temperament, and intensely energetic. In August, September and October, 1898, he made the highest record for a traveling collector, having sent in to the United States National Museum 900 well prepared specimens of small mammals in the three months' journey from London through Sweden, Germany, Switzerland and Belgium.

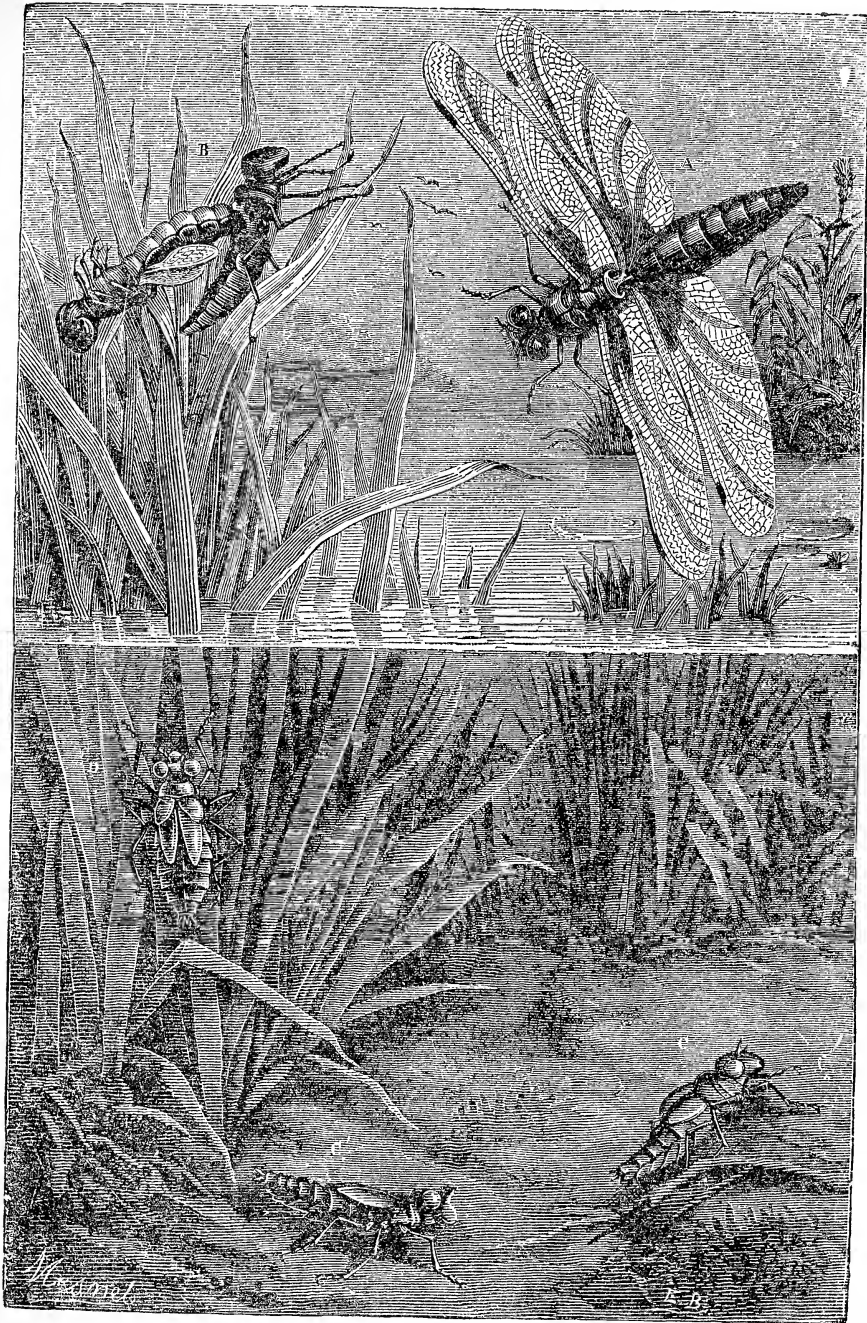
WHERE ROOSEVELT HUNTED WILD ANIMALS.

Major Edgar A. Mearns, a retired officer of the Medical Corps of the Army, was the physician of the trip and had charge of the Smithsonian portion of the party. He had twenty-five years' experience as an army doctor, and is also well known as a naturalist and collector of natural history specimens.

The party reached Mombasa in April. The general route was up the Uganda Railway to Nairobi and Lake Victoria Nyanza, a distance of about 650 miles by rail, thence crossing into Uganda, and, finally, passing down the Nile to Cairo. Much of the hunting was done in British East Africa, where the Uganda Railroad was used as a base of supplies and means of ready transportation. The expedition spent about one year on African soil.

British East Africa lies directly south of Abyssinia, is bounded on the east by the Italian Somaliland and the Indian Ocean. It has about 300 miles of coast. It includes the East African Protectorate and the Uganda Protectorate, and is immediately controlled by the foreign office.

The equator runs through the southern end of the possessions,



LIFE OF THE METAMORPHOSIS OF THE DRAGON-FLY.

- a.—The Perfect Insect. b.—The Insect Casting off its Worn-out Nymph's Skin.
c d.—Larvæ and Nymph's.

and the plant life of course is tropical. Commercial access has been opened by treaty with the native chiefs from the coast to Albert Nyanza, and the Soneoli chiefs. The Imperial British East African Company acquired the right to administer the coast from the Umba to Kipini for 50 years, paying an annual sum to the Sultan for the concession.

In 1889 the company further secured in the same way the ports and islands north of the Tana, the chief ones being Lamu, Manda and Patta. The company, by arrangement with the British government, has now retired from the territory.

There are only 390 Europeans in the possession where Col. Roosevelt hunted. The principal exports are ivory, India rubber, cattle, goats, copra, gumcopal, hides and horns. The imports are Manchester goods, Bombay cloth wire, provisions, etc.

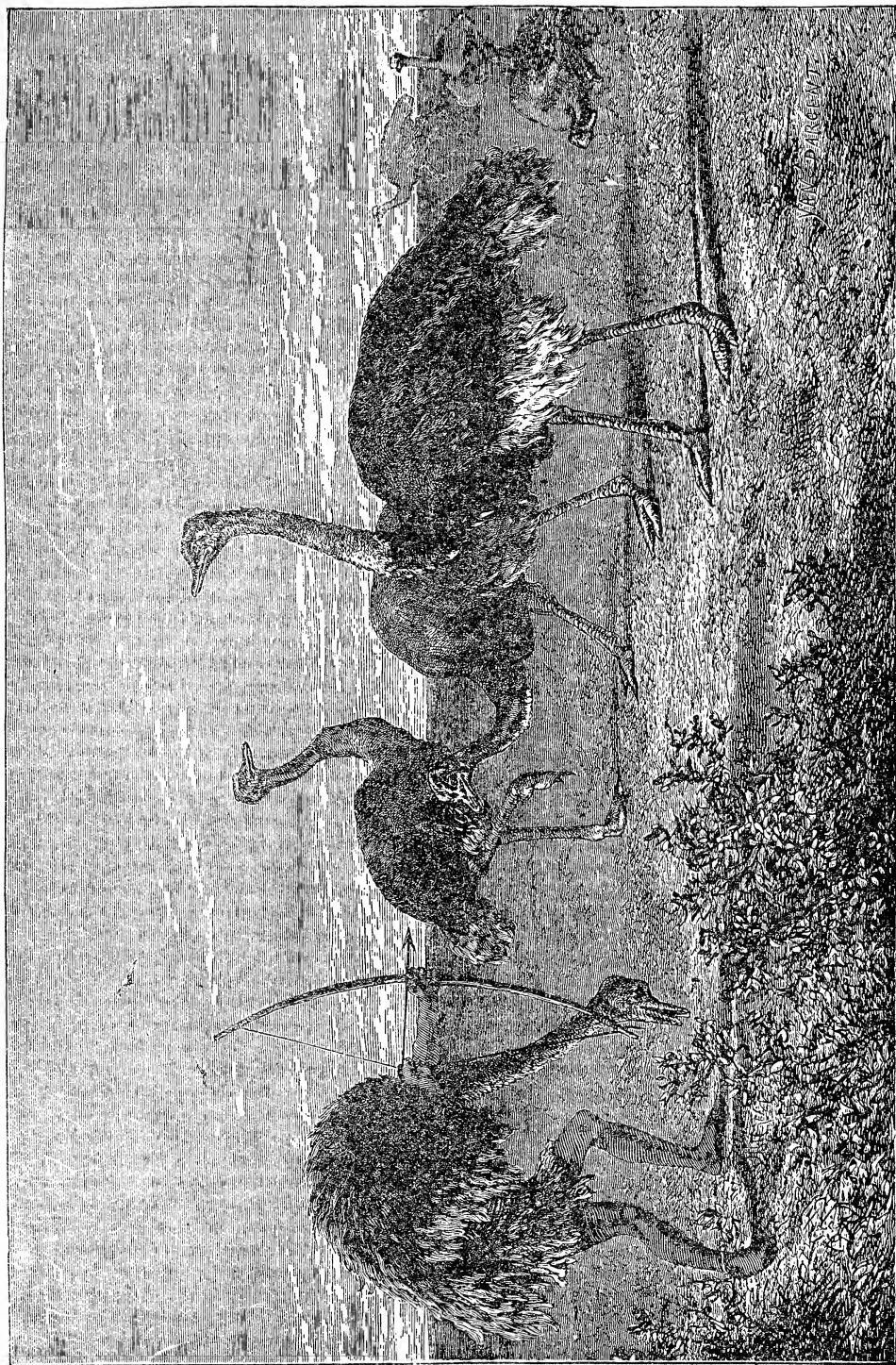
Mombasa is the principal port, and the trade is chiefly in the hands of Banians. The table lands have good pasturage and are well adapted to stock raising. Sheep and cattle are raised to a considerable extent.

SUDAN IS DIVIDED AMONG MANY STATES.

Sudan is the Arab name given to the vast extent of country in Central Africa which lies between the Sahara on the north, Abyssinia and the Red Sea on the east, the countries draining to the Kongo Basin on the south, and Senegambia on the west. Its area is estimated at 2,000,000 square miles, and its population at from 7,000,000 or 8,000,000 to 30,000,000. Col. Roosevelt's expedition here and along the Congo and the Nile are related in another chapter.

The inhabitants comprise numerous nations of different races, chiefly the Negro, together with Arab colonists and traders. The Western and Central States are divided into a number of independent and semi-independent states: Bambarra, Gando, Sokoto, Adamawa, Bornu, Baghirmi, Wadai, and others. The eastern Sudan includes Darfur, Kordofan, Senaar, etc.

Egyptian rule was first extended to the Eastern Sudan in the early part of the nineteenth century by Mohammed Ali, under whom Ibrahim Pasha carried it as far south as Kordofan and Senaar.



CURIOUS MODE OF CAPTURING OSTRICHES.

An Egyptian expedition under Sir Samuel Baker, in 1870, led to the conquest of the equatorial regions on the Nile farther south than the Sudan proper, of which General Gordon was appointed governor general in 1874.

On the fall of Ismail Pasha of Egypt, Gordon was recalled, and hordes of Turks, Circassians and Bashi-Mazouks were let loose to plunder the Soudanese.

Egyptian misrule then became intolerable, and in this crisis appeared Mohammed Ahmed of Dongola, who gave himself out to be the Mahdi, the long-expected redeemer of Islam. Gordon about this time returned to the Sudan, but was shortly after slain at Khartoum. Before his death, he appointed Emin Pasha (Eduard Schnitzer) governor of the equatorial province on the Upper Nile, north of the Albert Nyanza, in 1878.

Emin Pasha continued to hold his ground, although continually harassed by the enemy, till 1889, when he was relieved by Henry M. Sanzibar and conveyed with his followers to Zanzibar, Great Britain, aiding Egypt, steadily pursued the plan of rescuing the provinces occupied by the Mahdi's forces, which was ultimately accomplished in the death of the Khalifa and destruction of his force in 1899, together with the capture of the Osman Digna in 1900.

ROOSEVELT AND THE MISSIONARIES.

Our former President has always evinced great interest in the Missionaries. While in Africa he made something of a study of their work, not only along religious lines, but in their medical and educational efforts as well as blazers out of the paths for civilization and for commerce.

Africa's day has long been delayed, but it has come at last. The missionary was the explorer of Africa. The real work of the missionaries in the Dark Continent began, however, after practically all other parts of the world had been made missionary fields. The silent and mysterious Sphinx of Egypt is no longer the symbol of Africa. For long millenniums the whole continent, except a little part along the Mediterranean, some fringes along the coast and in



CHIRPING CRICKET.

extreme Africa, was veiled in mystery. But that veil has been lifted. Not simply has a mission been born in a day, but a continent!

The explorer has traversed nearly every part of her vast domain; modern science is mastering its tropical diseases, developing its agriculture, making the mines of gold and other minerals of untold value.

Diplomacy has parceled out the continent, and everywhere there will soon be protection and opportunity for all races; hundreds of steamships belt its coasts and float on its lakes and rivers, taking to the continent hundreds of thousands of tons of merchandise, and, in turn bringing away the products of African fields and forests and mines, and mechanical ingenuity.

The barbaric and Mohammedan millions of Africa are sharing in the world-wide awakening that has come to all people. They are anxiously waiting for something better. They may not know what it is, they do know it is in the possession of nations outside themselves, and we know that civilizations are never indigenous.

REMARKABLE FOR MEMORABLE EVENTS.

Few countries in the world are more remarkable for memorable events in history or in ruins of ancient civilization than North Africa, even if we do not include Egypt. During the six hundred years of Roman rule that section of the continent reached its greatest prosperity. Scores of cities were built, some of them great in population, wealth and commerce; and the agricultural resources were very great.

The climate is among the finest in the world, and North Africa was a source of Rome's greatest wealth. There are partially unearthed ruins at Carthage and many other cities, where there were palaces, amphitheatres, triumphal arches, baths, temples, many of them equal to similar structures in the imperial city itself.

The aborigines were the Berbers, or barbarians of history. Their descendants are still the largest part of the population, and number from twelve million to fifteen million. They are light brown in color, with shadings to black as they have mixed with the Negroes from the south, or to almost white as they have mixed

with races of a lighter color from Europe. Twelve hundred years before Christ they had a fair civilization. They are an agricultural people, brave, and loving their homes.

They helped the Romans conquer the Phœnicians, and in suc-



EXTRAORDINARY FOREST GROWTH IN AFRICA.

ceeding centuries, when oppressed by their rulers, aided in their overthrow. They have been vanquished, but never conquered, and they are the chief hope of North Africa, provided they can be reached by the Gospel of Christ. They are Mohammedan, but are

accessible. Their ancestors were Christians, and they still have legends among them of the cross of Christ and its power to save.

Christianity entered North Africa soon after Pentecost, and spread rapidly among the Berbers and other natives. Within a hundred years of the death of Saint John, the *Évangéliste*, with Carthage as the center, half of the people in the cities were Christian. In the fourth century there were five hundred and eighty seats with their Bishops.

In the first four centuries after the apostles, of twenty great names in the history of Christianity, more than half came from North Africa. The first foreign missionaries after the apostles were from Africa. One of them, Pantæus, founder of a Christian school, went to India to preach the Gospel, so that the first missionary to India was from Africa.

For two hundred and fifty years North Africa led Latin Christianity, and in the work of evangelization translated the Scriptures, for the first time, into a Western tongue. That Latin Bible was the foundation of the Vulgate and came to be the common version of Western Christianity.

The indebtedness of the Christian world to the North African Church is beyond estimation. One half of the Antenicene Library was African in origin. For fifty years it grew, and during those centuries several of the most important questions of doctrine were settled under the leadership of African scholars. After Rome had overwhelmed its laws from Africa.

In the latter part of the second century Tertullian, the first great name in Western Christianity, flourished. "The blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church," is a paraphrase of his sublime words in bidding defiance to the rulers who were persecuting Christians. After him Arnobius, and later Augustine, who, though next to Paul, has dominated Christian thought and doctrine. Over the portals of Trinity Church, Boston, are carved, after the names of the four evangelists, those of Paul and Augustine. The third stone in the series remains uncut. There is no man yet who has wielded so wide a scepter, both intellectual and ecclesiastical, as Augustine.

CHAPTER X.

ORIGIN OF THE AMERICAN NEGRO—BRITISH SLAVE INDUSTRY—
LIBERIA THE AMERICAN COLONY IN AFRICA—24,000 AMER-
ICAN BORN NEGROES HAVE GONE TO LIBERIA—THE TROGLO-
DYTES OF AFRICA—PYGMIES IN CENTRAL AFRICA—WHO ARE
THE BOERS?—THE DIAMOND MINES OF KIMBERLY—ABYS-
SINIA AND ITS ANCIENT CHRISTIAN FAITH—IVORY, HOW
OBTAINED AND USED—OSTRICH FARMS IN AFRICA AND
CALIFORNIA.

SOME authorities claim that a Dutch man-of-war brought twenty negroes to the Colony of Virginia in May, 1619. Others claim that the ship "Treasurer" brought 14 to Jamestown in 1620 when the colony of Virginia had but 15,000 inhabitants. At any rate all seem to agree that the first negroes were landed in Virginia and exchanged by the ships bringing them for supplies. It was a long time before there were any laws recognizing slaves as property. The American negro came from the west coast of Africa. It is said that the first negroes taken as slaves were glad to escape and be taken into captivity by white men. They had been pursued to the coast by the stronger tribes of the interior and many were massacred.

Whether the first lot of negroes brought to our country in 1619 or 1620 as slaves were 20 or 14, we have nearly 10,000,000 of them in our country now, and they are a force in our social and political life to be reckoned with.

England's connection with Africa was originally through the iniquitous slave-trade. Slave-trading having been legalized by an act during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, her chief naval commander, Sir John Hawkins, sailed at once to Sierra Leone, seized three hundred negroes, carried them to Hayti, and sold them there. Between 1686 and 1786, more than two million slaves were imported into the English colonies. In 1771, 192 slave-ships left England for

Africa, fitted up to carry 47,146 slaves. Slaves were counted important property by English families; many of them owned estates in the West Indies, and brought home from thence negroes for domestic servants. London newspapers of 1772 openly advertised black boys and girls for sale. An auction advertisement reads:

"Five pipes of raisin wine, two boxes of bottled whisky, six sacks of flour, three negro men, two negro women, two negro boys, one negro girl."

In 1772, owing to great agitation, all slaves in the British Isles were set free. This did not stop the slave-trade, though it granted liberty, and the first result was to fill the streets of London with negro beggars. To relieve them, a plan for a colony of freed slaves was projected; four hundred liberated slaves were sent to Sierra Leone, where Hawkins had kidnapped the first slave cargo; many others later went thither, and the Sierra Leone Company was founded in 1791, "to introduce trade industry, and Christian knowledge."

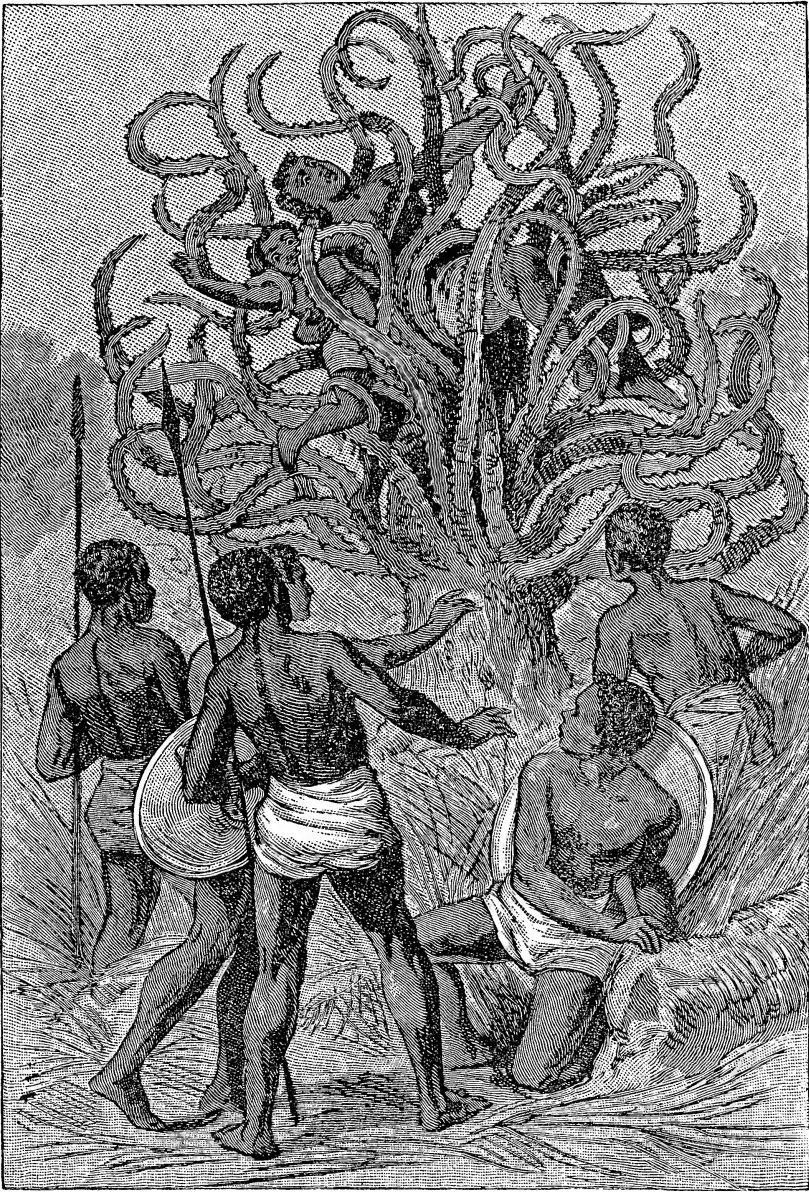
LIBERIA THE AMERICAN COLONY IN AFRICA.

Lying between the fifth and eighth degrees of north latitude on the west coast of Africa is the little negro republic of Liberia. Its coast line is about three hundred miles, and its domain extends two hundred and fifty miles into the interior, so that its territory includes, perhaps, 75,000 square miles.

It owes its existence to good men in America, both north and south, who many years ago felt that the freed people of the United States should have a place in the land of their fathers, where they could have the opportunity and satisfaction of building a nation of their own, which should demonstrate the capacity of the negro for nation building, and also open the way for his having a share in the civilization and redemption of the African continent.

There are now in the republic about 24,000 American-Liberians, speaking, of course, the English language; and perhaps 1,000,000 native Africans. The former are emigrants from the United States, or their descendants; and the latter are made up of various tribes of aborigines, speaking many dialects, acknowledging

the sovereignty of the republic, but as a whole living in barbarism, as their fathers before them have done for many centuries.



THE FABLED MAN-EATING TREE.

The form of government is modeled after that of the United States, and only negroes can own land, become citizens or hold

office. A few thousand natives have become civilized and are a part of the nation. For twenty-five years Liberia was a colony, under the immediate direction of the colonization societies; but in 1847 the nation was formed and received the friendly recognition and good will of other nations. Liberia, Santo Domingo and Hayti are the only nations in the world controlled entirely by negroes.

To say that the hopes of the friends of the negro as a nation builder have been realized during the past fifty years in Liberia would not be true. On the other hand, to accept the uncharitable and unkind criticisms of the struggling republic, which are heard along the coast from many traders and travelers, and often reiterated in Europe and America, would be doing great injustice to the people of Liberia.

A CONTINENT RICH IN MINERAL WEALTH.

When we consider the difficulties which these people have had to meet in a new, and, to many, a hostile climate, their lack of wealth and experience in government, surrounded and permeated by multitudes of barbarous heathen, and subjected constantly to the uncharitable criticism of white traders and travelers, the marvel is that so much in the way of efficient government and advance in social conditions has been accomplished.

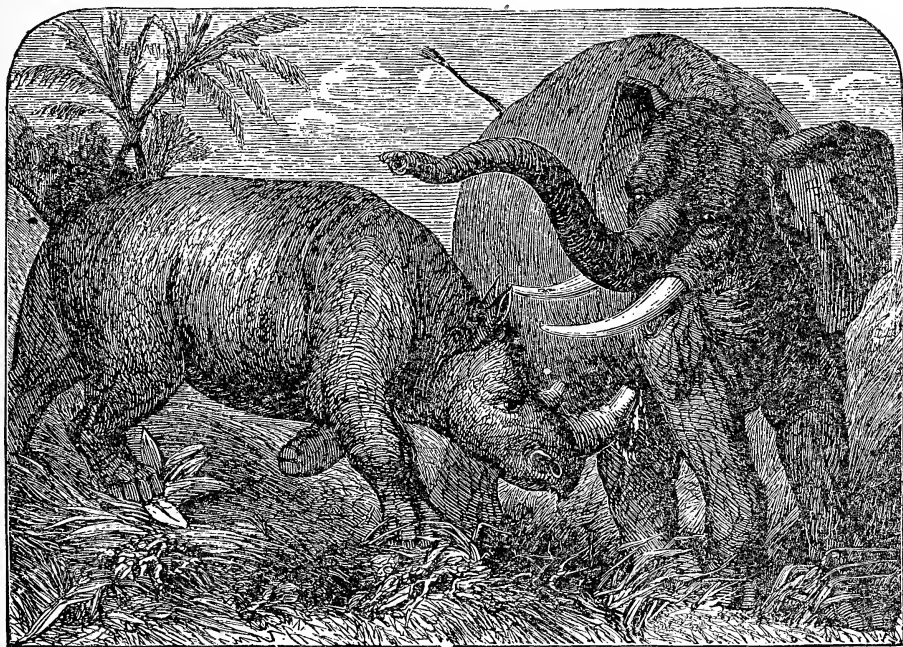
True, their national domain, rich in minerals and agricultural possibilities, has not even been explored; but it is also true that, until within a very few years, but little advance has been made by other nations on either coast of the continent in extending practical and efficient government among the natives of the interior.

Away back in the days when most of the world was unknown, instead of being mostly known as it is now, the geographers making their maps used to decorate the outlying portions with all sorts of strange and fabulous figures. Probably they would not have claimed to believe that the giants and the dwarfs, the headless men and the men with one eye in the middle of their foreheads, the man-eating tree, the unicorns and the centaurs and all the rest of the monsters, really lived there.

Even to-day we are very prone to imagine all sorts of myster-

ious things in the lands that have never been visited, although very likely if we were to go there we would find things quite as natural as they are here. But that was the way the ancient geographers displayed their ignorance, and their acceptance of all sorts of traditions and travelers' tales that circulated from mouth to mouth very freely.

Even the stories of Gullivers travels, with his dwarfs and giants and talking horses, found believers, where, on the other hand; the stories of Marco Polo, Sir John Mandeville, and other earliest



THE ELEPHANT AND RHINOCEROS.

travelers to the Orient, who reported things which are now known to be mostly true, were hardly believed at all.

Strangely enough, there are discoveries made at times, with the advance of exploration in the present day, which go far to verify some of the most extravagant stories of the past. Africa has done much to justify some of these old-fashioned myths.

In Africa, for instance, was found the rhinoceros, which, with its horn, is a clumsy sort of substitute for the unicorn of the ancients. In Africa, too, have been discovered races of man extremely back-

ward in their development, and at least two tribes which are actual pygmies, to justify the old stories of the country of the dwarfs.

It is in the great forests of the Congo River in Central Africa that these most peculiar races have been found. These pygmies were probably well known to the ancient Egyptian slave-traders, who journeyed up the Nile in ancient days to return with treasures and curious specimens and wonderful stories. Herodotus wrote about the pygmies and their fights with cranes, but the story has been believed entirely mythological, until the discovery of ostriches and these very dwarfs has given justification to the ancient classic writer.

Sir Harry H. Johnston, the governor of British East Africa, who has described these African tribes most interestingly, suggests that from the mischievous actions of such dwarfs as these may easily have come the stories of brownies and goblins in our own fairy tales. He found two varieties of the pygmies, one with reddish and yellowish brown skin and a tendency to red in the hair of the head, and the other a black-skinned type with entirely black hair. The latter are slightly taller than the others.

STRANGE CREATURES OF A STRANGE LAND.

The tallest specimen measured by the explorer was about five feet in height, but the average height for the man was four feet, seven inches, and for the woman four feet, two inches. Several of the men were only four feet, two inches in height, and several of the women were four feet. The nose and the lips are very different in shape from those of the ordinary negro types, the upper lip being long and straight and the nose having very little bridge.

The chin is very much receding, the neck is short, and the head rather sunk between the shoulders. The legs are short in proportion to the body and the feet are inclined to turn in. Some of the dwarfs have quite long beards. They seldom wear anything in the way of ornament and in the forest they go about naked.

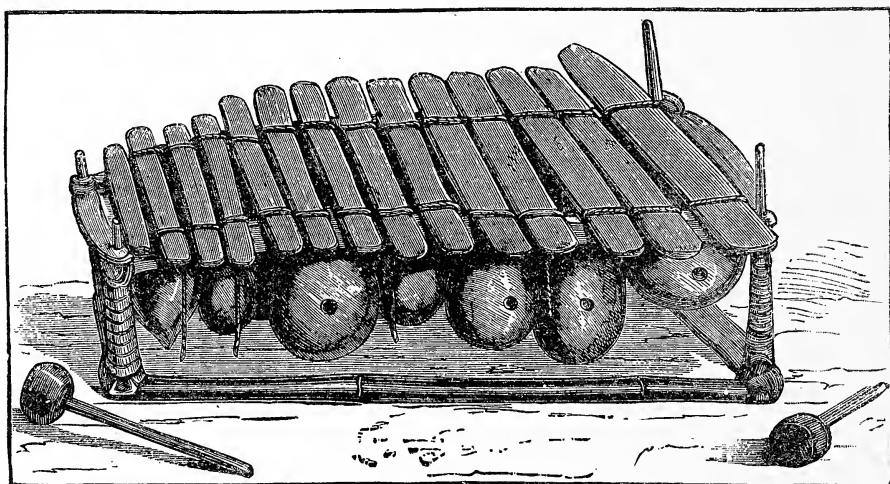
These Congo pygmies are very shy, and avoid contact with travelers through their country. They keep no domestic animals nor do they cultivate the ground, but live entirely by hunting with



CAPTURING SOKOS IN AFRICA.

bows and arrows or snares. Their huts are about four feet high and of about the same diameter, built of branches stuck into the ground and bent over into a semicircle. The hut is thatched with large leaves and a small hole is left at the side through which the pygmy crawls in to lie on his bed of leaves, which is the only piece of furniture.

Stanley found some of these dwarfs in his journey through the Congo forests, and agrees with Sir Harry Johnston in the description. It seems that the little fellows have no language of their own, but talk more or less imperfectly the language of what-



THE MARIMBA, OR AFRICAN PIANO.

ever tribe of negroes happens to be their nearest neighbors. The white travelers who have visited them say that, although they are absolutely savage in their natural life, yet they possess quicker intelligence than the ordinary negroes and learn languages easier.

The foreign travelers declare that they are most interesting people, fond of singing and dancing, with music of their own that is distinctly melodious, and a drollery of action which makes them generally entertaining. It remains now for Africa to yield a race of giants to complete the record of marvels which the continent has produced.

The Dutch were not in the first instance the discoverers of the Cape of Good Hope. The old Portuguese navigators were the

first to brave the terrors of the Stormy Cape, as they called it. In 1486 Bartholomew Diaz doubled the Cape, and pushed his way beyond the present site of Port Elizabeth.

In 1497 that great sailor, Vasco da Gama, passed the Cape, and penetrated by sea as far to the eastward as the Mozambique coast. Although the early navigators occasionally touched at the Cape on their way to the Indies, there seems to have been no regular settlement there until well into the seventeenth century. In 1591 Captain James Lancaster, with an English squadron, visited Table Bay.

In 1595 four Dutch vessels, the first fleet to cast anchor in these waters, touched at Mossel Bay, a little to the east of the Cape. From this time fleets of the various nations were in the habit of calling at the Cape of Good Hope for rest and refreshment, obtaining oxen and sheep from the Hottentot aborigines, and picking up wild fowl, fish and green herbage.

THE DUTCH EAST INDIA COMPANY TAKES POSSESSION.

In 1652 the Dutch East India Company finally took possession of the Cape, and founded a settlement there. Jan Van Riebeck landed with a number of colonists, and at once set vigorously to work to establish the foundations of Dutch supremacy in this quarter of the globe.

In 1672 the Dutch East India Company purchased from the Hottentot chiefs, who claimed to be lords of the soil, the whole vast tract of country stretching from Saldanha Bay to the Cape peninsula.

Between 1685 and 1688 came a most important accession of strength to the Dutch settlers. Thanks to the revocation of the Edict of Nantes by Louis XIV., large numbers of Huguenots were driven from France. By arrangement with the authorities in Holland, it came to pass that some of these French Protestants, to the number of between two and three hundred, were taken to the Cape. They were granted free passages and as much land as they could bring under cultivation, and were assisted with money to buy implements, seed and other necessities, on condition of thereafter repay-

ing the same. These French Huguenots, nearly all steady, honest and God-fearing folk, became a source of great strength to the rising colony.

During the last century the Boers spread far and wide into Cape Colony, traversing pathless deserts, waterless karroos, and difficult mountain country, in search of new homes and pastures. Many of them were hunters pure and simple, and followed the elephants for their ivory. As they moved inland, magistracies were tardily established in their midst, not lest they might lapse into utter barbarians, but to enable an anxious government to draw its taxation from the land on which they settled. Churches and schools followed the settlers yet more tardily.

THE REIGN OF THE BOER.

Far-removed though they have been from churches and pastors, they have yet clung closely to the primitive faith of their forefathers. Wherever they have trekked, the great Dutch Bible, often more than two hundred years old, and its lessons, have gone with them. At morning and at night, wherever they may be, prayer and thanksgiving are invariably offered up.

It is the fashion among the "Uitlanders" to ridicule the long and somewhat dreary prayers of these Dutch farmers; yet, surely it is to the credit of the Boers that, amid every danger and difficulty, they have thus preserved their faith. Even when marching to fight the Zulu hosts under Dingaan in Natal, they offered up prayers at every halt, and the 400 farmers who met and conquered 10,000 Zulus at the Blood River in 1838 attributed their astonishing victory to the idrect intervention of the Lord of Hosts in answer to their supplications.

In 1796 the British, by arrangement, with the Stadtholder of the Dutch Republic, then a fugitive from the armies of the French Republic, took possession of the Cape, which in 1803 was handed back to the Dutch. In 1806 the British, being then at war with the Dutch, again took possession of the Cape Colony, after a severe struggle near Cape Town. From that time the Cape has been continuously in the hands of Great Britain.

The early Cape governors were not remarkable for their sympathy or friendliness for the Dutch settlers, and the grievances of the latter were seldom listened to. The fathers of the present Dutch population in the Transvaal and Orange Free State quitted their home in the Cape Colony, and trekked into dangerous and unknown deserts to avoid what they conceived to be gross and burning wrongs.

The desperate struggle of the Boers with the British was so recent that it needs nothing more than a mere mention here. The former Dutch Republic is now a British possession, but unusual liberties and independence have been granted all classes living there.

THE DIAMOND MINES OF KIMBERLEY.

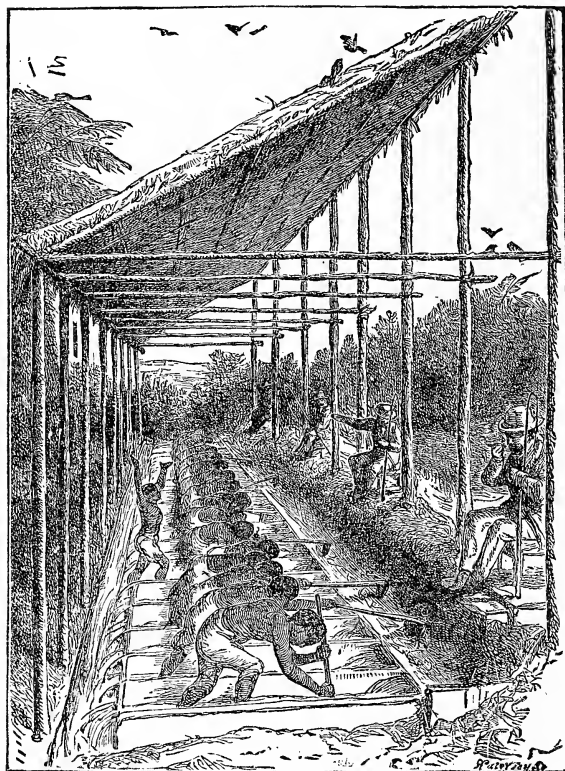
The five diamond mines are all contained in a circle three and one-half miles in diameter. They are irregularly shaped, round or oval pipes, extending vertically downward to an unknown depth, retaining about the same diameter throughout. They are said to be volcanic necks, filled from below with a heterogeneous mixture of fragments of the surrounding rocks, and of older rocks, such as granite, mingled and cemented with a bluish colored hard clayey mass, in which famous blue clay the imbedded diamonds are hidden.

In the first days of diamond mining there was no idea that diamondiferous earth extended to any particular depth, and miners were allowed to dig holes at haphazard, and prospect where they liked. When the Kimberley mine was discovered, a new arrangement was made, and in July, 1871, it was cut up into about 500 claims, each 31 feet square, with spaces reserved for about fifteen roadways across the mine. No person at first could hold more than two claims, a rule afterwards modified.

The system of underground working in recent years is as follows: Shafts are sunk in the solid rock at a sufficient distance from the pipe to be quite safe against reef movements in the open mine. The main shaft at De Beers starts about 540 feet from the north side of the mine, and is now over 1,500 feet deep. Tunnels are driven from this shaft at different levels to cross the mine from west to east, about 120 feet apart. These tunnels are connected

with each other by two tunnels running north and south, one near the west side of the mine and one midway between it and the east margin of the mine.

From the east and west tunnels offsets are driven to the surrounding rock. When near the rock, they are widened into galleries, these in turn being stoped on the sides until they meet, and upwards until they break through the blue ground. The fallen



WASHING DIAMONDS.

apart, with intermediate levels every 30 feet.

Hoisting is done from only one level at a time through the same shaft. By this ingenious method of mining, every portion of blue ground is excavated and raised to the surface, the rubbish on the top gradually sinking down and taking its place.

The scene below ground in the labyrinth of galleries is bewildering in its complexity, and is about as little like one's idea of a diamond mine as can well be conceived. Electric light is uni-

reef with which the upper part of the mine is filled, sinks and partially fills the open space. The workmen then stand on the fallen reef, and drill the blue ground overhead; as the roof is blasted back the debris follows. When stoping between two tunnels, the blue is stoped up to the debris about midway between the two tunnels.

The upper levels are worked back in advance of the lower levels, and the works assume the shape of irregular terraces. The main levels are from 90 to 120 feet

versal in the workings. One set of workers attends to the rock-drilling machines for blasting the blue ground; in other parts the blue is shoveled into wagons, which, when filled, are carried along rails by moving ropes till they get to the gallery, where the contents are sent to the surface.

At the bottom of the main shaft, at the 1,300-foot level, the galleries converge to a large open space where the tram lines carrying the trucks meet. In front is a chute to which the trucks full of blue ground are rapidly wheeled, tipped over and their contents discharged, when they are shunted to make way for other trucks. At the foot of the shoot is a "skip" holding 64 cubic feet, or four truck loads, an electric bell sounds at the engine-house, when the skip is hoisted to the surface and another takes its place. So the work proceeds, and on busy days ground has been hoisted at the rate of 20 loads every three minutes, equal to 400 loads an hour. In 1894 the record hoisting of blue ground at the Kimberley mine was 470 loads an hour; in one shift of eight hours 3,312 loads, and in a day of three shifts, 7,415 loads.

WEIRD CREATURES DELVE FOR COSTLY GEMS.

All below ground is dirty, muddy, grimy; half naked men, black as ebony, muscular as athletes, with perspiration oozing from every pore, are seen in every direction, hammering, picking, shoveling, wheeling the trucks to and fro, keeping up a weird chant, which rises in force and melody when a titanic task requires excessive muscular strain. The whole scene is far more suggestive of a coal mine than a diamond mine, and all this mighty organization, this strenuous expenditure of energy, this clever, costly machinery, this ceaseless toil of skilled and black labor, going on day and night, is just to win a few stones wherewith to deck my lady's finger.

The sorting room in the pulsator house is long, narrow and well lighted. Here the rich gravel is brought in wet, a sieveful at a time, and is dumped in a heap on tables covered with iron plates.

The tables at one end take the coarsest lumps, next comes the gravel which passed the three-eighths-inch holes, then the next in order, and so on. The first sorting is done by thoroughly trust-

worthy white men; for here the danger of robbery is greatest. Sweeping the heap of gravel to the right, the sorter scrapes a little of it to the center of the table by means of a flat piece of sheet zinc. With this tool he rapidly passes in review the grains, seizes the diamonds, and puts them into a little tin box in front of him.

The stuff is then swept off to the left, and another lot taken, and so on till the sieveful of gravel is exhausted, when another is brought in. The stuff the sorter has passed to his left as temporarily inspected, is taken next to another part of the room, where it is again scrutinized by native convicts again and again, and as long as diamonds can be found in quantity sufficient to repay the cost of convict labor, it is passed under examination.

The diamond has a peculiar luster, and on the sorter's table it is impossible to mistake it for any other stone that may be present. It looks somewhat like clear pieces of gum arabic, with a sort of luster which makes a conspicuous shine among the other stones.

NATIVE LABORERS OF THE CONVICT CLASS.

In the pulsator and sorting house most of the native laborers are long-sentence convicts, supplied with food, clothing and medical attendance by the company. These men are necessarily well guarded, and all the white men in the works carry revolvers. Apart from the hopelessness of a successful rising, there is little inducement to revolt; the lot of these diamond workers is preferable to life in the government prisons, and they seem contented.

Sometimes as many as 8,000 carats of diamonds come from the pulsator in one day, representing about \$50,000 in value. Prodigious diamonds are not so uncommon as is generally supposed. Diamonds weighing over an ounce (151.5 carats) are not unfrequent at Kimberley, and, were it necessary, there would be no difficulty in getting together a hundred of them.

Just as very few are familiar with the fact that Egypt was once a Christian kingdom, for 259 years ending A. D. 640, so there are fewer still outside the circle of missionary enterprise, who know or care aught for the existing Christian Empire of Abyssinia, beyond its more recent political records. Yet Abyssinia has been

Christian for centuries; and its late King John, who greatly enlarged its boundaries and extended its influence in Central Africa, bore, like some European monarchs, the title of "Defender of the Faith," most dear to the kings of Abyssinia.

The Christian period of Egypt, comparatively short in duration and unimportant in influencing neighboring tribes or communities, ended in the Arab conquest under Amru, which left but few vestiges of Christians or Christianity. To-day, a small Coptic community in Cairo, respected more for the intelligence of its members, the chief accountants and clerks of the administration, than for their numbers or influence, and a few more scattered over various villages, alone attest the antiquity of Christianity in Egypt.

RIGID PIETY OF ANCIENT ETHIOPIA.

But Abyssinia, the ancient Ethiopia, claiming to possess the primitive Christianity and boasting of preserving the relics of St. Mark the Evangelist, has ever held fast to Christianity, even though disfiguring it with strange superstitions, distorting it with fierce fanaticism, and showing even sterner savagery than animated the old Crusaders, with whom hatred to the heathen was equivalent to love of God.

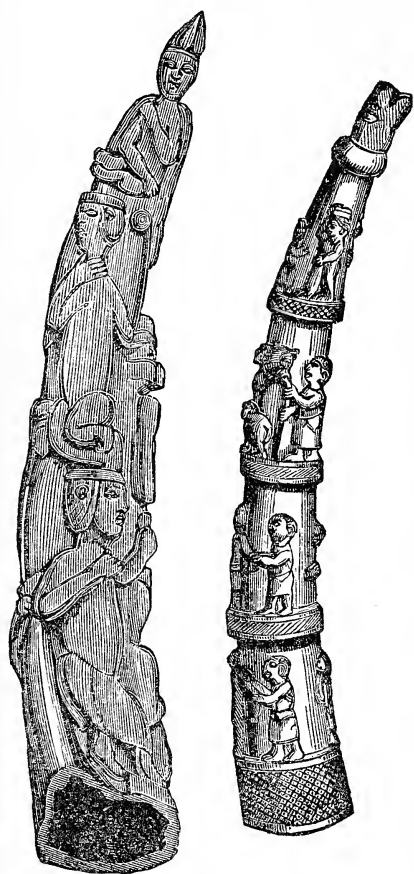
Three great mountain chains forming a triangle, with its base resting on the Abai and the Kawash, and its apex at Massowah on the Red Sea, are the boundaries of an immense elevated plateau, upheaved by volcanic action from the sultry plains of tropical Africa, but blessed with a climate as fresh and healthy as any in Europe. Indeed, the table-lands of Abyssinia, bounded on the north and west by the arid deserts of the Sudan, on the south by the country of the ferocious Gallas, and on the east by Debeni, Adal, and the great salt plains of Arrhoo, may be likened to some rocky island rising in the midst of the ocean, rich with verdant plains, bubbling streams and shady woods, but seldom visited by the mariner, owing to its isolated position and the terrible cliffs by which it is surrounded.

Very seldom do the natives of the Abyssinian plateau venture down into the fever-stricken plains, where dwell their hereditary

enemies, the Mahometans and the pagan Gallas. Nor, except when led to a profitable and pious invasion of "Habash," do the people of the low countries often penetrate the wild passes of the Abyssinian mountains. It happens, therefore, that from whichever side the traveler approaches Abyssinia, he can glean but little information from the natives, concerning the country beyond the mighty wall of mountains which rise in majesty and grandeur before him, as if to bar his path.

The Abyssinians trace the origin of their empire to the days of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba's visit to him; and their line of kings to the joint issue of those two potentates. Their religion exhibits a strange mixture of Judaism and Christianity; a great pride of race and religion animates this singular people whose monarch bears the haughty title of "King of Kings;" and they consider themselves not only the peers, but even the superiors, of all the rest of mankind.

It was the English expedition against King Theodorus, in 1867, that opened out the country and let in some light on its dark places. Great was the surprise of Christendom, which had previously classed the Abyssinians among other savage



CARVED IVORY TUMPETS.

and warring tribes, leading a nomadic existence in the deserts and jungles of Africa, where the climate and wild beasts dispute with equally savage men the entrance or egress of the foreigner and repel the onward march of civilization. Since then they have defeated Italy in a disastrous campaign, undertaken to claim them as a colony.

Every ivory billiard ball in use in the world is said to have cost the life of a human being. And still the demand for ivory, not only for the manufacture of these simple spheres for a popular game, but for a multitude of other uses in decorative and toilet articles, continues, with the price so high that the trade still goes on in spite of its disastrous cost in human life.

Most of the heavy expense has been paid in the jungles of Central Africa, where a man does not count for half as much as a humped ox or a trained ape. For nature has built an effectual barrier about her cultivators of billiard balls—the elephants—and he who would penetrate it must take his life in his hands.

In the first place she has provided an atmosphere of great heat, reeking half the year with moisture, in which lurk the germs of a hundred unnamed diseases, and rent for two seasons with sudden storms accompanied by heavy rains. Then there is the barrier of a rank and tangled vegetation, through which no roads but those of the jungle-folk have yet pierced.

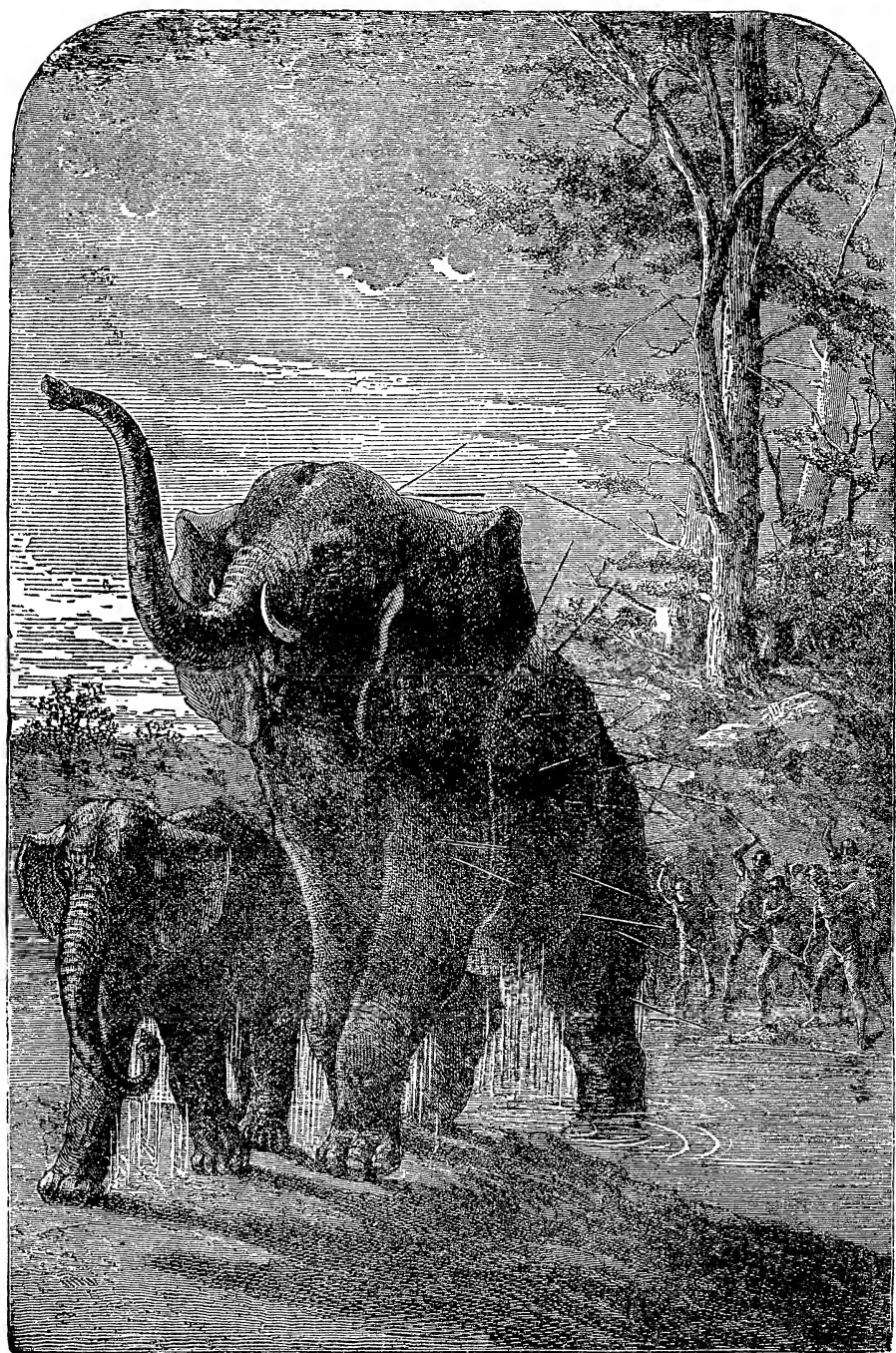
IVORY, HOW OBTAINED AND USED.

The huge trees conceal fierce wild animals, poisonous snakes, and insects whose stings mean death at the end of the days of suffering. Impassable morasses, lakes, broad rivers and mountain ranges are also numerous, and yet more dangerous are the jealous savages, who have learned enough of civilization to distrust it, and who know that a man never protests against robbery after he is dead.

So the elephant is given a chance to grow a little before the harvesters of the ivory crop can reach him. When he has trumpeted for a few score of years, and his tusks have made him a power in the herd, some native hunter spies him as he thrashes through the jungle or wades in a morass.

Then a great number of the harvest warriors gather and build a huge inclosure of vines, into which the elephant one day walks. From the surrounding trees come a shower of arrows, and perhaps a bullet or two from an ancient gun obtained at a hundred times its value from some wandering trader.

The elephant charges about trumpeting, but on every side the



ELEPHANT PROTECTING HER YOUNG FROM HUNTERS' SPEARS.

barrier holds him in. At last he falls, overcome by numbers. Then his great tusks are packed away, and a row of naked natives carry them for days through the jungle, until they are placed in the king's treasure as a part of the wealth as well as the currency of a nation.

After a time traders appear, and the tusks are bartered for bright nothings, old-fashioned and shop-worn fabrics, food, whisky and firearms. There is another long period of transporting the precious ivory on the backs of natives, with the constant danger of attack from hostile tribes and the treachery of friendly ones. At last it is aboard ship, and after weeks on the sea it arrives at the great ports where it is sold to carvers and manufacturers.

The best ivory comes from Africa. Some of the tusks are from eight to ten feet long, and often weigh 170 pounds. The Indian elephants' tusks are much shorter and of less weight, and the great demand has reduced the supply to such an extent that it is now rare to find a large tusk. Indian ivory is not so good in quality as that from Africa.

A TRAP FOR THE PRODUCER OF THE IVORY.

Much of the ivory used in Russia and other parts of Europe is found in northern Russia and Siberia, in the remains of prehistoric mammoths. Where the skeletons have been always frozen in the earth, the ivory is as good as the ordinary Indian product, but much of it has been injured by exposure to the weather. Tusks have been found which were more than 12 feet long and weighed upwards of 200 pounds.

The value of ivory rests mainly in its toughness, its elasticity, and its quality of taking a high polish. It is filled with millions of minute holes which give it an elasticity which no solid object could ever have. In effect ivory is the same substance as the dentine of the teeth, and it is unlike bone in having no channel for the passage of blood. The teeth or tusks of the narwhal, sperm whale, walrus, and hippopotamus are also used as ivory, but the quality is usually poor.

Great skill is required in buying tusks, for the external appearance is most often deceptive. The inside may be full of abscesses



AN EXPLORING PARTY BRINGING IVORY TO THE COAST FOR SHIPMENT.

and cracks, and sometimes the core is filled with pieces of stone and chunks of iron by the tricky natives and no less tricky dealers.

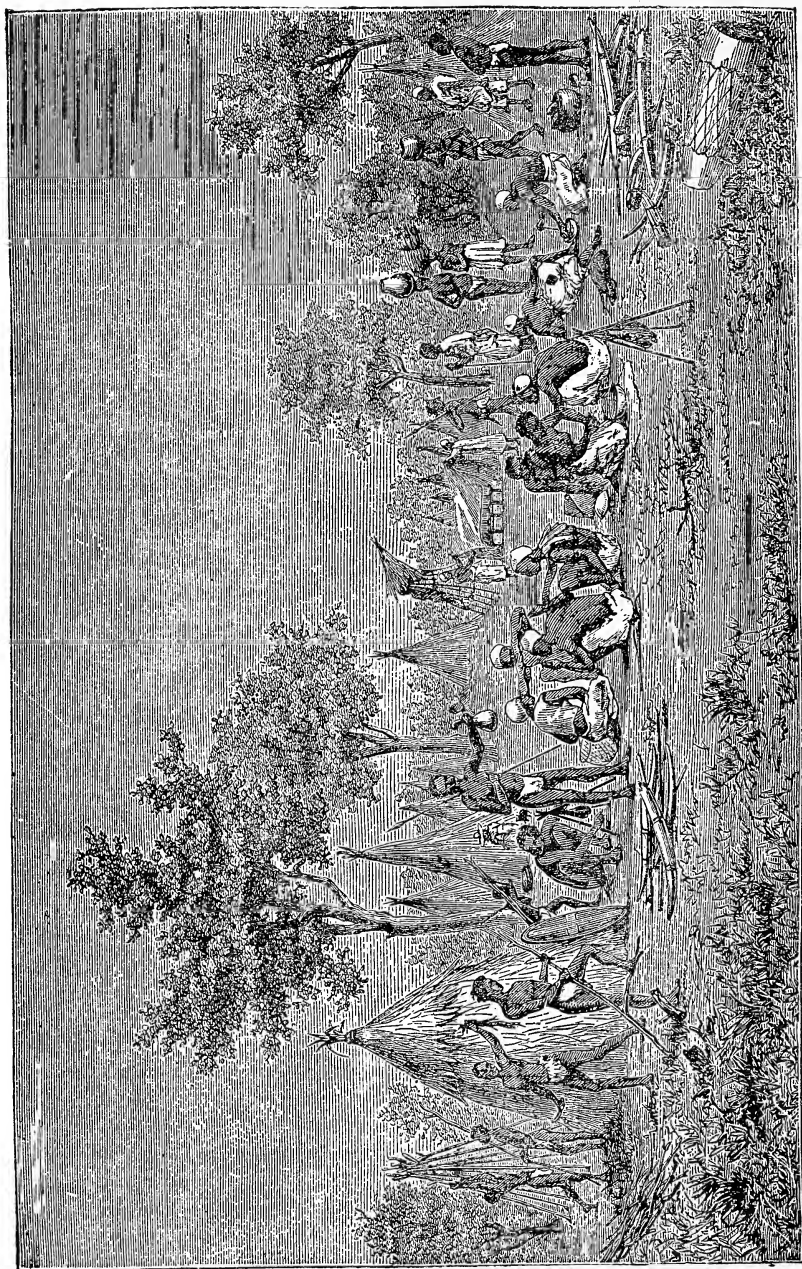
When at last the tusk reaches the manufacturer of billiard balls it is again examined very carefully for flaws, and even if the smallest crack is perceptible, the ivory is used for some other purpose. If the tusk is found to be perfect and of about the right size—a little larger in diameter than the ball is to be—it is sent out to the workroom. Here workmen measure the tusk into the proper distances to be cut into blocks. It is then sawed into lengths of two and a half to three inches, according to the size of balls to be made, and the turners take the blocks in hand.

In order to save the corners of the blocks the turner cuts a ring at each end and slowly deepens it until a rough ring drops off. This is subsequently finished into a martingale ring like those used on expensive harness. Two rings come from each billiard ball block. The remaining ivory is now almost round, and after a few more shavings are taken off it is laid aside to dry for about six months, for “green” ivory is rather soft, and there is always a likelihood of some shrinkage.

AN ADDITIONAL WEALTH IN ECONOMY.

When it has been seasoned it goes to the workman again, and with still more delicate chisels he pares it down smooth and exactly round, a task requiring much skill and care. Then the ball is roughly polished by means of an ingenious little machine, after which it is treated to a rubbing with chalk and chamois skin, and finally with plain, soft leather. It is now bright, shiny, and to one who doesn't know about such things, perfectly smooth. But a workman spends much time rubbing it with the palms of his hands, the best of all devices.

Every particle of sawdust and shavings from an ivory shop is scrupulously saved. By a wonderful process these are treated with chemicals, submitted to enormous hydraulic pressure, and molded into various small articles so perfect in every particular that only an expert can tell them from solid ivory. Worn-out billiard balls are cut into various small articles.



AN IVORY MERCHANT'S CAMP.

The carving of ivory is one of the oldest arts in the world. Excellent bas-reliefs and images are found in ancient ruins, and when they are affected by time and weather they are partially restored by boiling in gelatine. The most expert carvers are the Japanese and Chinese, who spend years on a single piece, making it exquisitely beautiful.

Many attempts have been made to produce artificial ivory, but thus far they have not been very successful, the elephant still retaining a monopoly of the business. Ivory is growing more costly and more rare from year to year, and it is only a question of time when the sources of supply will fail.

Until a few years ago London and Liverpool were the two great ivory markets of the world, but they have been outstripped of late by Antwerp. This is on account of the development of the trade in the Congo Free State, which is a colony of Belgium.

THE FUTURE OF THE IVORY TRADE.

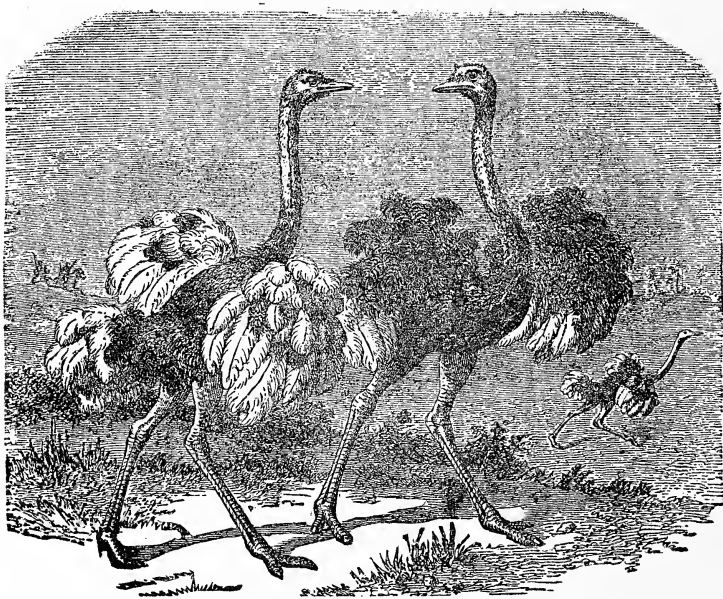
The stock offered in Antwerp for sale is remarkable not only for the great number of tusks, but also for the enormous size of some of them. Among those sold lately was a pair weighing nearly 350 pounds. A few days before the opening of the market the tusks, all laid out and numbered in lots, are placed on public exhibition in some great hall, as represented in the accompanying illustration, and the buyers come here to select what they want and bid for them.

The world's consumption of ivory is very large. The annual average quantity used is about 1,500,000 pounds. Taking into consideration the fact that in the wholesale markets such as Antwerp and London ivory costs on an average \$1.75 a pound, an idea may be had of its importance in commerce.

Unfortunately the future of this trade, which has caused streams of blood, is seriously threatened. The constant war waged upon the elephant on account of his ivory is bringing him nearer and nearer to extinction. The Congo Free State has occupied itself earnestly with this question, and has officially established a closed season and limited conditions, during which elephant-hunting is

absolutely forbidden. It is also proposed to establish elephant farms in the Congo State, as has been done by the English with ostriches in South Africa.

When the demands of fashion for plumes and the careless slaughter of the great birds began to threaten the extermination of the ostrich, clever men in South Africa decided to domesticate the valuable producers of the big feathers, and raise them more carefully, for profit. So it was that a new industry was created. Eggs were obtained and hatched, the young birds carefully reared, and though the first experiments were carried on at a loss, it was



THE OSTRICH OF SOUTH AFRICA.

not long before the milliners of the whole world were drawing their supply of plumes from the ostrich farms of Cape Colony and Natal. The trade now has reached such proportions that in a single year ostrich feathers to the value of more than \$3,000,000 have been exported from South Africa.

CHAPTER XI.

THREE LIONS WITH THREE BULLETS—WILDEBEEST OR GNU WAS ROOSEVELT'S FIRST VICTIM—SON'S EXPEDITION WITHOUT FATHER—SMALLPOX BREAKS OUT IN THE CAMP—HUNT DELAYED BY MISSING BAGGAGE.

YEARNING of years at last was on the verge of satisfaction. Theodore Roosevelt was where, in all the world, he most desired to be—in the heart of Africa, surrounded by the most majestic game the earth affords.

The first night of the Roosevelt expedition under canvas in Africa was spent in the elaborate camp set up for the party near the railroad station at Kapiti Plains. It was without incident save that the plains resounded with the night roaring of an unfenced Zoo.

No decision yet had been reached as to when the expedition would leave. Some of the baggage sent by the Smithsonian Institute was left behind at Mombasa, and this fact threatened to cause a delay in the start of the shooting trips of two or three days. It was rumored that the baggage in question was stolen on board the steamer Admiral, but these statements were eventually proven without foundation.

Col. Roosevelt, who arose the next morning in splendid spirits, forbore all the members of his expedition to give out any information regarding the future plans or movements of the party.

He was much annoyed to receive word that the Mombasa Standard has published a violently worded attack upon Mr. F. J. Jackson, the Acting Governor of the protectorate, and Col. Roosevelt, for allowing only representatives of American newspapers to accompany the Roosevelt special train from Mombasa to Kapiti Plains.

This attack was copied by the Nairobi newspapers, and it is said that the imperial government asked an explanation from the

local authorities of this exclusion of English newspaper men. An exception was made in the case of the representative of an English news agency, who was allowed to accompany the special.

Col. Roosevelt spent part of the afternoon sorting his kit, while Kermit and several of the men went to try their luck with the rifles. An old settler, who seemed to take a liking to Kermit, offered to show him a likely place for good sport. They succeeded in bringing down one buck.

If ever there was a happy boy on earth, it was when the native bearers brought in Kermit's booty and laid it at the feet of the former President, whose face beamed with pleasure at his son's luck and skill with the rifle.

Col. Roosevelt's first hunt was favored by fine weather, and he enjoyed the experience immensely. He bagged two wildebeests and a Thompson's gazelle.

THE STRANGE WILDEBEESTS.

The wildebeests, of which Col. Roosevelt killed two, are generally known as the gnu, the Hottentot name. This animal is of a sub-family of antelopes and resembles a "horned horse." The mane and tail are like a horse's. The legs are slender as those of the gazelle.

These animals, when captured young, may be tamed, but if caught at a mature age, they behave like mad in captivity. When chased on horseback they often give the pursuer a lively time on account of their endurance and great speed. The young are playful and will circle around a caravan for hours showing a marked curiosity in everything the traveler is doing.

The flesh of the gnu is palatable and the horns are made into knife handles and other articles.

The gnu is about the size of a full-grown donkey. The neck and tail strikingly resemble those of a small horse, and its pace, which is a species of light gallop, is so perfectly similar, that a herd of gnus, when seen at a distance scampering over the plains, might be easily mistaken for a troop of wild horses, but for their dark and uniform color.

They live in large herds on the great plains. When first alarmed, like a restive horse, tossing their heads and tails, and butting at the mole-hills, or any other object that might be in their way; but immediately after, off they start, traversing the ground with a speed which soon carries them beyond the reach of danger. They do not run in a confused crowd, like sheep or oxen, but in single file, following the leader, and exhibiting an agreeable regularity as they bound over the plains.

"When hunted they will turn upon the hunter, and pursue him, dropping on their knees before making an attack, and then darting forward with amazing alacrity and force.

WONDERFUL ANTIPATHY TO SCARLET.

"In common with the ox and buffalo," says Captain Harris, "the gnu has an unconquerable aversion to scarlet—pawing the earth and becoming perfectly furious on the sudden display of that color. In situations where these whimsical animals had been rendered more than usually wild by the incessant persecutions of the border colonists, I frequently found it requisite, in order to allure the herd within range, to hoist a red pocket handkerchief upon the muzzle of my rifle.

"This exhibition invariably produced the most violent tumult and excitement, and caused the whole troop to charge past in single file—'with mane erect and blazing eye'—following their leader, flinging out their taper heels, whisking their streaming tails, butting with their horns in so menacing a manner, and displaying emotions of such violent frenzy, that I was fain to strike my colors and have recourse to my weapons—when they instantly whirled and pranced confidently round at a safer distance, headed by their swarthy chief."

It was by means of this exhibition of scarlet, the scent of which Mr. Selous revealed to the American, that Col. Roosevelt's first game in Africa was enticed within reach of his death-dealing rifle.

While game was plentiful on the plain, it was exceedingly wise and wary. The fame of the Colonel seemed almost to have reached the animal kingdom, for no sooner did he appear, rifle in

hand, than every living creature seemed to vanish as if by magic. Then it was that Selous's trained eye detected the presence of a pair of wildebeests.

But they, too, were wary.

A moment later, however, a red handkerchief was floating from the muzzle of the Ex-President's gun.

The infuriated beasts made a dash for the obnoxious scarlet! Crack!

One stumbled and went down to death. Its now even more than ever infuriated mate plunged on straight for the daring hunter.

He reserved his fire till the last possible moment and then pulled the trigger.

A double kill was the result, and the Colonel smiled while the native bearers clapped their hands in glee that the great hunter from across the seas had not been lacking in coolness and aim in his first encounter on African soil.

A GRIEVOUS DISAPPOINTMENT.

In one respect Col. Roosevelt was somewhat disappointed as he had been anxious to secure a Grant's gazelle, whose massive horns are much sought after for trophies.

The hunt lasted several hours, and all the members of the party were tired out when they returned to camp.

The Thompson gazelle which Col. Roosevelt shot and the Grant's gazelle which he failed to get, are members of a large family. The gazelle is one of the most graceful animals known. Its eyes are large and liquid and the poets of the East always likened the eyes of their lady loves to them. The animal is often hunted with greyhounds and falcons.

When hunted with dogs alone the gazelle easily outstrips the pursuit running swiftly and making tremendous leaps over obstacles ten feet high without apparent exertion. When a falcon is used the bird will rise high in the air and swoop down on its quarry, fixing its talons near the long, lyre-shaped horns and harass the animal till the hounds come up.

There are many species of the gazelle, ranging from three feet

in height to five and six feet. The springbok is one of the largest species, and it is known to make vertical jumps in the air with its legs folded.

Considerable anxiety was felt because smallpox was prevalent at Nairobi, and two cases developed among the porters at Kapiti. These were quarantined and the strictest precautions observed to prevent a spread of the disease among those attached to the Roosevelt party. The danger of this was at first considered slight, but later several of the bearers were attacked.

Pleased with even the small measure of success of their expedition on the plains, the Ex-President and his party the next day broke camp and continued their journey to the ranch of Sir Alfred Pease, on the Athi river.

The rain was falling heavily when they arrived, this giving fine promise of good sport. As the torrential downpour continued, the party spent the next day indoors resting from the fatigue inseparable from the first hunting trip. Seasoned sportsman though he was, the former President had not yet gotten hardened as he was destined to get within the next few weeks.

FATHER AND SON HUNT TOGETHER.

The next day Col. Roosevelt and his son Kermit had sufficiently recovered from the fatigue connected with their first shooting trips and their journey from Kapiti Plains station to the ranch of Sir Alfred Pease, on the Athi river, to go out shooting for small game.

They were successful in bringing down a Grant's gazelle and a hartebeest.

The Ex-President was especially pleased by his success in bagging the Grant's gazelle, which he had failed to secure on the first expedition.

Now they were in the very heart of the game country, where "small game" especially was very plentiful and all were correspondingly elated. Col. Roosevelt and Kermit were fully recovered from their indisposition, and the Colonel was astir early, anxious to get a shot at something and complete preparations for pushing on. Both Loring and Heller, however, were showing the strain of pre-

paration and of the climate change. Their indisposition was not serious.

The Colonel shot a couple of bucks during the day, but they were not particularly good specimens. However, he got real satisfaction from hearing lions roaring all through the night, a promise of better sport to come, and he did not chafe at the enforced delay as much as might be expected from a man of his temperament.

The fact that all hands must be fully acclimatized was being more and more impressed on everyone, as only in that manner could their arduous program be carried out.

ANTICIPATIONS TO SOON REACH FULFILMENT.

But the intrepid Roosevelt could not long remain inactive. Hardly waiting for the first effect of the African lassitude to wear off, he was eagerly planning for the great feat over which he had dreamed for years.

He wanted to kill a lion!

None but the most majestic beast of the jungle would satisfy him.

To slay a lion he was determined, and his restless spirit could not brook delay, especially as he lay in bed and heard the deep booming roar of the king of beasts as it rang out on the air, night after night.

He was counselled to go slow and to test his aim first on game where a miss would be less disastrous, but to no avail.

"Now is as good as any time," he would reply. "Bring on your lions!"

Accordingly, the party soon was hurried into motion.

The caravan started early Thursday morning from the ranch of Sir Alfred Pease and proceeded slowly in the Mau Hills. This range is open for wide areas, but in places is covered with dense growths, where game is plentiful.

The first night in camp was without special incident, no attempt being made to go after lions, although their call was heard now and then during the course of the night, but at dawn the camp was astir, and the drive speedily organized.

The native beaters set out in all directions under the instruction of the "headman," armed with all sorts of noise-making devices, which could not but arouse any game within earshot. Some of the beats proved blanks, but by nightfall no less than ten kinds of game had been bagged.

Kermit during the greater part of the day did more effective work with his camera than he did with his gun, he and the other members of the party allowing Col. Roosevelt the much-prized shots.

Mr. Selous accompanied the former President, who also was attended by the usual retinue of beaters. As a rule the beaters go into the jungle with considerable trepidation, but as Col. Roosevelt's reputation as a hunter had reached Africa long before he arrived in person, the beaters on this occasion were exceptionally enthusiastic. They seemed even eager to play a part in the first hunt of the distinguished American.

FIRST LION HUNT FULL OF THRILLS.

Col. Roosevelt's first lion hunt was full enough of thrills to last the average man a lifetime, yet it is doubtful if that dauntless hunter so much as turned a hair at his marvellous shot, which unquestionably saved the life of two members of his party.

After that one shot, his fame was as secure in Africa as it is in America.

The beaters had discovered three lions in the act of pulling down a buffalo, off on the edge of the open ground, where prairie and jungle meet.

Two of the men, one of them a native and the other a white employe of Sir Alfred Pease, Col. Roosevelt's host, stealthily advanced and strove to disconcert the animals and to drive them in the direction of the other members of the party.

Two of the lions, with that queer psychology so common in wild beasts, bounded off into the high grass, and temporarily, at least, evaded the sportsmen.

Not so the third and largest of the trio. With a bound and a roar he leaped for the now thoroughly terrified men. One instant he was in the air in a grand flying charge. The next—

"Crack!" spoke a rifle full in his face.

Limp in death the majestic beast crashed to earth and Col. Roosevelt's first shot at really big game in Africa had saved two lives.

The Ex-President's fondest ambition had been realized!

Scarcely had this magnificent beast fallen before the deadly aim of the American sportsman, now more than ever a hero among these simple children of nature than one of the beaters who had gone up the river-bed close by to get some water, came running back to say that a lion had been down to drink at one of the shallow sand wells. Col. Roosevelt started at once with two trackers, telling his pony-boy to follow on as soon as he could get the pony saddled. When tracking, he had been advised always to have the pony led some distance behind. The boy ought to have no difficulty in following the tracks of two or three men and a lion, and if the pony is kept close up, it is sure to stamp or blow its nose at the critical moment.

A TIRESOME JOURNEY FOLLOWING A LION.

When they got to the well there was the spoor plain enough in the sand, but rather blurred by some rain which had fallen at day-break. This made the tracking a little difficult after they left the river-bed, but when they had followed it slowly for some distance, they came to a place where the lion had lain down under a thick bush, evidently to shelter from the rain, as the spoor after this was quite distinct on the top of the damp ground.

This made the party think they were in for a short track, for it must have been light when the lion went on again, and lions generally lie up shortly after the sun rises; but this day proved an exception, because it was cloudy and cool through the forenoon.

The spoor now led along a sandy path, where they could follow it as fast as they could walk. When it turned off into the bush, all quite expected to see the lion at any moment; but not a bit of it—he wandered about through endless clumps of mimosa and "irgin" bushes, as if he did not mean to lie up at all.

The track at last led down a little sandy watercourse, which it

followed for some distance. Up to this time the trackers had had no real difficulty in making it out, but now came the first serious check.

The nullah turned off along the side of a stony ridge, and, instead of going along it, the lion had turned up the hill. The party had got the general direction that the lion had been going in, but this was no good, as on casting forward in the same line to the bottom of the other side of the ridge where there was some sandy ground, they could find no sign of his having passed in that direction.

Nonplussed the party halted for a few minutes, but Col. Roosevelt, having tasted blood, could not long restrain his impatience.

"Another lion," he was heard to mutter, "won't that be a grand climax for the day's hunt?"

A MOMENT OF IMPATIENCE.

Impatiently he strode back and forth while the trackers spent some time hunting about, growing less hopeful as time went on. A man following a trail by sight certainly has an enormous advantage over a hound hunting it by nose, because time is of no particular object to him, and every direction can be tried in turn. After making out east forward they went back to the little watercourse, and followed that down for some distance, hoping that the lion had turned down hill again; but here, too, they were disappointed, and gravitated back to where they had first lost the spoor. The trackers knew that the lion had not gone straight on, nor had he turned back; he must have gone along the top of the ridge and then crossed into other stony hills where it was hopeless to try to track him.

In the meantime Selous, with half a dozen beaters, came up. On hearing of what had been done, Selous, who is never defeated, said there was a big river-bed further on in the direction in which the lion was going. It seemed a very slender chance, as he might have turned off anywhere in between, but it was the only one, so off all went.

They were evidently in luck that day, for they had only gone about a quarter of a mile when the trackers struck the spoor. The lion seemed now to have made up his mind as to his direction, for

he kept on straight down the middle of the river-bed. The sun had come out from behind the clouds, and in places the sand was very deep, so that the American was not sorry when at last the track led into a little island of bush in the great flat sand.

There was no doubt the lion was at home, for on casting round no sign was perceptible of a track coming out. The island, raised a little above the river-bed, was formed of a mass of thick-tangled bush and creepers clustered round a few big trees. The water coming down the river after heavy rain had washed it roughly into the form of a triangle, the apex of which pointed up the river. From this point the sides widened out to the other end, which was about thirty yards broad, the whole length being somewhat under a hundred yards.

Now, more than ever, the Ex-President's impetuous temperament asserted itself, but Selous, the veteran huntsman, who had slain scores of lions, counselled caution.

A DANGEROUS AND TRYING SITUATION.

Accordingly he posted Col. Roosevelt on a spit of land opposite the point of the island, while the beaters began to rain stones from the other side.

At the first stone there was a growl and a crash in the bushes and then, for a minute or two, not a sound. The men started to walk down, one on each side, shooting and throwing in stones. Col. Roosevelt was watching them, and wondering what had happened to the lion, when there was a faint crackling just in front, and he appeared at the point of the island. Although the Colonel was standing within a few yards of him, and absolutely in the open, he did not see him.

He was facing straight towards Selous and the Ex-President, and was so close that the Colonel did not like to fire at him as, on receiving the bullet, he would be very likely to plunge in the direction he was going and be upon them; nor did he want him to come any closer; so, as he stepped down on the sand, he moved his rifle up towards the shoulder to attract his attention. He saw the move-

ment at once, stopped dead and turned his head sharply towards the huntsman.

With an angry snarl he made one bound in the direction of the American. He was so close that the dauntless hunter could almost feel the beast's fetid breath in his face.

But that bound was his last.

One shot from the rifle of the former President laid him low. The bullet caught him straight in the heart while he was at the highest point of his leap and the great body of the tawny brute crashed to earth to rise no more.

Coolly adjusting his glasses the Colonel strode over to where the giant form lay stretched. Then with a smile he turned to Selous:

"That's a fine one, eh, Selous?" he said.

"And magnificently shot, too," rejoined the Englishman with a zest in which the native beaters joined.

Another gazelle next fell prey to the Ex-President's unerring aim, but he merely glanced at the carcass before he remarked:

"I think I prefer lions for targets. Let's find another one."

COLONEL ROOSEVELT GETS A THIRD LION.

And find another one they did. The encounter was scarcely less dramatic and dangerous than the other two, and once again did the American's aim prove so true that but one bullet was necessary to end its life.

Once again did Col. Roosevelt prove his prowess, but this time, instead of standing and letting the beast do the charging, Roosevelt himself, his eyes snapping with surprised excitement, but otherwise as cool as he had been on another memorable morning when he led his troops in the face of the Spanish fire, advanced upon a raging lion, angry at having been roused from its morning nap.

One of the excited bearers fired first at the beast, but missed. The terrified bearer then made a wild dash to get under Col. Roosevelt's protection, but the lion was close upon him when the former President rushed to meet him.

He was almost too late!

The animal was crouching for that last spring which, had it

been consummated, would have snuffed out the life of the helpless native like a candle.

But that leap it never was to take!

The former President was advancing along a line at an acute angle to the beast's path, but on the animal's right, so that his heart could not be reached. His head, too, was down in the tall grass, thus destroying any chance for an accurate aim.

And that shot *must* be accurate or a man's life would pay the forfeit.

With that quick decision for which he is famous, Roosevelt threw his rifle to his shoulder and, aiming at the only other vulnerable spot, the spine, split it with one ball.

The beater's life was saved.

Most marvellous of all, the shot that killed Col. Roosevelt's third lion was made while the Ex-President was on a run.

Small wonder that the natives called him The Lion Slayer.

CHAPTER XII.

COL. ROOSEVELT A REMARKABLE HUNTER—ALL RECORDS BROKEN—BAGS A BULL RHINOCEROS—SHOOTS A GIRAFFE IN THE NECK AT 400 YARDS—COL. ROOSEVELT KILLS HIS FIRST ELEPHANT—BAGS A LEOPARD AND CAPTURES THE LEOPARD'S CUBS ALIVE—ARRIVES AT THE JU JA RANCH—COL. ROOSEVELT DELIGHTED.

COL. ROOSEVELT'S hunting in Africa and his expedition has been successful enough to satisfy the most exacting of men. Not only has he broken the record for the number of lions killed by one man, but he has secured giraffes, elephants, rhinoceroses, buffalos, hippopotami and leopard as well, to say nothing of a number of less important game. His first ten days' hunting yielded twenty-seven head of big game of many different species.

When not occupied in searching for specimens or writing he spends his time practicing shooting. When particularly delighted with the result of his day's hunting he spends the evening at the camp-fire, pointing out how Africa could be made a great country.

Col. Roosevelt undoubtedly owes his life to his courage and unerring aim, which combination brought death to a huge bull rhinoceros near Machakos.

Charged by a huge rhinoceros, Theodore Roosevelt, Ex-President of the United States, raised his rifle and waited.

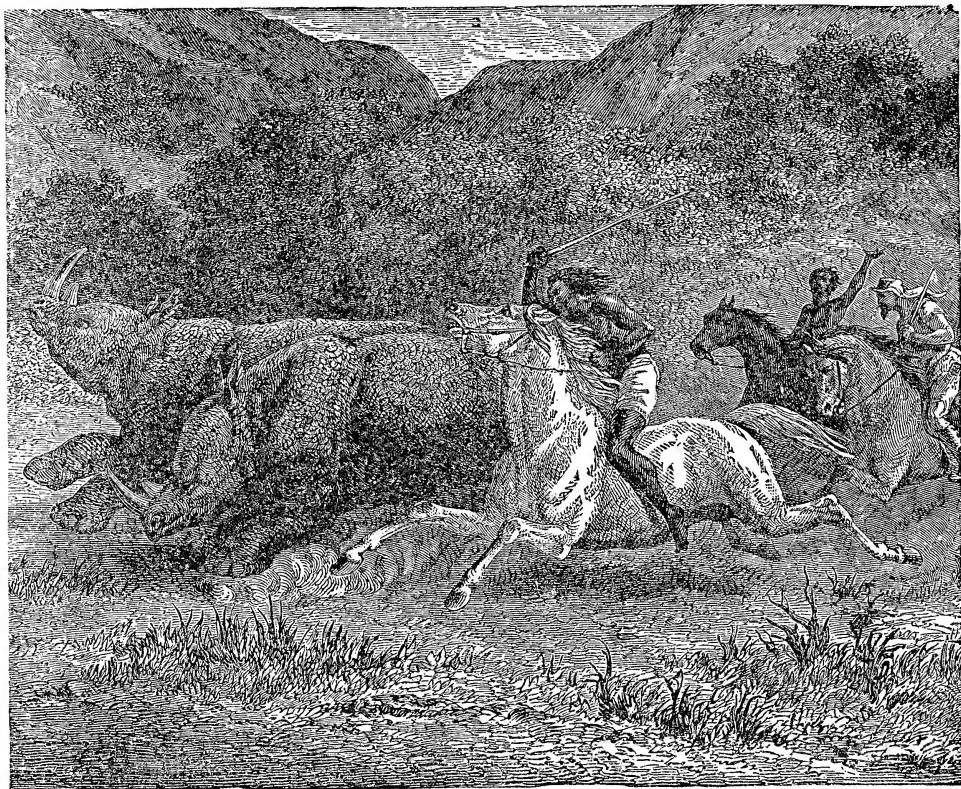
On came the maddened beast, crashing through the reeds, his ugly horned head bent low, the impact of his powerful feet making the earth tremble.

He was forty paces distant, his squeal was heard above the snapping of the brush; he was thirty paces away and his blood-shot eyes glistened like rubies; twenty paces between the hunter and the bulky monster, whose hot breath raised the temperature, even in that torrid climate; fourteen paces to go and no downs. Then—

Theodore Roosevelt glanced casually along the barrel of his deadly rifle. Crack! A single shot and the ferocious and dreadful rhinoceros of the jungle hesitated, rocked and pitched forward on his knees, dead.

The bullet was fatal, but so fierce was the rush of the giant rhinoceros that it plunged almost to the feet of the Colonel.

The rhinoceros, the first that the party had bagged, was



A DESPERATE RACE WITH RHINOCERT.

encountered unexpectedly while making a short sortie from the camp near Machakos, some fifty miles south of Nairobi.

The native beaters had made a wide detour movement, and a returning signal soon told the hunters to be on the alert. Within a few moments the stalked animal gave its own warning, and, with furious snorts, it broke through the underbrush electrifying the Colonel, who expected to meet his sixth lion.

The bull came into the clearing at a point about two hundred yards from Col. Roosevelt, and immediately charged upon the party. Realizing the danger that beset "Bwana 'Tumbo," others in the party were on the point of firing, but Col. Roosevelt held them in check while he stepped immediately in the path of the oncoming infuriated beast. With wonderful coolness, such as no American hunter ever exceeded, Col. Roosevelt took deliberate aim and fired. A second shot would have been impossible, but a second shot was not necessary, as the first had pierced the animal's brain.

When the rhinoceros tumbled over Col. Roosevelt enjoyed the keenest moment of pleasure that he has had in Africa. The fact that he had saved his life did not seem to appeal to him half as much as the fact that he had added a rhinoceros to his collection and under conditions that any hunter in the world might well have envied.

ROOSEVELT CONGRATULATED FOR HIS SKILL.

Col. Roosevelt was warmly congratulated for his coolness and skill, and when the natives returned and saw the huge beast dead they were more certain than ever that their title of Bwana 'Tumbo had not been misapplied.

The rhinoceros made the forty-fifth animal that has been killed by Col. Roosevelt and his son Kermit. The kill represents fifteen varieties, an unsurpassed record for the time that the party has been in the field.

The rhinoceros which was of unusual size, will undoubtedly make one of the most prized items in Col. Roosevelt's collection.

All the species of rhinoceros are very quick in their temper, and liable to flash out into anger without any provocation whatever. During these fits of rage they are dangerous neighbors, and are apt to attack any moving object that may be within their reach. In one well-known instance, where a rhinoceros made a sudden dash upon a number of picketed horses, and killed many of them by the strokes of his horn, the animal had probably been irritated by some unknown cause, and wreaked his vengeance on the nearest victims.

The rhinoceros is always vicious, and, like the elephant, the buffalo, and many other animals, will conceal himself in some

thicket, and thence dash out upon any moving object that may approach his retreat.

Sometimes the rhinoceros will commence a series of most extraordinary antics, and seeming to have a spite against some particular bush, will rip it with his horn, trample it with his feet,



RHINOCEROS ATTACKING A HORSE.

roaring and grunting all the while, and will never cease until he has cut it into shreds and levelled it to the ground. He will also push the point of his horn into the earth, and career along, ploughing up the ground as if a furrow had been cut by some agricultural implement. In such case it seems that the animal is not laboring

under a fit of rage, as might be supposed, but is merely exulting in his strength, and giving vent to the exuberance of health and violent physical exertion.

The rhinoceros is a good aquatic, and will voluntarily swim for considerable distances. It is very fond of haunting the river-banks and wallowing in the mud, so as to case itself with a thick coat of that substance, in order to shield itself from the mosquitoes and other mordant insects which cluster about the tender places, and drive the animal, thick-skinned though it may be, half-mad with their constant and painful bites.

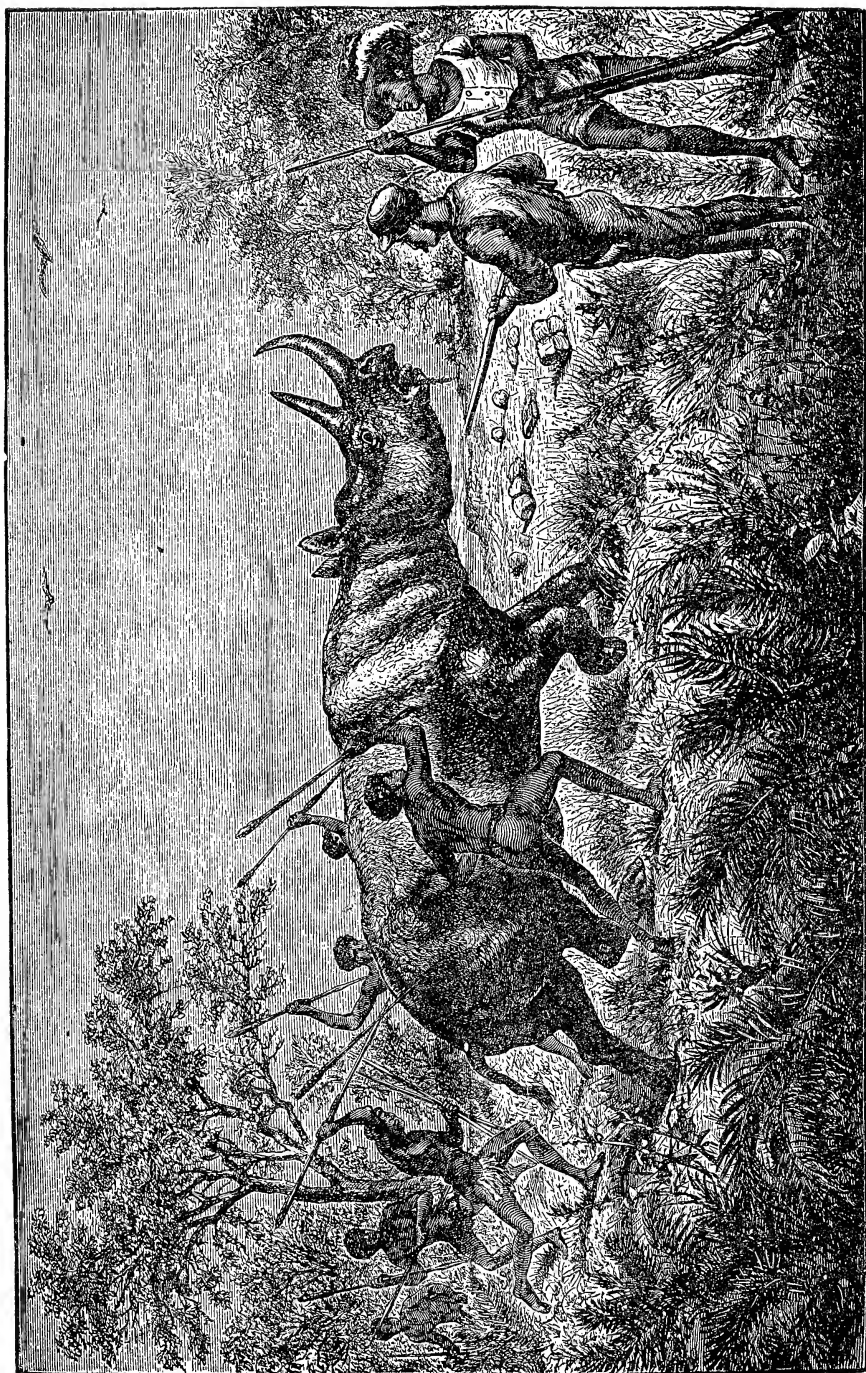
The skin of the rhinoceros is of very great thickness and strength, bidding defiance to ordinary bullets, and forcing the hunter to provide himself with balls which have been hardened with tin or solder. The extreme strength of the skin is well known to the African natives, who manufacture it into shields and set a high value on these weapons of defense.

A REMARKABLE SHOT.

That Col. Roosevelt has a keen eye and is a remarkable shot will be shown by the fact that he shot a giraffe dead, with a bullet through the neck, at a distance of 400 yards. This feat he performed, incidental to bagging another giraffe.

Wherefore the former President was proclaimed the most famous shot who ever hunted in East Africa, his feat being the more remarkable because the giraffe he shot at 400 yards was in full gallop when he pulled the trigger. "Bwana 'Tumbo" made this record while hunting with his son and five porters a few miles south of Machakos.

The buffalo shot by former President Roosevelt was one of the typical and common South African species, which was equal in size to the Indian or Water Buffalo, the largest of which stand six feet high at the withers and has a spread of horns sometimes exceeding six feet. The South African type has a bluish-black hide, in old age almost completely hairless. Like the buffalo of the American plains the African species has upward-curving horns, but with a greater



THE END OF THE CHASE WITH A WOUNDED RHINOCEROS.

sweep. It lacks the shoulder hump which is characteristic of the American bison or buffalo.

The African buffalo are justly regarded as exceedingly dangerous by sportsmen. When wounded they will charge with extreme speed and ferocity.

During the hunt Col. Roosevelt shot a leopard, capturing the leopard's cubs alive.

This animal is one of the most graceful of the graceful tribe of cats, and, although far less in dimensions than the tiger, challenges competition with that animal in the beautiful markings of its fur, and the easy elegance of its movements. It is possessed of an accomplishment which is not within the powers of the lion or tiger, being able to climb trees with singular agility, and even to chase the tree-loving animals among their familiar haunts.

A GRACEFUL ANIMAL.

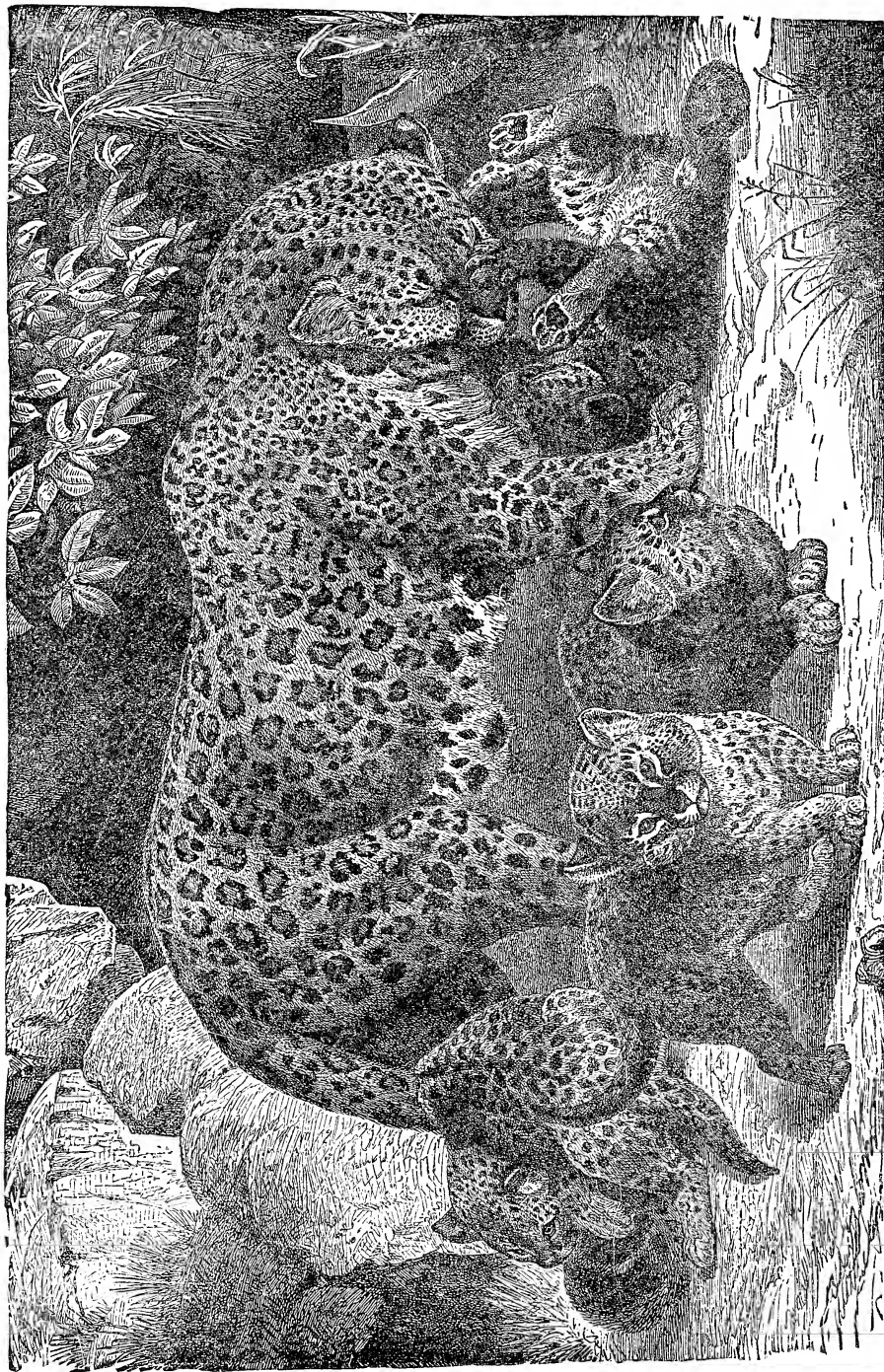
In Africa the leopard is well known and much dreaded, for it possesses a most crafty brain, as well as an agile body and sharp teeth and claws. It commits sad depredations on flocks and herds, and has sufficient foresight to lay up a little stock of provisions for a future day.

When attacked it will generally endeavor to slink away, and to escape the observation of its pursuers; but if it is wounded, and finds no mode of eluding its foes it becomes furious, and charges at them with such determinate rage, that unless it falls a victim to a well-aimed shot, it may do fearful damage before it yields up its life.

Col. Roosevelt and party started out early one morning along the wooded shores and swamps in search of hippopotami.

They occasionally saw the uncouth head of a hippopotamus protrude from the water, and the Colonel decided to shoot one, hitting it behind the ear, which is a vulnerable spot, and it spun around in a huge circle like a great top, emitting horrifying sounds, until it died, and the body floated on the water.

This enormous quadruped is a native of various parts of Africa, and is always found either in water or in its near vicinity.



AN AFRICAN LEOPARD WAS KILLED BY COLONEL ROOSEVELT AND THE CUBS CAPTURED ALIVE.

In absolute height it is not very remarkable, as its legs are extremely short, but the actual bulk of its body is very great indeed.

The average height of a full-grown hippopotamus is about five feet. Its naked skin is dark brown, curiously marked with innumerable lines like those on "crackle" china or old oil-paintings, and is also dappled with a number of sooty black spots, which cannot be seen except on a close inspection.

A vast number of pores penetrate the skin, and exude a thick, oily liquid, which effectually seems to protect the animal from the injurious effects of the water in which it is so constantly immersed. The mouth is enormous and its size is greatly increased by the odd manner in which the jaw is set in the head.

There are various modes of hunting the mischievous but valuable animals, each of which is in vogue in its own peculiar region.

DIFFICULT TO KILL THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

The white hunter of course employs his rifle and finds that the huge animal affords no easy mark, as unless it is hit in a mortal spot it dives below the surface and makes good its escape. Mortal spots, moreover, are not easy to find, or when found, to hit; for the animal soon gets cunning after it has been alarmed, and remains deeply immersed in the water as long as it is able, and when it at last comes to the surface to breathe, it only just pushes its nostrils above the surface, takes in the required amount of air, and sinks back again to the river bed.

News filtered into Nairobi from the Roosevelt camp of a thrilling adventure of Kermit Roosevelt. He was lost for a whole night in the wilds and wandered about until daylight when he stumbled on Kiu Station and soon got his bearings. Kermit had been hunting by himself considerably since the party went to Machakos, and was out in search of big game when he was surprised by sudden darkness, nightfall in this region coming without much preliminary twilight.

Kermit who was on horseback, turned in what he thought was the direction of the camp, but lost his direction, and wandered westward toward the Ferman boundary. He soon found himself in the



HIPPOPOTAMI AND YOUNG.

barren waste toward that line which is both unwatered and uninhabited. After riding slowly for a time he realized that he had lost his bearings and instinctively turned backward.

He rode very slowly for hours, taking the direction from his pocket compass and with the dawn located the Kiu Station. He was then 20 miles south of the Machakos camp and rode in just as an expedition was getting ready to go in search of him.

ROOSEVELT FOLLOWED A LION INTO A THICKET.

Theodore Roosevelt kills his first elephant. It was a big "tusker," and the former President picked it out of a herd of about a dozen. A baby elephant about two months old was roped and taken alive, and it was sent as a gift from Col. Roosevelt to the New York Zoological Gardens.

Col. Roosevelt, his son Kermit, and F. C. Selous had a narrow escape from the elephant which fell a prize. The men were out before daybreak for lions near Machakos, and there had been no report of elephants in the district. They wounded a lion returning to its lair, and the animal led them on a chase of several miles.

Selous advised against following the lion into a thicket, but Roosevelt went in, taking the lead, and at times moving on hands and knees, with his rifle stuck out in front of him. Selous insisted on following close behind Col. Roosevelt, Kermit bringing up the rear.

Col. Roosevelt reached a fringe of grass at an open spot, and instantly brought his rifle to his shoulder. Selous rose until he was almost standing upright, and saw that the former President was aiming at the leader in a herd of elephants.

His whispered command came just in time to keep Col. Roosevelt from firing at a range of about 20 feet. Selous insisted upon a retreat, and warned Col. Roosevelt that to fire on the herd would be to invite death in a charge.

Roosevelt reluctantly moved back along the trail, and followed Selous in a wide detour. The Englishman had marked down the herd. He kept safely to leeward, and finally directed Roosevelt and Kermit to climb a tree. All three men went into the branches, and

were able to make out the backs of the elephants through the towering reeds. Roosevelt's elephant gun, firing explosive shells, was in the camp. Selous advised him in aiming and he sent half a dozen bullets into the "tusker."

The elephant charged the fire, and went down on its knees close to the tree. Then at a distance of about forty feet Roosevelt struck the heart, and it went over dead. The rest of the herd tore wildly through the thicket in retreat. Kermit trying several shots, but without effect. The baby elephant was captured an hour afterward by the natives in Roosevelt's caravan.

MOST INVISIBLE OF FOREST CREATURES.

The African elephant is spread over a very wide range of country, extending from Senegal and Abyssinia to the borders of the Cape Colony. Several conditions are required for its existence, such as water, dense forests, and the absence of human habitations.

Although it is very abundant in the locality which it inhabits, it is not often seen by casual travelers, owing to its great vigilance and its wonderful power of moving through the tangled forests without noise and without causing any perceptible agitation of the foliage.

In spite of its enormous dimensions, it is one of the most invisible of forest creatures, and a herd of elephants, of eight or nine feet in height, may stand within a few feet of a hunter without being detected by him, even though he is aware of their presence. At a certain season of the year these animals are seized with a ferocity which renders them intractable, and formidable.

Camp was broken the following day and Col. Roosevelt and his party began their march of fifty miles northeast to the Ju Ja ranch of William McMillan, a nephew of former United States Senator McMillan, of Michigan. The Roosevelt party was the guests of Mr. McMillan, hunting daily in the vicinity of the ranch.

Years ago Mr. McMillan went to British East Africa in search of big game and was so well pleased with the country that he acquired an immense reservation for his private use. He has also

led exploring expeditions that accomplished work of considerable importance.

Mr. and Mrs. McMillan have a wide reputation for generous hospitality. She has shared life in Africa with her husband and delights in the experience.

The McMillan farm gets its name from the Ju and Ja rivers, between which it lies. It covers 20,000 acres of land, and is about thirty-five miles from Nairobi, one of the largest towns of the plateau which is included in the British East Africa. It is fenced in on three sides by wire netting, while on the fourth the river Athi forms a sufficient protection to its boundaries.

Theodore Roosevelt and his son Kermit had good hunting luck on the ranch. Their bag included a waterbuck, an impalla and other varieties of antelope. All the skins were saved entire, and the expedition had now a total of sixty specimens representing twenty different species.

KERMIT KILLS A LEOPARD AT SIX PACES.

Kermit Roosevelt, while on a trip, despatched a leopard at a distance of six paces. The animal already had mauled a beater and was charging Kermit when he fired the fatal shot.

The impalla, or, as more commonly called, palla, is a species of South African antelope also known as a rodebok. It is the principal food for lions and leopards, and being of a suspicious nature, it is not only hard to shoot, but is likely to alarm other game by its shrill whistle when discovered. Only the male impalla has horns.

At the ranch the Roosevelt party had heard stories of a fierce black maned lion that had been prowling around the ranch for several weeks, and had killed a score or more of zebras. Col. Roosevelt was particularly anxious to get a shot at this lion, as it was of a species not included in the lions that he has already killed.

The Colonel spent two days in a futile chase of a black maned lion in the Mau hili country, but it was no such animal as the party desired. The entire party was in high spirits and confident of a record breaking hunt later on.

Roosevelt started early one morning on the most hazardous

hunt of his trip. He and Kermit and their party left the ranch to bag another hippopotamus. On the way to the lair of the "hippo" Col. Roosevelt and Kermit shot two bull buffaloes and a python. One, the biggest of the two, was brought down by Col. Roosevelt alone, while the other was bagged by Col. Roosevelt and Kermit together.

The python killed by Col. Roosevelt the preceding day was the largest taken in British East Africa in many years. The former President and F. C. Selous, his guide, stumbled across the python at the edge of a swamp, where it was quietly making a meal of an antelope, horns and all.

Roosevelt was more excited over the killing of the serpent, measuring twenty-three feet, than over his first lion, although there was slight danger to himself. The bullet that killed, however, was one back from the head, which cut a vertebra. Roosevelt assisted Selous and a band of natives in skinning the python on the spot.

THE ROOSEVELT PARTY AT NAIROBI.

All the members of the Roosevelt party came into Nairobi at 4 o'clock in the afternoon from the Heatley ranch. They were in splendid health. In the last hunting Col. Roosevelt bagged another buffalo, and a bull wildebeest fell before the rifle of his son Kermit.

The naturalists of the expedition had collected two pythons and four hundred odd birds and animals. They were especially delighted with some unexpected specimens.

The Spanish-American War, in which Col. Theodore Roosevelt played a stellar role, was vividly recalled to him by the display of a flag captured by an American at the naval battle of Santiago. The owner had since settled in British East Africa, and had added his prized relic to the wealth of decorations that had been put out in honor of Col. Roosevelt's return.

The reception to Col. Roosevelt in the evening was the heartiest ever if not the most elaborate that he had encountered since leaving New York. The whole town was decorated with flags and bunting, the display being many times more elaborate than that which greeted him upon his first coming to the town.

During Col. Roosevelt's stay in Nairobi a number of affairs

had been planned in his honor, but which was abandoned, owing to his expressed desire to spend the time as quietly as possible in order to do a little writing.

The special train bearing Ex-President Roosevelt and party arrived at Kijabe in the afternoon. All the porters of the expedition, who had preceded Col. Roosevelt to this point, were lined up on the station platform and cheered Col. Roosevelt when the train pulled in. The journey of forty-four miles occupied four days.

ROOSEVELT RODE ON A LOCOMOTIVE COWCATCHER.

Col. Roosevelt rode half the distance on the locomotive cowcatcher with Major Mearns. They perched themselves on the engine's front at Kikuyu and stayed there until the train reached Escarpment, a distance of twenty-two miles. A hyena that got on the track was nearly run down.

The scenery along the road delighted Col. Roosevelt, especially the Rift Valley. The country between Nairobi and Kijabe is for the most part thickly wooded and high.

The highest point of the Kikuyu escarpment is 7,830 feet. From this point there is a magnificent view down 2,000 feet into the great Rift Valley. Elephants are plentiful in these forests, but are fairly safe from the hunter, as the thickness of the growth renders pursuit very difficult.

The American missionaries, whose field and work the Ex-President has come to look over, were at the station, too. They invited him to dinner, but the invitation was declined.

The party slept in tents pitched near the railway. The following day Col. Roosevelt visited the mission at Kijabe, an American organization called the African Inland Mission. It is independent and self-controlling in the field, although represented by home councils in Philadelphia and London. The headquarters are at Kijabe, where schools are conducted for missionaries' children and for the industrial training of natives.

Col. Roosevelt spent some time shooting monkeys, particularly the colobus. Edmund Heller bagged three of the colobus species and a green-faced monkey, and Kermit Roosevelt killed two large

specimens of the former. Major Mearns occupied his time in shooting birds.

While at the mission Ex-President Roosevelt made a thorough inspection of the institution, and afterward had luncheon with forty of the missionaries and their wives and settlers in the country. The Rev. Mr. Hurlburt, in a speech, welcomed the American.

In replying, Col. Roosevelt said: "I have a peculiar feeling for the settlers working in this new country, as they remind me of my own people working in the western States, where they know no difference between easterner, westerner, northerner, or southerner, and pay no heed to creed or birthplace."

Col. Roosevelt remained over night at the mission and started for the Sotik district the following day.

CHAPTER XIII.

AFRICA A WORLD OF SURPRISES AND WONDERS—JOURNEYS OF LIVINGSTONE—AN ANCESTRY OF STURDY SCOTCH QUALITIES—DAVID'S FACTORY LIFE—EAGER THIRST FOR KNOWLEDGE—TENDING THE LOOM, WITH ONE EYE ON HIS BOOK—A LOVER OF HEROIC DEEDS—RESOLVES TO BECOME A MEDICAL MISSIONARY IN CHINA—DEPARTURE FOR AFRICA—ENCOUNTERS WITH A FEROCIOUS LION—LIVINGSTONE'S NARROW ESCAPE—GORDON CUMMING'S DESCRIPTION OF THE NOBLE BEAST—A POWERFUL ANIMAL—BEAUTY OF THE LION—ROAR OF THE FOREST KING—FRIGHTFUL FEROCITY—REQUIREMENTS OF LION HUNTERS—BRAVE CHARACTER OF LIVINGSTONE.

A WORLD of surprises, of captivating wonders, opens before us as we approach the Continent of Africa. Before relating in detail the great achievements of Stanley, particularly his world-renowned achievement of finding Livingstone, who was lost and reported as having been murdered, it will be interesting to give a brief sketch of the life and travels of the celebrated explorer whom Stanley sought and found. The journeys of the sturdy Scotchman have a thrilling interest.

At a very early age David Livingstone gave sign of rising above his mates, gaining distinction in some honorable calling, and becoming an illustrious example of self-reliance and energy. When promoted at the age of nineteen to cotton-spinning, he took his books to the factory, and read by placing one of them on a portion of the spinning-jenny, so that he could catch sentence after sentence as he passed at his work. He was well paid, however, and having determined to prepare himself for becoming a medical missionary abroad, was enabled, by working with his hands in summer, to support himself while attending medical and Greek classes in Glasgow in winter, as also the divinity lectures of Dr. Wardlaw. He was thus able to pass the required examinations, and was at length admitted a licentiate of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons.

Having been charged by the Directors of the London Missionary Society to carry on and extend the work of Moffat, Livingstone arrived in Cape Town in the summer of 1840, and, after a short rest, started for the interior by way of Algoa Bay. A journey of



DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

seven hundred miles, of which so far as we have been able to ascertain, no record has been published, brought him to Lattaku, then the furthest missionary station of South Africa. Here he remained only long enough to recruit his oxen before he pressed on northwards to that part of the country inhabited by the section of the Bechuana tribe known as the Bakwains.

Having satisfied himself of the existence of a promising field for missionary effort, he returned to the Kuruman station, rested there for three months, and then took up his quarters in the Bakwain country itself, at the present Litubaruba, at that time known as Lepelole.

Determined to neglect nothing which could in any way promote his success with the natives, Livingstone now cut himself off from all intercourse with Europeans for six months, devoting himself to acquiring an insight into the habits, ways of thinking, laws, and language of the Bechuanas, and in laying the foundations of a settlement by making a canal for irrigation purposes from a river near by.

A TIRESOME JOURNEY ON FOOT.

These preliminaries being well advanced, our hero paid a visit to the Bakaa, Bamangwato, and the Makalaka. The greater part of this trip was performed on foot, the draught oxen being ill, and some of the natives forming the escort observed in Livingstone's hearing, not knowing that he understood them—"He is not strong; he is quite slim, and only seems stout because he puts himself into those bags [trousers]; he will break down." Stung by these derogatory remarks on his appearance, Livingstone revenged himself by keeping the whole party at highest speed for several days, and was rewarded later by hearing them speak no more disrespectfully of his pedestrian powers.

Having, without knowing it, approached to within ten days' journey of Lake N'gami, afterwards discovered by him, our hero went back to Kuruman to bring his luggage to the site of his proposed settlement, but before he could do so, came the disappointing news that the Bakwains, with whom he had become friendly, had been driven from Lepelole by the Baralongs, rendering it impossible for him to carry out his original plan.

With the courage and energy which distinguished him from the first, Livingstone at once set about looking for some other site, and after a journey to Bamangwato, to restore to chief Sekomi several of his people who had come down with him to the Kuruman, and for whose safety he felt responsible, he selected the beautiful



DEATH-GRAPPLE WITH A FEROCIOUS LION.

valley of Mabotsa, the home of the Makatla branch of the Bechuana tribe, where he removed in 1843.

Here the chief difficulty to contend with at first was the number and ferocity of the lions, which not only leaped into the cattle pens of the village of Mabotsa at night, but sometimes attacked the herds in broad daylight. Expeditions sent out against the marauders returned without having achieved any success, and knowing that if but one of the troop of lions were killed the others would take alarm and leave the country. Livingstone determined himself to join a sortie against them.

THE FEROCITY OF THE LION OCCASIONS ALARM.

Great was the consternation of the natives, who firmly believed that a neighboring tribe had given them into the power of these merciless animals. Their attacks upon them were feeble and half-hearted, so that hitherto the lions had come off victors. Livingstone now came to their aid, and the cry was—

“Mount! mount for the hunting! the lion is near!
The cattle and herdsmen are quaking with fear.
Call the dogs! light the torches! away to the glen!
If needs be, we'll beard the fierce brute in its den.”

They discovered their game on a small tree-covered hill. The circle of hunters, at first loosely formed around the spot, gradually closed up, and became compact as they advanced towards it. Me-balwe, a native schoolmaster, who was with Livingstone, seeing one of the lions sitting on a piece of rock within the ring, fired but missed him, the ball striking the rock by the feet of the animal, which, biting first at the spot struck, bounded away, broke through the circle, and escaped, the natives not having the courage to stand close and spear him in the attempt, as they should have done.

The circle re-formed, having yet within it two other lions, at which the pieces could not be fired, lest some of the men on the opposite side should be hit. Again there was a bound and a roar, and yet again; and the natives scattered and fled, while the lions went forth free to continue their devastations.

But they did not seem to have retreated far, for as the party



WOUNDED LION TURNING ON LIVINGSTONE.

was going round the end of a hill on their way home to the village, there was one of the lordly brutes sitting quietly, as though he had purposely planted himself there to enjoy their defeat, and wish them "Good-day." It was but a little distance from Livingstone, who, raising his gun, fired both barrels. "He is shot! He is shot!" is the joyful cry, and the people are about to rush in; but their friend warns them, for he sees the tail raised in anger.

He is just in the act of ramming down his bullets for another fire, when he hears a shout of terror, and sees the lion in the act of springing on him. He is conscious only of a blow that makes him reel and fall to the ground; of two glaring eyes, and hot breath upon his face; a momentary anguish, as he is seized by the shoulder and shaken as a rat by a terrier; then comes a stupor, which was afterwards described as a sort of drowsiness, in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling or terror, although there was a perfect consciousness of all that was happening.

A DANGEROUS SITUATION.

Being thus conscious, as one in a trance might be, Livingstone knew that the lion had one paw on the back of his head, and turning round to relieve himself of the pressure, he saw the creature's eyes directed to Mebalwe, who, at a distance of ten or fifteen yards, was aiming his gun at him. It missed fire in both barrels, and immediately the native teacher was attacked by the brute and bitten in the thigh. Another man also, who attempted to spear the lion, was seized by the shoulder; but then the bullets which he had received took effect, and, with a quiver through all his huge frame, the cattle-lifter rolled over on his side dead.

All this occurred in a few moments; the death-blow had been inflicted by Livingstone before the lion sprang upon him in the blind fury of his dying efforts. No less than eleven of his teeth had penetrated the flesh of his assailant's arm, and crushed the bone; it was long ere the wound was healed, and all through life the intrepid missionary bore the marks of this deadly encounter, and felt its effects in the injured limb. The tartan jacket which he had on, wiped, as he believed, the virus from the lion's teeth, and so pre-

served him from much after-suffering, such as was experienced by the others who were bitten and had not this protection.

These ferocious beasts are a constant menace to travellers in some parts of Africa. Of course, if one goes out for the purpose of indulging in sport and shooting game, as former President Roosevelt did, he is not disconcerted when he meets the king of the forest in his native lairs. Cumming's account of his encounters with lions is so graphic and interesting that it is here inserted in connection with the thrilling story, already related, of Livingstone and the lion.

Mr. Cumming first describes the appearance and habits of the noble beast. This is the account of one of the world's most famous hunters, whose journeys in the Tropics in pursuit of adventure, have attracted universal attention, and have awakened the most eager interest. The dignified and truly monarchical appearance of the lion, says Mr. Cumming, has long rendered him famous among his fellow quadrupeds. There is something so noble and imposing in the presence of the lion, when seen walking with dignified self-possession, free and undaunted, on his native soil, that no description can convey an adequate idea of his striking appearance.

THE LION THE KING OF BEASTS.

The lion is exquisitely formed by nature for the predatory habits which he is destined to pursue. Combining in comparatively small compass the qualities of power and agility, he is enabled, by means of the tremendous machinery with which nature has gifted him easily to overcome and destroy almost every beast of the forest, however superior to him in weight and stature.

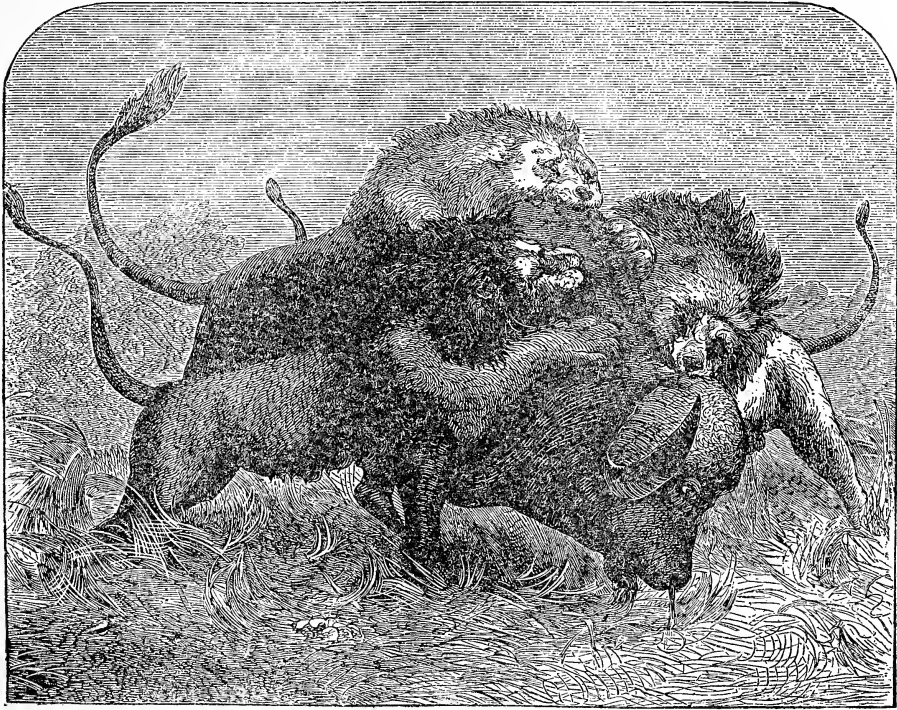
Though considerably under four feet in height, he has little difficulty in dashing to the ground and overcoming the lofty and apparently powerful giraffe, whose head towers above the trees of the forest, and whose skin is nearly an inch in thickness.

The lion is the constant attendant of the vast herds of buffaloes which frequent the interminable forests of the interior; and a full-grown one, so long as his teeth are unbroken, generally proves a match for an old bull buffalo, which in size and strength greatly surpasses the most powerful breed of American cattle; the lion also

preys on all the larger varieties of the antelopes, and on both varieties of the gnou. The zebra, which is met with in large herds throughout the interior, is also a favorite object of his pursuit.

Lions do not refuse, as has been asserted, to feed upon the venison that they have not killed themselves. I have repeatedly discovered lions of all ages which had taken possession of, and were feasting upon, the carcasses of various game quadrupeds which had fallen before my rifle.

The lion is very generally diffused throughout the secluded



LIONS CAPTURING A BUFFALO.

parts of Southern Africa. He is, however, nowhere met with in great abundance, it being very rare to find more than three, or even two families of lions frequenting the same district and drinking at the same fountain. When a greater number were met with, I remarked it was owing to long-protracted droughts, which, by drying nearly all the fountains, had compelled the game of various districts to crowd the remaining springs, and the lions, according to their custom, followed in the wake.

It is a common thing to come upon a full-grown lion and lioness associating with three or four large ones nearly full grown; at other times full-grown males will be found associating and hunting together in a happy state of friendship; two, three, and four full-grown male lions may thus be discovered consorting together.

The male lion is adorned with a long, rank, shaggy mane, which in some instances almost sweeps the ground. The color of these manes varies, some being dark, and others of a golden yellow. This appearance has given rise to a prevailing opinion among the Boers that there are two distinct varieties of lions, which they distinguish by the respective names of "Schwart fore life" and "Chiel fore life;" this idea, however, is erroneous.

The color of the lion's mane is generally influenced by his age. He attains his mane in the third year of his existence. I have remarked that at first it is of a yellowish color; in the prime of life it is blackest, and when he has numbered many years, but still is in the full enjoyment of his power, it assumes a yellowish-gray, pepper-and-salt sort of color.

THE ROAR OF THE FOREST KING.

These old fellows are cunning and dangerous, and most to be dreaded. The females are utterly destitute of a mane, being covered with a short, thick, glossy coat of tawny hair. The manes and coats of lions frequenting open-lying districts utterly destitute of trees, such as the borders of the great Kalahari desert, are more rank and handsome than those inhabiting fertile districts.

One of the most striking things connected with the lion is his voice, which is extremely grand and peculiarly striking. It consists at times of a low, deep moaning, repeated five or six times, ending in faintly audible sighs; at other times he startles the forest with loud, deep-toned, solemn roars, repeated five or six times in quick succession, each increasing in loudness to the third or fourth, when his voice dies away in five or six low, muffled sounds, very much resembling distant thunder.

At times, and not unfrequently, a troop may be heard roaring in concert, one assuming the lead, and two, three, or four more regu-

larly taking up their parts, like persons singing a catch. Like Scottish stags, they roar loudest in cold, frosty nights; but on no occasions are their voices to be heard in such perfection, or so intensely powerful, as when two or three strange troops of lions approach a fountain to drink at the same time. When this occurs, every member of each troop sounds a bold roar of defiance at the opposite parties; and when one roars, all roar together, and each seems to vie with his comrades in the intensity and power of his voice.

IMPRESSIVE NOCTURNAL CONCERTS.

The power and grandeur of these nocturnal forest concerts is inconceivably striking and pleasing to the hunter's ear. The effect, I may remark, is greatly enhanced when the hearer happens to be situated in the depths of the forest, at the dead hour of midnight, unaccompanied by any attendant, and ensconced within twenty yards of the fountain which the surrounding troops of lions are approaching. Such has been my situation many scores of times; and though I am allowed to have a tolerably good taste for music, I consider the catches with which I was then regaled as the sweetest and most natural I ever heard.

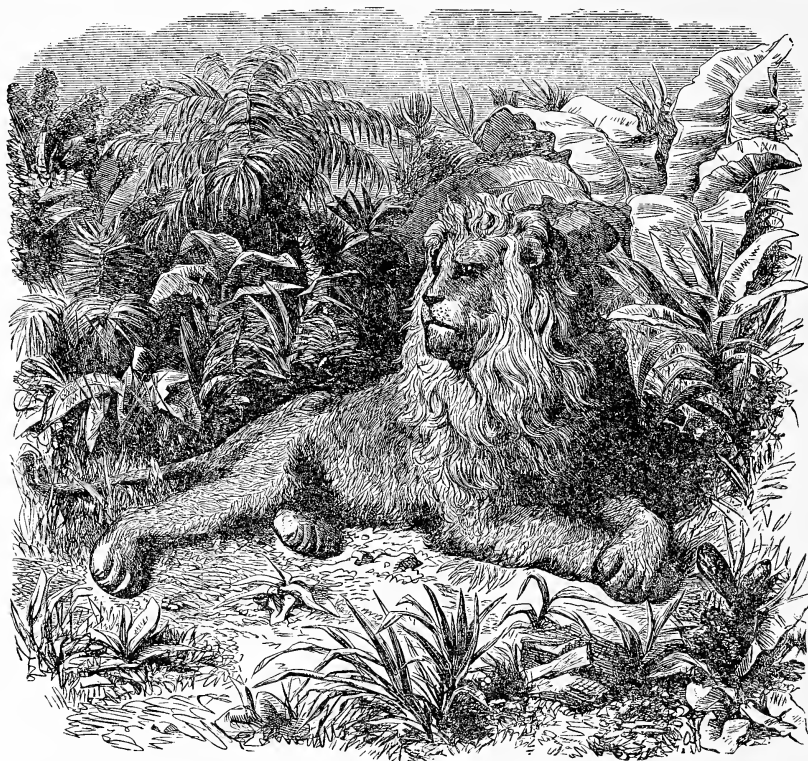
As a general rule, lions roar during the night; their sighing moans commencing as the shades of evening envelop the forest, and continuing at intervals throughout the night. In distant and secluded regions, however, I have constantly heard them roaring loudly as late as nine and ten o'clock on a bright sunny morning. In hazy and rainy weather they are to be heard at every hour in the day, but their roar is subdued.

It often happens that when two strange male lions meet at a fountain a terrific combat ensues, which not unfrequently ends in the death of one of them. The habits of the lion are strictly nocturnal; during the day he lies concealed beneath the shade of some low bushy tree or wide-spreading bush, either in the level forest or on the mountain side. He is also partial to lofty reeds, or fields of long, rank yellow grass, such as occur in low-lying vales.

From these haunts he sallies forth when the sun goes down, and commences his nightly prowling. When he is successful in his beat

and has secured his prey, he does not roar much that night, only uttering occasionally a few low moans; that is, provided no intruders approach him, otherwise the case would be very different.

Lions are ever most active, daring and presuming in dark and stormy nights, and consequently, on such occasions, the traveler ought more particularly to be on his guard. I remarked a fact



HIS MAJESTY, THE LION.

connected with the lions' hour of drinking peculiar to themselves: they seemed unwilling to visit the fountains with good moonlight. Thus, when the moon rose early, the lions deferred their hour of watering until late in the morning; and when the moon rose late, they drank at a very early hour in the night. By this acute system many a grisly lion saved his bacon, and is now luxuriating in the forest of South Africa, which had otherwise fallen by the barrels of my gun.

Owing to the tawny color of the coat with which nature has

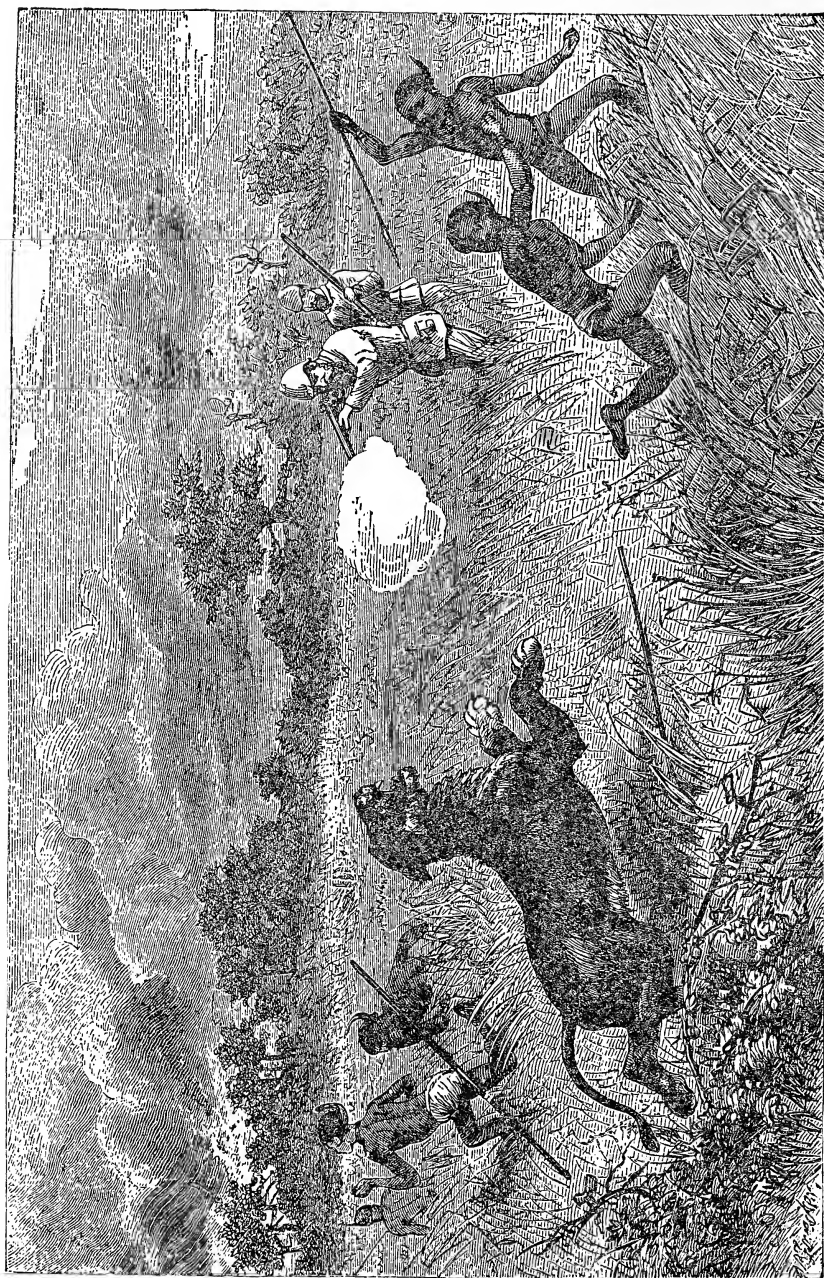
robed him, he is perfectly invisible in the dark; and although I have often heard them loudly lapping the water under my very nose, not twenty yards from me, I could not possibly make out so much as the outlines of their forms. When a thirsty lion comes to water he stretches out his massive arms, lies down on his breast to drink, and makes a loud lapping noise in drinking not to be mistaken. He continues lapping up the water for a long while, and four or five times during the proceeding he pauses for half a minute as if to take breath.

EYES THAT GLISTEN LIKE BALLS OF FIRE.

One thing conspicuous about them is their eyes, which, in a dark night, glow like two balls of fire. The female is more fierce and active than the male, as a general rule. Lionesses which have never had young are much more dangerous than those which have. At no time is the lion so much to be dreaded as when his partner has got small young ones. At that season he knows no fear, and, in the coolest and most intrepid manner, he will face a thousand men. A remarkable instance of this kind came under my own observation, which confirmed the reports I had before heard from the natives.

One day, when out elephant-hunting in the territory of the Baseleka, accompanied by two hundred and fifty men, I was astonished suddenly to behold a majestic lion slowly and steadily advancing towards us with a dignified step and undaunted bearing, the most noble and imposing that can be conceived. Lashing his tail from side to side, and growling haughtily, his terribly expressive eye resolutely fixed upon us, and displaying a show of ivory well calculated to inspire terror among the timid Bechuanas, he approached.

A headlong flight of the two hundred and fifty men was the immediate result; and, in the confusion of the moment, four couples of my dogs which they had been leading, were allowed to escape in their couples. These instantly faced the lion, who, finding that by his bold bearing he had succeeded in putting his enemies to flight, now became solicitous for the safety of his little family, with



COMBAT WITH AN ENRAGED LIONESS.

which the lioness was retreating in the back-ground. Facing about, he followed after them with a haughty and independent step, growling fiercely at the dogs which trotted along on each side of him. Three troops of elephants having been discovered a few minutes previous to this, upon which I was marching for the attack, I, with the most heartfelt reluctance, reserved my fire. On running down the hill side to endeavor to recall my dogs, I observed, for the first time, the retreating lioness with four cubs. About twenty minutes afterwards two noble elephants repaid my forbearance.

Among Indian Nimrods, a certain class of royal tigers is dignified with the appellation of "man-eaters." These are tigers which, having once tasted human flesh, show a predilection for the same, and such characters are very naturally famed and dreaded among the natives. Elderly gentlemen of similar tastes and habits are occasionally met with among the lions in the interior of South Africa, and the danger of such neighbors may be easily imagined.

THE MAN-EATER AT WORK.

I account for lions first acquiring this taste in the following manner: some tribes of the far interior do not bury their dead, but unceremoniously carry them forth, and leave them lying exposed in the forest or on the plain, a prey to the lion and hyæna, or the jackal and vulture; and I can readily imagine that a lion, having thus once tasted human flesh, would have little hesitation, when opportunity presented itself, of springing upon and carrying off the unwary traveler or native inhabiting his country.

Be this as it may, man-eating occurs; and on my fourth hunting expedition, a horrible tragedy was acted one dark night in my little lonely camp by one of these formidable characters, which deprived me, in the far wilderness, of my most valuable servant. In winding up these observations on the lion, I may remark that lion-hunting, under any circumstances, is decidedly a dangerous pursuit. It may nevertheless be followed, to a certain extent, with comparative safety by those who have naturally a turn for that sort of thing.

A recklessness of death, perfect coolness and self-possession,

an acquaintance with the disposition and manners of lions, and a tolerable knowledge of the use of the rifle, are indispensable to him who would shine in the overpoweringly exciting pastime of hunting this justly celebrated king of beasts.

Livingstone himself narrates minutely his dreadful encounter with a lion. He always regarded it as one of his most thrilling experiences in Africa, and he had occasion to remember it from the fact that he was so severely injured. The wonder is that when the ferocious beast had the great explorer in his power and might easily have taken his life, he should have been prevented from doing it. A few moments more and the life of one of the world's greatest heroes would have been terminated.

After having encountered many strange tribes, and had many thrilling experiences, Livingstone on November 11, 1853, accompanied by the chief and his principal men to see him off, embarked on the Chobe. His great achievements and wonderful adventure in the then unknown country, are matters of history.

Early in 1857 Livingstone returned to England. On March 10, 1858, on board Her Majesty's Ship "Pearl" at the head of the government expedition, he set out again. This time he was lost, and all the civilized world was agitated.

CHAPTER XIV.

STANLEY'S PERSEVERANCE—MASTERING MOUNTAINS OF DIFFICULTY—BENT ON FINDING LIVINGSTONE—CHARACTERISTICS OF THE TWO GREAT EXPLORERS—LIVINGSTONE'S TOUCHING REFERENCE TO THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE—WONDERFUL RESULTS OF AFRICAN EXPLORATION—STANLEY APPROACHES UJIJI—NEWS OF A BROTHER WHITE MAN—GREAT EXCITEMENT AMONG THE TRAVELLERS—FINE EXAMPLE OF THE ANGLO-SAXON SPIRIT—LIFE GIVEN TO ETHIOPIA'S DUSKY CHILDREN—LIVINGSTONE'S MARVELLOUS LOVE FOR AFRICA.

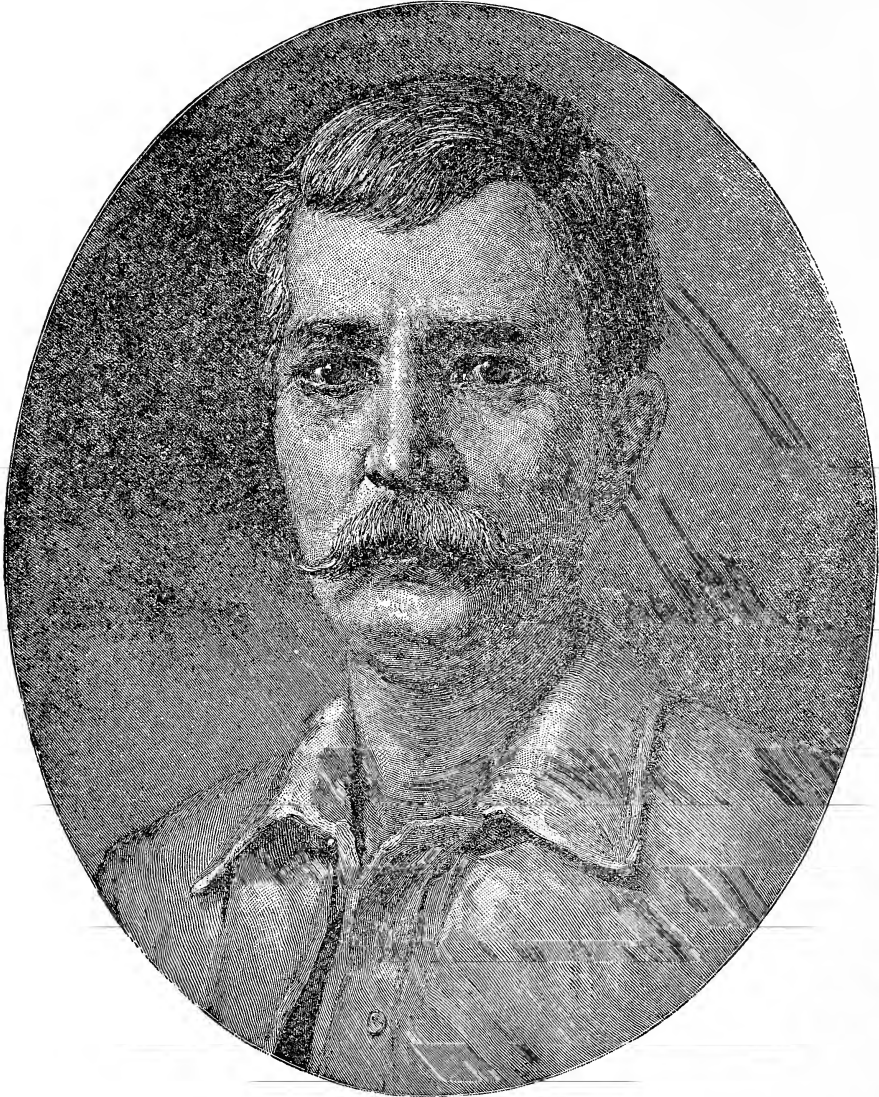
LIVINGSTONE was now lost in the jungles of the great dark continent. Two or three minor expeditions had started to search for him, but did not proceed very far. It remained for Henry M. Stanley to head a searching and exploration expedition that succeeded.

Long and perilous days those were which were passed by Stanley and his caravan. Yet they illustrate one of the most important lessons of life, which is that no one is to make more than a day's journey at a time and that the most practical method of overcoming difficulties is to take them and master them one by one. If Stanley had been less resolute, if he had been easily discouraged, if he were one of the men who make a sudden start and then as suddenly halt, if he had not been a kind of Hercules in body and in soul, if he had possessed less of the push and enterprise which always go with a great character, the world would never have rung with acclaim at his achievements.

It was a new experience to him, that of traversing the wilds of the Dark Continent, quelling mutiny among his men, meeting unfriendly chiefs who were given to rapacious extortion, and plunging on through jungles, thickets and pathless tracts, untrodden and unmarked, yet he had gone with the definite purpose of finding Livingstone, and, as we read the story of his successful search, we are

quite ready to believe that he would sooner have laid down his life than failed in his undertaking.

Livingstone was a man nearly sixty years old; Stanley had on



HENRY M. STANLEY.

his side all the advantages of youth. He had been toughened by early adversity, by travelling in various climes, exposure to all winds and all weathers, and it may be doubted whether any other man in

our time has been so well equipped with courage, latent resources, command of men, sturdy heroism and self-sacrifice as he was for the almost miraculous task confided to him by his wealthy and enterprising patron, Mr. Bennett.

In reading of his adventures and successes, we are quite apt to lose sight of certain great results which must inevitably follow from his journeys in Africa. We see only the lost explorer, Livingstone, admired and beloved by half the world, his terrible sufferings and the slow wasting of his life. But this man, this hero to whom so many eyes are turned, this great explorer, who, like Stanley, was much more than a mere adventurer, is only one figure in the vivid scene which passes before our eyes. It will not do to limit our thought to either of these men or to both of them.

TWO FAMOUS TRAVELERS.

Livingstone had forsaken his early home and his fatherland; all the hardship that comes to one by being in an uncivilized country fell to his lot; the wife who had shared his fortunes, and quite as often, his misfortunes, had been rudely torn from his side; the vast benefit to savage races which she as well as her illustrious husband was capable of imparting was suddenly lost. The beautiful and touching reference of Livingstone to her grave, which has been related, is something that must move the heart of every reader.

Stanley's journeys were free from some of the incidents which are so thrilling in those of the one he was trying to find, yet others fell to his lot with which Livingstone was unacquainted. And so this man stands out in strong proportions, with a most remarkable individuality of his own; a man raised up for a certain work, peculiar in his make-up, endowed for adventure and exploit, and ages hence history will turn to him and write some of its most eloquent pages.

Still it is true that the great interest of African exploration does not gather around either of these men, or both of them, except as they are the instruments for penetrating a continent hitherto dark and unknown; for what they achieved in bringing the dark races of Africa under the full light of modern civilization and Christianity is, after all, the finest thing to be noted. Whoever

studies history knows very well that every man is building higher than he thinks, accomplishing more than he imagines, casting off results that are left behind him as he crowds on, while his unconscious influence and the incidental effects of his life and undertakings are such as we have no scales for weighing.

After having been lost half a dozen years, Livingstone is to be met by a brother white man, who will assure him that the world is interested in his welfare. It will be to him a surprise, and a piece



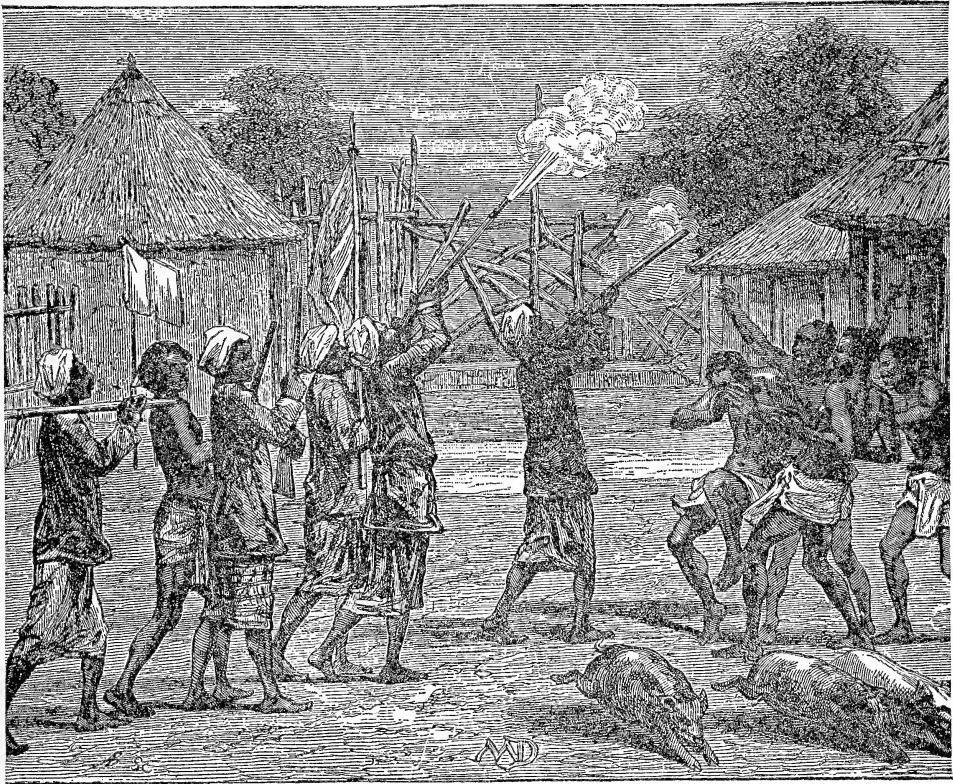
STANLEY ON THE MARCH.

of intelligence as gratifying as it is unexpected. It will convince him that his heroic sacrifices are not forgotten, and will be treasured and commemorated after he is gone.

In his thrilling account of the meeting with Livingstone, Stanley says: We push on rapidly, lest the news of our coming might reach the people of Ujiji before we come in sight, and are ready for them. We halt at a little brook, then ascend the long slope of a naked ridge, the very last of the myriads we have crossed. This alone prevents us from seeing the lake in all its vastness. We arrive at the summit, travel across and arrive at its western rim,

and—pause, reader—the port of Ujiji is below us, embowered in the palms, only five hundred yards from us.

At this grand moment we do not think of the hundreds of miles we have marched, or of the hundreds of hills we have ascended and descended, or of the many forests we have traversed, or of the jungles and thickets that annoyed us, or of the fervid salt plains



ARRIVAL AT UJJI.

that blistered our feet, or of the hot sun that scorched us, nor of the dangers and difficulties, now happily surmounted!

At last the sublime hour had arrived;—our dreams, our hopes, and anticipations are now about to be realized! Our hearts and our feelings are with our eyes, as we peer into the palms and try to make out in which hut or house lives the “white man with the gray beard” we had already heard about.

“Unfurl the flags, and load your guns.”

"We will, master, we will, master!" respond the men eagerly.

"One, two, three,—fire!"

A volley from nearly fifty guns roars like a salute from a battery of artillery; we shall note its effect presently on the peaceful-looking village below.

"Now, kirangozi, hold the white man's flag up high, and let the Zanzibar flag bring up the rear. And you men keep close together, and keep firing until we halt in the market-place, or before the white man's house. You have said to me often that you could smell the fish of the Tanganyika—I can smell the fish of the Tanganyika now. There are fish, and beer, and a long rest waiting for you. MARCH!"

OUR VOLLEYS HAD AWAKENED UJJI.

Before we had gone a hundred yards our repeated volleys had the effect desired. We had awakened Ujiji to the knowledge that a caravan was coming, and the people were witnessed rushing up in hundreds to meet us. The mere sight of the flags informed every one immediately that we were a caravan, but the American flag borne aloft by gigantic Asmani, whose face was one vast smile on this day, rather staggered them at first. However, many of the people who now approached us, remembered the flag. They had seen it float above the American Consulate, and from the mast-head of many a ship in the harbor of Zanzibar, and they were soon heard welcoming the beautiful flag with cries of "Bindera Kisungu!"—a white man's flag! "Bindera Merikani!"—the American flag!

Then we were surrounded by them and were almost deafened with the shouts of "Yambo, yambo, bana! Yambo, bana! Yambo, bana!" To each and all of my men the welcome was given.

We were now about three hundred yards from the village of Ujiji, and the crowds are dense about me. Suddenly I hear a voice on my right say,

"Good morning, sir!"

Startled at hearing this greeting in the midst of such a crowd of black people, I turn sharply around in search of the man, and see him at my side, with the blackest of faces, but animated and

joyous—a man dressed in a long white shirt, with a turban of American sheeting around his woolly head, and I ask:

“Who the mischief are you?”

“I am Susi, the servant of Dr. Livingstone,” said he, smiling, and showing a gleaming row of teeth.

DR. LIVINGSTONE FOUND.

“What! Is Dr. Livingstone here?”

“Yes, sir.”

“In this village?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Are you sure?”

“Sure, sure, sir. Why I leave him just now.”

“Good morning, sir,” said another voice.

“Hallo,” said I, “is this another one?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Well, what is your name?”

“My name is Chumah, sir.”

“What! are you Chumah, the friend of Wekotani?”

“Yes, sir.”

“And is the doctor well?”

“Not very well, sir.”

“Where has he been so long?”

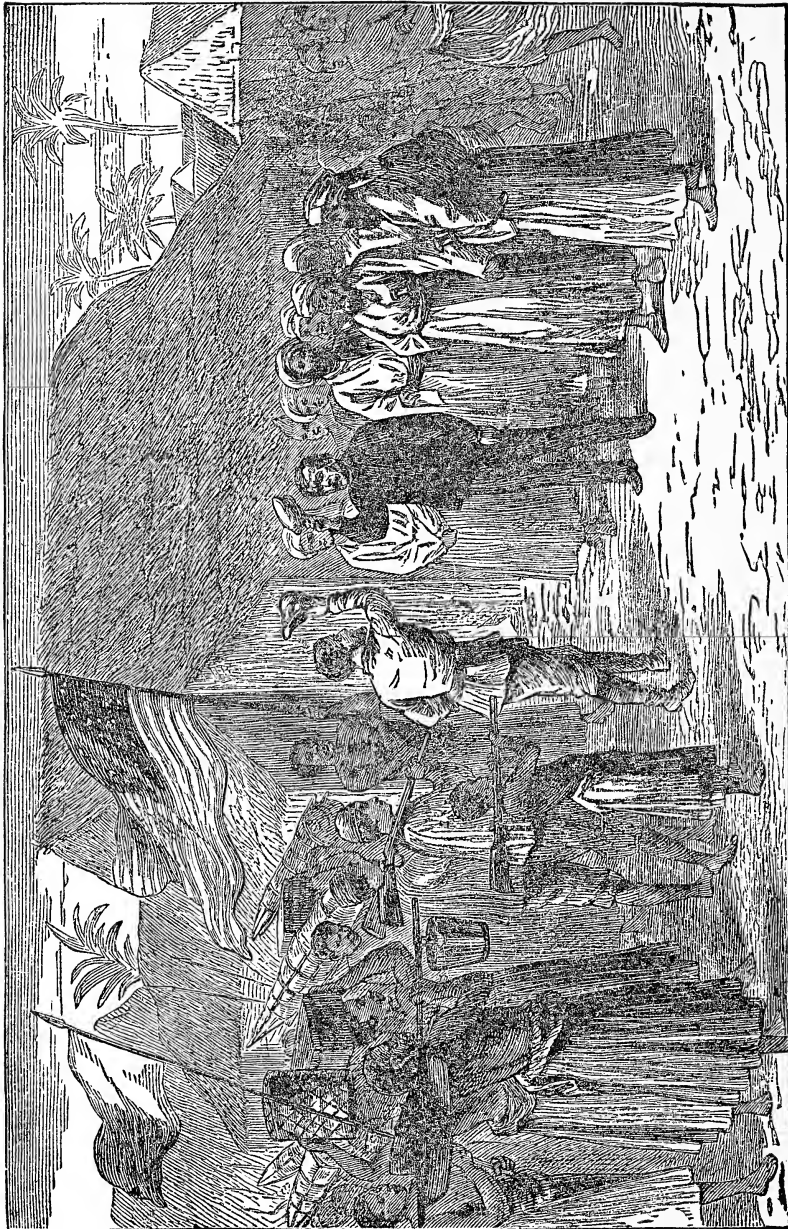
“In Manyuema.”

“Now, you Susi, run and tell the doctor I am coming.”

“Yes, sir,” and off he darted like a madman.

But by this time we were within two hundred yards of the village, and the multitude was getting denser, and almost preventing our march. Flags and streamers were out; Arabs and Wangwana were pushing their way through the natives in order to greet us, for according to their account, we belonged to them. But the great wonder of all was, “How did you come from Unyanyembe?”

Soon Susi came running back, and asked me my name; he had told the doctor I was coming, but the doctor was too surprised to believe him, and when the doctor asked him my name, Susi was rather staggered.



STANLEY FINDS LIVINGSTONE.

But, during Susi's absence, the news had been conveyed to the doctor that it was surely a white man that was coming, whose guns were firing, and whose flag could be seen; and the great Arab magnates of Ujiji—Mohammed bin Sali, Sayd bin Majid, Abid bin Suliman, Mohammed bin Gharib, and others—had gathered together before the doctor's house, and the doctor had come out from his veranda to discuss the matter and await my arrival.

In the meantime, the head of the Expedition had halted, and the kinangozi was out of the ranks, holding his flag aloft, and Selim said to me, "I see the doctor, sir. Oh, what an old man! He has got a white beard." And I—what would I not have given for a bit of friendly wilderness, where, unseen, I might vent my joy in some mad freak, such as idiotically biting my hand, turning a somersault, or slashing at trees, in order to allay those exciting feelings that were well-nigh uncontrollable. My heart beats fast, but I must not let my face betray my emotions, lest it shall detract from the dignity of a white man appearing under such extraordinary circumstances.

A STORY OF MARVELLOUS INTEREST.

So I did that which I thought was most dignified. I pushed back the crowds, and, passing from the rear, walked down a living avenue of people, until I came in front of the semicircle of Arabs, before which stood the "white man with a grey beard."

As I advanced slowly towards him I noticed he was pale, that he looked wearied and wan, that he had grey whiskers and moustache, that he wore a bluish cloth cap with a faded gold band on a red ground round it, and that he had on a red-sleeved waistcoat, and a pair of grey tweed trousers.

I would have run to him, only I was a coward in the presence of such a mob—would have embraced him, but that I did not know how he would receive it; so I did what moral cowardice and false pride suggested was the best thing—walked deliberately to him, took off my hat, and said:

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

"Yes," said he, with a kind, cordial smile, lifting his cap slightly.

I replaced my hat on my head, and he replaced his cap, and we both grasped hands. I then said aloud:

"I thank God, Doctor, I have been permitted to see you."

He answered, "I feel thankful that I am here to welcome you."

I turned to the Arabs, took off my hat to them in response to the saluting chorus of "Yambos" I received, and the doctor introduced them to me by name. Then, oblivious of the crowds, oblivious of the men who shared with me my dangers, we—Livingstone and I—turned our faces towards his house. He pointed to the veranda, or rather, mud platform, under the broad overhanging eaves; he pointed to his own particular seat, which I saw his age and experience in Africa had suggested, namely, a straw mat, with a goatskin over it, and another skin nailed against the wall to protect his back from contact with the cold mud. I protested against taking this seat, which so much more befitted him than me, but the doctor would not yield: I must take it.

A THRILLING NARRATIVE.

We were seated—the doctor and I—with our backs to the wall. The Arabs took seats on our left. More than a thousand natives were in our front, filling the whole square densely, indulging their curiosity, and discussing the fact of two white men meeting at Ujiji—one just come from Manyema, in the west, the other from Unyanyembe, in the east.

Conversation began. What about? I declare I have forgotten. Oh! we mutually asked questions of one another, such as:

"How did you come here?" and "Where have you been all this long time?—the world has believed you to be dead." Yes, that was the way it began; but whatever the doctor informed me, and that which I communicated to him, I cannot correctly report, for I found myself gazing at him, conning the wonderful figure and face of the man at whose side I now sat in Central Africa.

Every hair of his head and beard, every wrinkle of his face, the wanness of his features, and the slightly wearied look he wore, were all imparting intelligence to me—the knowledge I craved for so much ever since I heard the words, "Take what you want, but find Livingstone." What I saw was deeply interesting intelligence to me, and unvarnished truth. I was listening and reading at the same time. What did these dumb witnesses relate to me?

Oh, reader, had you been at my side on this day in Ujiji, how eloquently could be told the nature of this man's work! Had you been there but to see and hear! His lips gave me the details; lips that never lie. I cannot repeat what he said; I was too much engrossed to take my note-book out, and begin to stenograph his story. He had so much to say that he began at the end, seemingly oblivious of the fact that five or six years had to be accounted for. But his account was oozing out; it was growing fast into grand proportions—into a most marvellous history of deeds.

The Arabs rose up, with a delicacy I approved, as if they intuitively knew that we ought to be left to ourselves.

WELCOME LETTERS AFTER YEARS OF WAITING.

I sent Bombay with them to give them the news they also wanted so much to know about the affairs at Unyanyembe. Sayd bin Majid was the father of the gallant young man whom I saw at Masangi, and who fought with me at Zimbizo, and who soon afterwards was killed by Mirambo's Ruga-Ruga in the forest of Wilyankuru; and, knowing that I had been there, he earnestly desired to hear the tale of the fight; but they had all friends at Unyanyembe, and it was but natural that they should be anxious to hear of what concerned them.

After giving orders to Bombay and Asmani for the provisioning of the men of the Expedition, I called "Kaif-Halek," or "How-do-ye-do," and introduced him to Dr. Livingstone as one of the soldiers in charge of certain goods left at Unyanyembe, whom I had compelled to accompany me to Ujiji, that he might deliver in person to his master the letter-bag with which he had been intrusted. This was that famous letter-bag marked "Nov. 1st, 1870," which was now delivered into the doctor's hands 365 days after it left Zanzibar! How long, I wonder, had it remained at Unyanyembe had I not been despatched into Central Africa in search of the great traveller?

The doctor kept the letter-bag on his knee, then, presently, opened it, looked at the letters contained there, and read one or two of his children's letters, his face in the meanwhile lighting up.

He asked me to tell him the news. "No, doctor," said I, "read your letters first, which I am sure you must be impatient to read."

"Ah," said he, "I have waited years for letters and I have been taught patience. I can surely afford to wait a few hours longer. No, tell me the general news: how is the world getting along?"

"You probably know much already. Do you know that the Suez Canal is a fact—is opened, and a regular trade carried on between Europe and India through it?"

"I did not hear about the opening of it. Well, that is grand news! What else?"

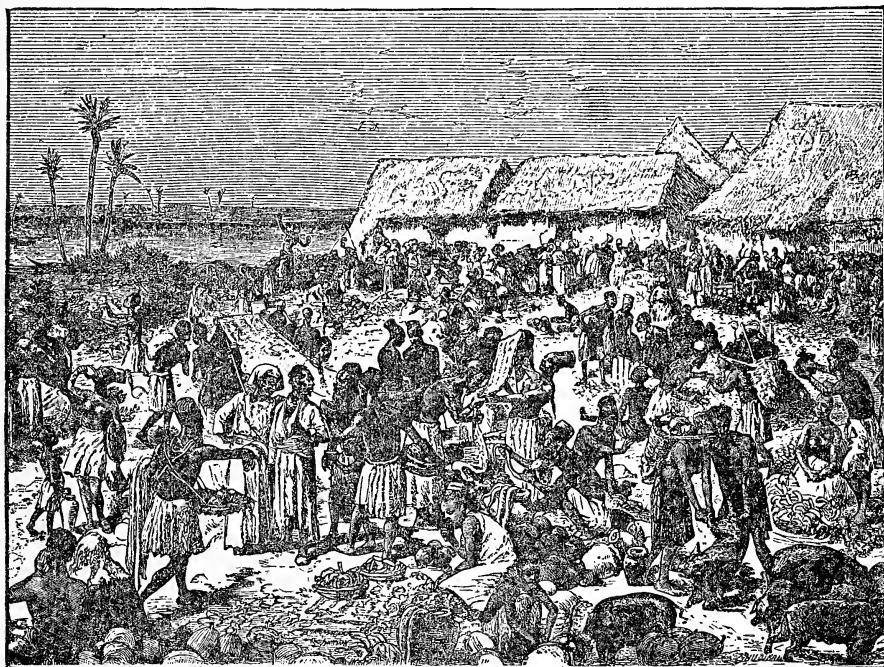
THE STORY OF THE WORLD'S PROGRESS.

Shortly I found myself enacting the part of an annual periodical to him. There was no need of exaggeration—or any penny-a-line news, or of any sensationalism. The world had witnessed and experienced much the last few years. The Pacific Railroad had been completed; Grant had been elected President of the United States; Egypt had been flooded with savans; the Cretan rebellion had terminated; a Spanish revolution had driven Isabella from the throne of Spain, and a Regent had been appointed; General Prim was assassinated; a Castelar had electrified Europe with his advanced ideas upon the liberty of worship; Prussia had humbled Denmark, and annexed Schleswig-Holstein, and her armies were now around Paris; the "man of Destiny" was a prisoner at Wilhelmshohe; the Queen of Fashion and the Empress of the French was a fugitive; and the child born in the purple had lost forever the Imperial crown intended for his head; the Napoleon dynasty was extinguished by the the Prussians, Bismarck and Von Moltke; and France, the proud empire, was humbled to the dust.

What could a man have exaggerated of these facts? What a budget of news it was to one who had emerged from the depths of the primeval forests of Manyuema! The reflection of the dazzling light of civilization was cast on him while Livingstone was thus listening in wonder to one of the most exciting pages of history ever repeated. How the puny deeds of barbarism paled before these! Who could tell under what new phases of uneasy life Europe was

laboring even then, while we, two of her lonely children, rehearsed the tale of her late woes and glories? More worthily, perhaps, had the tongue of a lyric Demodocus recounted them; but, in the absence of the poet, the newspaper correspondent performed his part as well and truthfully as he could.

At the time, when reduced almost to death's door by sickness and disappointment, the assistance thus brought to Dr. Livingstone



MARKET IN MANYUEMA.

was of inestimable worth. What might have been his fate had he not been relieved, it is impossible to say. The society of his new friend, the letters from home, the well-cooked meal which the doctor was able to enjoy, and the champagne quaffed out of silver goblets, and brought carefully those hundreds of miles for that special object, had a wonderfully exhilarating influence.

Some days were spent at Ujiji, during which the doctor continued to regain health and strength. Future plans were discussed, and his previous adventures described. The longer the intercourse Stanley enjoyed with Livingstone, the more he rose in his estimation.

He formed, indeed, a high estimate of his character, though, he fully believed, a just one.

"Dr. Livingstone," he says, "is about sixty years old. His hair has a brownish color, but here and there streaked with grey lines over the temples. His beard and moustache are very grey. His eyes, which are hazel, are remarkably bright; he has a sight keen as a hawk's. His frame is a little over the ordinary height; when walking, he has a firm but heavy tread, like that of an over-worked or fatigued man. I never observed any spleen or misanthropy about him.

"He has a fund of quiet humor, which he exhibits at all times when he is among friends. During the four months I was with him I noticed him every evening making most careful notes. His maps evince great care and industry. He is sensitive on the point of being doubted or criticized. His gentleness never forsakes him, his hopefulness never deserts him; no harassing anxiety or distraction of mind, though separated from home and kindred, can make him complain. He thinks all will come out right at last, he has such faith in the goodness of Providence.

A REMARKABLE MEMORY.

"Another thing which especially attracted my attention was his wonderfully retentive memory. His religion is not of the theoretical kind, but it is constant, earnest, sincere, practical; it is neither demonstrative nor loud, but manifests itself in a quiet, practical way, and is always at work. In him religion exhibits its loveliest features; it governs his conduct not only towards his servants, but towards the natives. I observed that universal respect was paid to him; even the Mahommedans never passed his house without calling to pay their compliments, and to say: 'The blessing of God rest on you!'

"Every Sunday morning he gathers his little flock around him, and reads prayers and a chapter from the Bible in a natural, unaffected, and sincere tone, and afterwards delivers a short address in the Kisawahili language, about the subject read to them, which is listened to with evident interest and attention.

"His consistent energy is native to him and his race. He is a very fine example of the perseverance, doggedness, and tenacity which characterizes the Anglo-Saxon spirit. His ability to withstand the climate is due not only to the happy constitution with which he was born, but to the strictly temperate life he has ever led.

"It is a principle with him to do well what he undertakes to do, and, in the consciousness that he is doing it, despite the yearning for his home, which is sometimes overpowering, he finds to a certain extent contentment, if not happiness.

CHARM OF ETHIOPIA'S CHILDREN.

"He can be charmed with the primitive simplicity of Ethiopia's dusky children, with whom he has spent so many years of his life. He has a sturdy faith in their capability—sees virtue in them, where others see nothing but savagery; and wherever he has gone among them, he has sought to ameliorate the condition of a people who are apparently forgotten of God and Christian men."

In another place Stanley says: "Livingstone followed the dictates of duty. Never was such a willing slave to that abstract virtue. His inclinations impell him home, the fascinations of which require the sternest resolution to resist. With every foot of new ground he travelled over he forged a chain of sympathy which should hereafter bind the Christian nations in bonds of love and charity to the heathen of the African Tropics. If we were able to complete this chain of love by actual discovery, and, by a description of them, to embody such people and nations as still live in darkness, so as to attract the good and charitable of his own land to bestir themselves for their redemption and salvation, this Livingstone would consider an ample reward.

"Surely, as the sun shines on both Christian and infidel, civilized and pagan, the day of enlightenment will come; and though the apostle of Africa may not behold it himself, nor we younger men, nor yet our children, the hereafter will see it, and posterity will recognize the daring pioneer of its civilization."

Yes, and Stanley might have added: with his enlarged and far-seeing mind, this is what encourages Livingstone to persevere

in his task to do what he knows no other man can do as well. It might be far pleasanter to tell crowded congregations at home about the wrongs of the sons and daughters of Africa, but, with the spirit of a true apostle, he remains among those whose wrongs it is the ardent desire of his soul to right, that he may win their love and confidence, and open up the way by which others may with greater ease continue the task he has commenced.

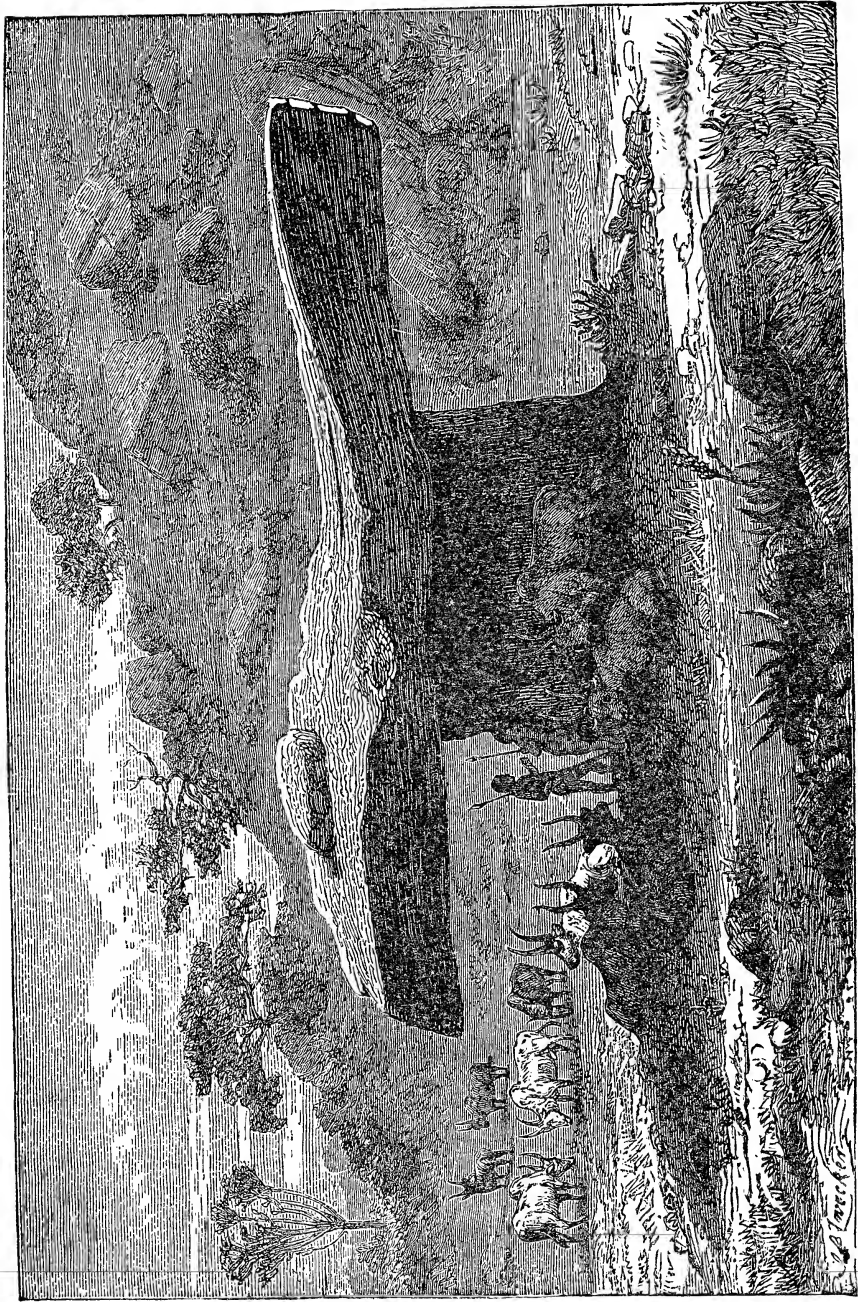
CHAPTER XV.

STANLEY AND LIVINGSTONE AT UJJI—CRUISE ON LAKE TANGANYIKA—GIANTS OF AFRICAN DISCOVERY—STANLEY LEAVES—LIVINGSTONE'S SAD AND ROMANTIC HISTORY—TIMELY ARRIVAL OF REINFORCEMENTS FROM STANLEY—LIVINGSTONE'S DYING WORDS—THE WORLD'S GREAT HERO DEAD—SORROWFUL PROCESSION TO THE COAST—BODY TRANSPORTED TO ENGLAND—FUNERAL IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY—CROWDS OF MOURNERS AND ELOQUENT EULOGIES—INSCRIPTION ON THE CASKET.

FIVE day later, when much intensely interesting information had been exchanged between the two heroes of travel, the trip to the north of Tanganyika was commenced. Embarking at Ujiji, with a few picked followers, the explorers cruised up the eastern coast, halting at different villages for the night, and on the 29th of November reached, at the very head of the lake, the mouth of the Rusizi river, respecting the course of which great doubt had hitherto been entertained, some geographers supposing it to flow *into* and others *out of* the lake. In the latter case Tanganyika might possibly empty its waters through it into the Albert Nyanza of Baker, and the supposition that the two lakes were connected would receive confirmation.

It will be seen by the observant reader that the reason why such herculean efforts have been made to ascertain the existence and dimensions of the great inland lakes of Africa, was to discover, if possible, the real sources of the Nile, concerning which the world has been for centuries in ignorance. To solve the wonderful secret, explorations have been made that embody the most thrilling achievements, and the most heroic deeds.

Such giants of African discovery as David Livingstone, Speke and Burton, Stanley and Cameron, seized on Lake Tanganyika with a powerful grip, and in spite of all its slippery wriggling, did not



CURIOUS TABLE-ROCK IN THE NILE VALLEY.

loosen their hold until it had yielded up its secrets. Tanganyika, like the Albert Nyanza, is an enormous "trough" or crevasse, sunk far below the level of the high table-land which occupies the whole centre of Africa from the Abyssinian mountains on the east to the Cameroons on the west coast, and terminating, towards the south only with Table Mountain. Though its shores are not, perhaps, generally so steep as those of other lakes, the surrounding mountain walls are as high.

Its length is greater than any of the others, being little short of five hundred miles. Its waters are very deep, and sweet to the



CURIOUS MODE OF SALUTING A STRANGER.

taste, proving almost conclusively that it must have an outlet somewhere; for lakes which have no means of draining away their waters, and sustain themselves by a balance of inflow and evaporation, are salt or brackish. But while the Albert is undoubtedly part of the Nile basin, to what great river does Tanganyika present its surplus?

The first notion was that it was a far outlying branch of ancient Nilus. Arm-chair geographers constructed a remarkable lake, in shape like a Highland bagpipe. The swollen "bag" represented a

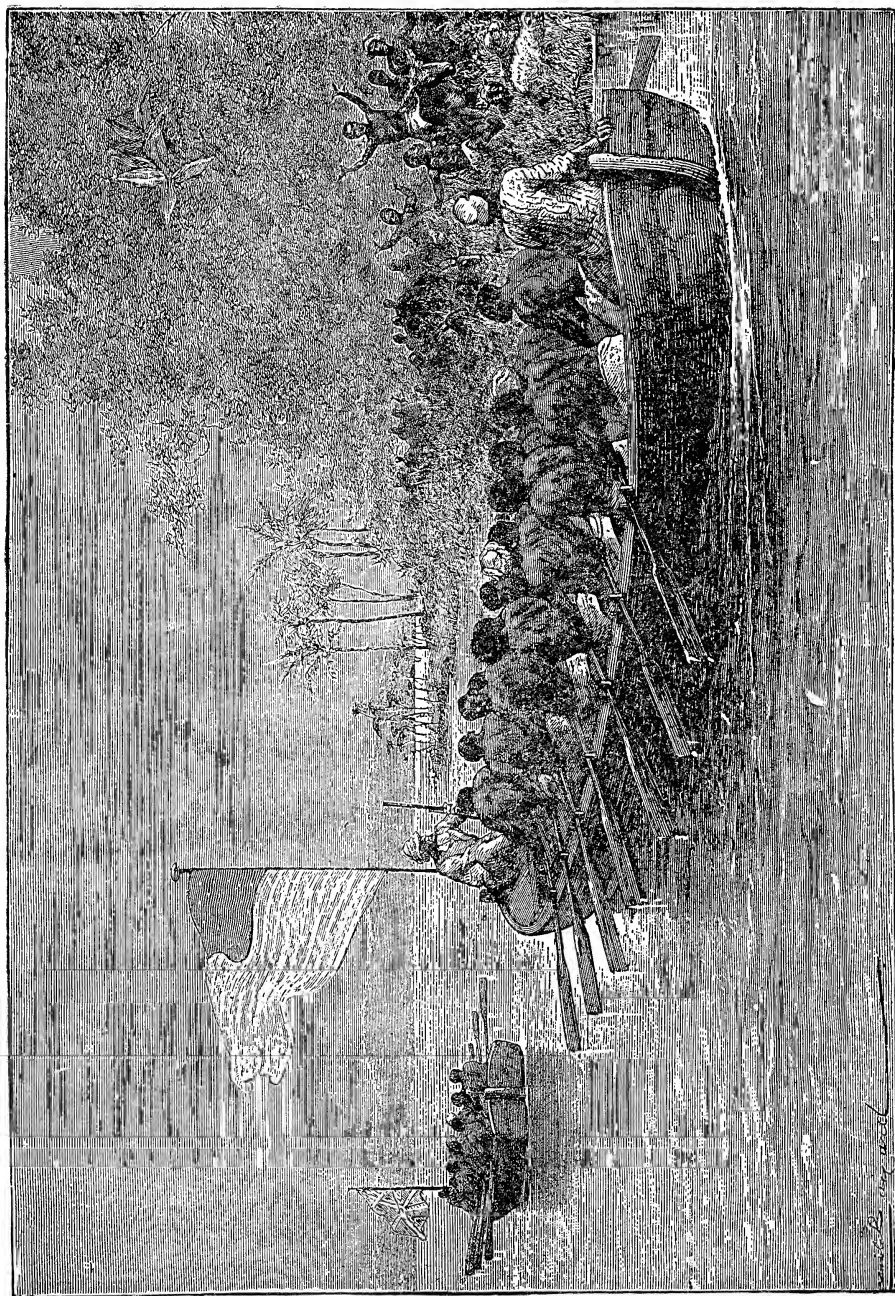
shadow of the Victoria Nyanza, drawn from native report, and it was joined to the long "chanter" of Tanganyika as actually seen by Burton's party. Livingstone was strongly convinced that the outlet of the lake would be found at the extreme northern end, and that its waters went to reinforce the Nile.

Seeing, however, is believing; and from Ujiji he set out in company with Stanley to discover the "connecting link." The voyage was not without its dangers and excitements. The dwellers on the lake shores showed themselves several times to be hostile. At one place they shouted to the boatmen to land, and rushed along the shore, slinging stones at the strangers, one of the missiles actually striking the craft.

When night fell, and the crew disembarked to cook their supper and to sleep under the lee of a high crag, the natives came crowding around, telling them with a show of much friendliness to rest securely, as no one would harm them. The doctor was too old a bird to be caught by such chaff. The baggage was stowed on board, ready for a start, and a strict watch was kept. Well into the night, dusky forms were noticed dodging from rock to rock, and creeping up towards the fires; so, getting quietly on board, the party pulled out into the lake, and the skulking enemy rushed out upon the strand, howling furiously at being balked of their prey.

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

The first geographical surprise was met with a little beyond the turning-point of Burton and Speke. These latter investigators coasted the lake until, as they thought, they saw its two bounding ranges meet, and there they drew the extremity of Tanganyika, and returned. This appearance, however, was found by Livingstone and Stanley to be caused by a high promontory which juts out from the western shore overlapping the mountains on the east. Beyond this narrow strait Tanganyika again opens up, and stretches on for sixty miles further, overhung by mountains rising to a height of seven thousand feet above sea-level, and some four thousand three hundred feet above the surface of the lake. At last the actual extremity of the long trough-like body of water came in view.



EXPLORING PARTIES ESCAPING FROM SAVAGES.

As the voyagers approached it, they only became more puzzled as to what they should find. 'Two days' sail from their destination they were positively assured by the natives that the water flowed out of Tanganyika. Even when the limits of open water were reached in a broad marshy flat covered by aquatic plants, it was not easy to answer the question which the travelers had come all this long way to solve. Seven broad inlets were seen penetrating the bed of reeds. In none of them could any current be discovered.

A ROMANTIC JOURNEY IN A CANOE.

Entering the centre channel in a canoe, however, and pulling on for some distance past sedgy islands and between walls of papyrus, disturbing with every stroke of the paddles some of the sleeping crocodiles that throng in hundreds in this marsh, all doubt as to the course of the Rusizi was soon removed. A strange current of discolored water was met pouring down from the high grounds, and further examination showed that the stream had other channels losing themselves in the swamp, or finding their way into one or other of the inlets at the head of the lake.

Their work in connection with the Rusizi done, our heroes returned to Ujiji, this time skirting along the western shores of the lake, and crossing it near a large island called Muzumi. Back again at Ujiji on the 15th of December, Stanley did all in his power to persuade Livingstone to return home with him and recruit his strength; but the only answer he could obtain was, "Not till my work is done."

In this resolution Livingstone tells us in his journal he was confirmed by a letter from his daughter Agnes, in which she said—"Much as I wish you to come home, I would rather you finished your work to your own satisfaction than to return merely to gratify me." "I must complete the exploration of the Nile sources before I retire," says the devoted hero in another portion of his notes, little dreaming that he was all the time working not at them, but at those of the Congo.

It was arranged, however, that Livingstone should accompany Stanley on his return journey as far as Unyanyembe, to fetch

the goods there stored up for his use, and the start for the east was made late in December, 1871. Making a roundabout trip to the south to avoid the war still going on, the party reached Unyanyembe in February, 1872, after a good deal of suffering on Stanley's part from fever, and on Livingstone's from sore feet.

In March, after giving all the stores he could spare to Livingstone, Stanley left for Zanzibar, accompanied for the first day's march by the veteran hero.

Livingstone gave the earlier portion of the precious journal from which our narrative has been culled into the care of the young American, and as they walked side by side, putting off the evil moment of parting as long as possible, the following interesting conversation, the last held by Livingstone in his own language, took place:—

"Doctor," began Stanley, "so far as I can understand it, you do not intend to return home until you have satisfied yourself about the 'Sources of the Nile.' When you have satisfied yourself, you will come home and satisfy others. Is it not so?"

LOOKING HOPEFULLY INTO THE FUTURE.

"That is it exactly. When your men come back" (Stanley was to hire men at Zanzibar to accompany Livingstone in his further journey) "I shall immediately start for Ufipa" (on the south-eastern shores of Lake Tanganyika); "then I shall strike south, and round the extremity of Lake Tanganyika. Then a south-east course will take me to Chikumbi's, on the Lualaba. On crossing the Lualaba, I shall go direct south-west to the copper mines of Katanga. Eight days south of Katanga the natives declare the fountains to be. When I have found them, I shall return by Katanga to the underground houses of Rua. From the caverns, ten days north-east will take me to Lake Komolondo. I shall be able to travel from the lake in your boat, up the river Lufira, to Lake Lincoln. Then, coming down again, I can proceed north by the Lualaba to the fourth lake—which will, I think, explain the whole problem."

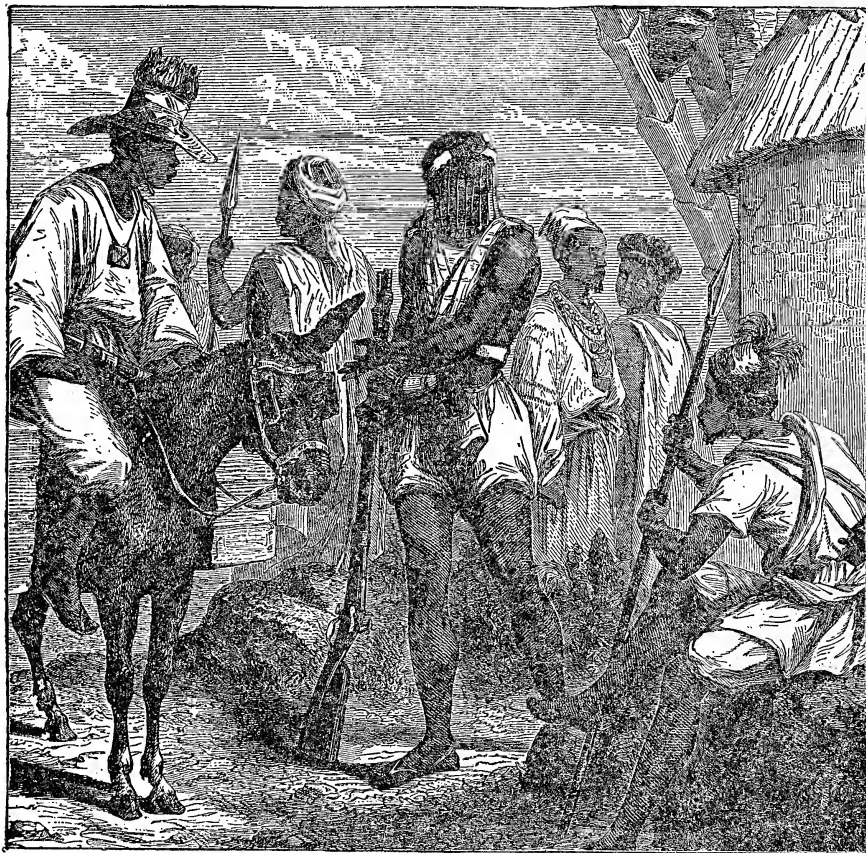
"And how long do you think this little journey will take you?"

"A year and a half at the furthest from the day I leave Unyanyembe."

"Suppose you say two years, contingencies might arise, you know. It will be well for me to hire these new men for two years, the day of their engagement to begin from their arrival at Unyan-yembe."

"Yes, that will do excellently well."

"Now, my dear doctor, the best of friends must part. You have come far enough; let me beg of you to turn back."



NATIVES OF THE NILE REGION.

"Well, I will say this to you, you have done what few men could do—far better than some great travelers I know, and I am grateful to you for what you have done for me. God guide you safe home, and bless you, my friend."

"And may God bring you safe back to us all, my dear friend. Farewell."

A few more words of good wishes on either side, another and yet another clasp of the hand, and the two heroes parted, Stanley hurrying back with all possible speed to Zanzibar to despatch men and stores for the doctor to Unyanyembe, Livingstone to return to that town to await the means of beginning yet another journey to the west.

It has long been well known that Stanley found the Royal Geographical Society's Livingstone Search Expedition at Bagamoyo, and that its leader, Lieutenant Dawson, threw up his command on hearing of the success of his predecessor. With the aid of Mr. Oswell Livingstone, the son of the great explorer, the young American, however, quickly organized a caravan, and saw it start for the interior on the 17th of May.

Somewhat later, the Royal Geographical Society sent out another exploring party, led by Lieutenant Grandy, with orders to ascend the Congo, to complete the survey of that stream, and at the same time to convey succor and comfort to the great traveler, who geographers already began to suspect was upon the upper waters of the Congo, and not of the Nile; but this last expedition utterly failed of success.

LIVINGSTONE'S LAST LETTER.

Not until long afterwards was the true sequel of Livingstone's sad and romantic history known in England. In his last letter, one to Mr. Well, Acting American Consul at Zanzibar, dated from Unyanyembe, July 2, 1872, he says: "I have been waiting up here like Simeon Sylites on his pillar, and counting every day, and conjecturing each step taken by our friend towards the coast, wishing and praying that no sickness might lay him up, no accident befall, and no unlooked-for combinations of circumstances render his kind intentions vain or fruitless."

The remainder of our narrative is culled from the latter part of Livingstone's journal, brought to Zanzibar with his dead body by his men, and from the accounts of his faithful followers Susi and Chumah, as given in "Livingstone's Last Journals," edited by Dr. Horace Waller. From these combined sources, we learn that

in June, just four months after the departure of Stanley, Sangara, one of his men, arrived at Unyanyembe with the news that the new caravan was at Ugogo, and that on the 14th of August in the same year the men actually arrived.

Livingstone's servants now numbered some sixty in all, and included the well-known John and Jacob Wainwright; two highly-trained Nassick men, sent from Bombay to join Lieutenant Dawson, who, with their fellow-countrymen Mabruki and Gardner, enlisted in 1866; and Susi, Chumah, and Amoda, three of the men who joined Livingstone on the Zambesi in 1864, and now formed a kind of body-guard, protecting their master in every peril in life, and guarding his body in death with equally untiring devotion.

WITHOUT FOOD FOR EIGHT DAYS.

On the 25th of August, 1872, the start for the south-west was at last made, and after daily records in the journal of arduous ascents of mountains, weary tramps through flat forests, difficulties in obtaining food, in controlling men, etc., we come on the 19th of September to a significant entry, to the effect that our hero's old enemy, dysentery, was upon him. He had eaten nothing for eight days, yet he pressed on without pause until the 8th of October, when he sighted the eastern shores of Tanganyika.

Then ensued a halt of a couple of days, when, turning due south, the course led first along a range of hills overlooking the lake, and then across several bays in the mountainous district of Fipa, till late in October a very large arm of Tanganyika was rounded. The lake was then left, and a *detour* made to the east, bringing the party in November to the important town known as Zombe's, built in such a manner that the river Halocheche, on its way to Tanganyika, runs right through it.

At Zombe's a western course was resumed, and passing on through heavy rains, and over first one and then another tributary of the lake, our hero turned southwards, a little beyond the most southerly point of Tanganyika, to press on in the same direction, though again suffering terribly from dysentery, until November, when he once more set his face westwards, arriving in December

on the banks of the Kalongosi river, a little to the east of the point at which he had sighted it on his flight northwards with the Arabs.

In December what may be called the direct march to Lake Bangweolo was commenced, the difficulties of traveling now greatly aggravated by the continuous rain which had filled to overflowing the sponges, as Livingstone calls the damp and porous districts through which he had to pass. To quote from Dr. Waller's notes, "our hero's men speak of the march from this point" (the village of Moenje, left on the 9th of January, 1873) "as one continued plunge in and out of morass, and through rivers which were only distinguishable from the surrounding waters by their deep currents and the necessity of using canoes.

To a man reduced in strength, and chronically affected with dysenteric symptoms," adds Dr. Waller, "the effect may well be conceived. It is probable that, had Dr. Livingstone been at the head of a hundred picked Europeans, every man of them would have been down in a fortnight."

A JOURNEY UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Under these circumstances we cannot too greatly admire the pluck of Livingstone's little body of men, for it must not be forgotten that Africans have an intense horror of wet, and that those from the coast suffer almost as much as white men from the climate of the interior.

Following the route, we find that he crossed no less than thirteen rivulets in rapid succession—more, in fact, than one a day. In January he notes that he is troubled for want of canoes, they being now indispensable to further progress, and that he is once more near the Chambeze, the river which he had crossed far away on the north-east just before the loss of his medicine-chest and the beginning of his serious troubles.

No canoes were, however, forthcoming; the natives were afraid of the white man, and would give him no help either with guides or boats. Nothing daunted even then, though his illness was growing upon him to such an extent that the entries in his journal are

often barely legible, he pressed on, now wading through the water, now carried on the shoulders of one or another of his men.

The following extract from the Journal, dated January 24th, will serve to give some notion of the kind of work done in the last few stages of this terrible journey:—"Went on east and north-east to avoid the deep part of a large river, which requires two canoes, but the men sent by the chief would certainly hide them. Went an hour-and-three-quarters' journey to a large stream through drizzling rain, at least 300 yards of deep water, amongst sedges and sponges of 100 yards. One part was neck deep for fifty yards, and



LIVINGSTONE AND HIS MEN CROSSING A "SPONGE."

the water was cold. We plunged in elephant's footprints one and a half hours, then came in one hour to a small rivulet ten feet broad, but waist deep, bridge covered and broken down.

"Carrying me across one of the deep sedgy rivers is really a very difficult task; one we crossed was at least 1,000 feet broad, or more than 300 yards. The first part the main stream came up to Susi's mouth. One held up my pistol behind, then one after another

took a turn, and when he sank into a deep elephant's footprint he required two to lift him so as to gain a footing on the level, which was over waist deep. Others went on and bent down the grass so as to insure some footing on the side of the elephant's path. Every ten or twelve paces brought us to a clear stream, flowing fast in its own channel, while over all a strong current came bodily through all the rushes and aquatic plants.

"It took us a full hour and a half for all to cross over. We had to hasten on the building of sheds after crossing the second rivulet, as rain threatened us. At four in the afternoon it came on pouring cold rain, when we were all under cover. We are anxious about food. The lake is near, but we are not sure of provisions. Our progress is distressingly slow. Wet, wet, wet, sloppy weather truly, and no observations, except that the land near the lake being very level, the rivers spread out into broad friths and sponges."

ACROSS THE CHAMBEZE AT LAST!

Thus, wet, sick, and weary, often short of food and doubtful of his way, the indomitable hero still struggled on, his courage sustained by his hope of yet reaching the Chambeze, rounding the lake, and passing the confluence of the Lualaba on the west; his heart cheered by the ever-increasing love of his men, especially of the seven already mentioned, who vied with each other in their eagerness to carry their dear master, to build the tent for his reception, to save for him the best of the provisions they were able to procure.

The whole of February and the first half of the ensuing month were consumed in wandering backwards and forwards amongst the swamps of the north-east shores of Bangweolo, but about the 20th of March the camp was at last pitched on the left bank of the Chambeze, close to its entry of the lake, and the question of its connection with the Lualaba was to some extent solved. Late in March canoes were actually obtained, and, embarking in them, our explorer and his men paddled across the intervening swamps to the Chambeze, crossed a river flowing into it, and then the main stream itself, losing one slave girl by drowning in the process.

Preparations were made for a further "land," or we would rather say wading journey, for though all the canoes, except a few reserved for the luggage, were left behind, the water was not. All went fairly well, however, in spite of the gigantic difficulties encountered, until the 10th of April, when, about midway in the journey along the western bank of the lake, Livingstone succumbed to a severe attack of his complaint, which left him, to quote his own words, "pale, bloodless, and weak from profuse bleeding."

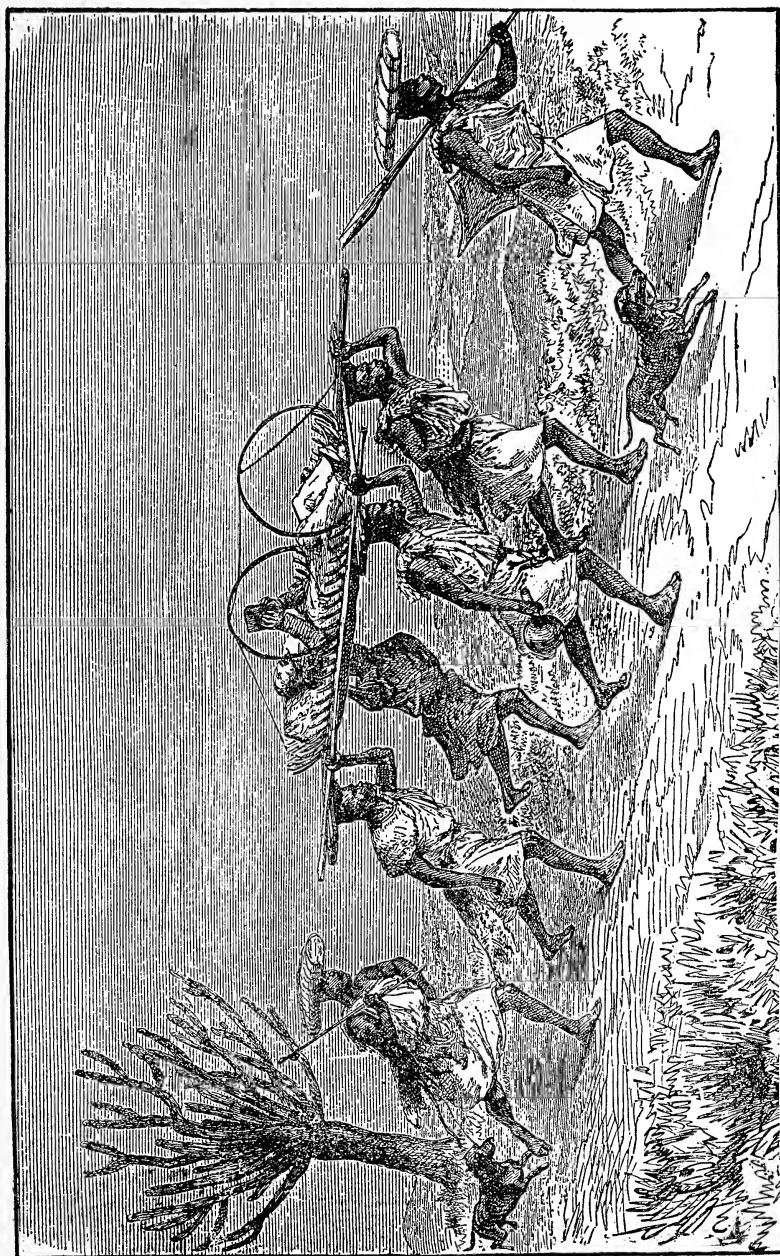
Surely now he would pause and turn back, that he might at least reach home to die! But no! he allowed himself but two days' rest, and then, staggering to his feet, though he owns he could hardly walk, he "tottered along nearly two hours, and then lay down, quite done. Cooked coffee," he adds—"our last—and went on, but in an hour I was compelled to lie down."

TENDERLY CARRIED IN A LITTER.

Unwilling even then to be carried, he yielded at last to the expostulations of his men, and, reclining in a kind of litter suspended on a pole, he was gently borne along to the village of Chinama, and there, "in a garden of durra," the camp was pitched for the night. Beyond on the east stretched "interminable grassy prairies, with lines of trees occupying quarters of miles in breadth." On the west lay the lake connected with so many perils, but which Livingstone even yet hoped to round completely.

Our hero was ferried over the Lolotikila, was carried over land for a short distance to the south-west, the Lombatwa river was crossed, and, after a "tremendous rain, which burst all the now rotten tents to shreds," three sponges were crossed in rapid succession. Two days later Livingstone rallied sufficiently to mount a donkey, which, strange to say, had survived all the dangers of the journey from Unyanyembe, and came in sight of the Lavusi hills—a relief to the eye, he tells us, after all the flat upland traversed.

Following the course of the Lulimala till they came to a reach where the current was interrupted by numerous little islands, the party found Kalunganjova awaiting them on a little knoll, and under his superintendence the embarkation proceeded rapidly, whilst



LIVINGSTONE BEING CARRIED ON A LITTER.

Livingstone, who was to be taken over when the rough work was done, rested on his litter in a shady place.

The canoes not being wide enough to admit of the litter being laid in any one of them, it was now a difficult question how best to get the doctor across. Taking his bed off his litter, the men placed it in the strongest canoe and tried to lift him on to it, but he "could not bear the pain of a hand being placed under his back." Making a sign to Chumah, our hero then faintly whispered a request to him "to stoop down over him as low as possible, so that he might clasp his hands together behind his head," at the same time begging him "to avoid putting any pressure on the lumbar region of the back." His wishes were tenderly carried out, and in this manner he was laid in the canoe, ferried over as rapidly as possible, and once more placed in his litter on the other side.

LIFE FAST EBBING AWAY.

Susi now hastened on with several servants to the next village, the now celebrated Chitambo's, to superintend the building of a house for the reception of his beloved master, the rest of the party following more slowly, and bearing their precious charge "through swamps and splashes," till they came, to their great relief, to something "like a dry plain at last."

The strength of the great explorer was now ebbing rapidly away. Chumah, who helped to carry him on this the very last stage of his journey, says that he and his comrades were every now and then "implored to stop and place their burden on the ground." Sometimes a drowsiness come over the sufferer, and he seemed insensible to all that was going on; sometimes he suffered terribly for want of water, of which, now that it was so sorely needed, not a drop could be obtained, until, fortunately, they met a member of their party returning from Chitambo's, with a supply thoughtfully sent off by Susi.

A little later, a clearing was reached, and Livingstone again begged to be set down and left alone, but at that very moment the first huts of Chitambo's village came in sight, and his bearers begged him to endure yet a little longer.

Arrived at last at Chitambo's, the party found the house their fellow-servants were building still unfinished, and were therefore compelled to lay their master "under the broad eaves of a native hut" for a time. Though the village was then nearly empty, a num-



CHARMING AWAY EVIL SPIRITS.

ber of natives soon collected about the litter, to gaze "in silent wonder upon him whose praises had reached them in previous years."

When the house was ready, our hero's bed was placed inside it, "raised from the floor by sticks and grass;" bales and boxes,

one of the latter serving as a table, were arranged at one end; a fire was lighted outside, nearly opposite the door; and Livingstone was tenderly and reverently carried from his temporary resting-place to that which was to be his last. A boy named Majwara was appointed to sleep inside the house, to attend to the patient's wants.

Chitambo came early in the morning to pay his respects to his guest, but Livingstone was too ill to attend to him, and begged him "to call again on the morrow, when he hoped to have more strength to talk to him." In the afternoon the doctor asked Susi to bring him his watch, and showed him how to hold it in the palm of his hand, whilst he himself moved the key. The rest of the day passed without incident, and in the evening the men not on duty silently repaired to their huts, whilst those whose turn it was to watch sat round their fires, waiting for the end which they felt to be rapidly approaching.

At about 11 P. M. Livingstone sent for Susi, and loud shouts being at the moment heard in the distance, said to him, "Are our men making that noise?"

"No," replied Susi, adding that he believed it was only the natives scaring away a buffalo from their durra fields. A few minutes later, Livingstone said slowly, "Is this the Lualaba?" his mind evidently wandering to the great river which had so long been the object of his search. "No," said Susi, "we are in Chitambo's village, near the Lulimala."

THE GREAT HERO'S LAST WORDS.

A long silence ensued, and then the doctor said in Suaheli, an Arab dialect, "How many days is it to the Lualaba?" and Susi answered in the same language, "I think it is three days, master."

A few seconds later, Livingstone exclaimed, "Oh dear! oh dear!" as if in terrible suffering, and then fell asleep. Susi, who then left his master to his repose, was called in about an hour by Majwara, and on reaching the doctor's bedside received instructions to boil some water, for which purpose he went to the fire outside to fill his kettle. On his return, Livingstone told him to bring his medicine-chest and to hold the candle near him. These instruc-

tions being obeyed, he took out a bottle of calomel, told Susi to put it, an empty cup, and one with a little water in it, within reach of his hand, and then added in a very low voice, "All right; you can go out now."

This was the last sentence ever spoken by Livingstone in human hearing. At about 4 A. M. Majwara came once more to call Susi, saying "Come to Bwana (his name for Livingstone); I am afraid. I don't know if he is alive."

Susi, noticing the boy's terror, and fearing the worst, now aroused five of his comrades, and with them entered the doctor's hut, to find the great explorer kneeling, as if in prayer, by the side of his bed, "his head buried in his hands upon the pillow."

"For a minute," says Dr. Waller, "they watched him; he did not stir; there was no sign of breathing; then one of them advanced softly to him and placed his hands to his cheeks." It was enough; Livingstone was dead. He had probably expired soon after Susi left him, dying as he had lived, in quiet unostentatious reliance upon his divine Father. "History," says Banning, one of the members of the Brussels Conference, "contains few pages more touching, or of a more sublime character, than the simple narrative of this silent and solitary death of a great man, the martyr to a great cause."

A MARTYR TO A GREAT CAUSE.

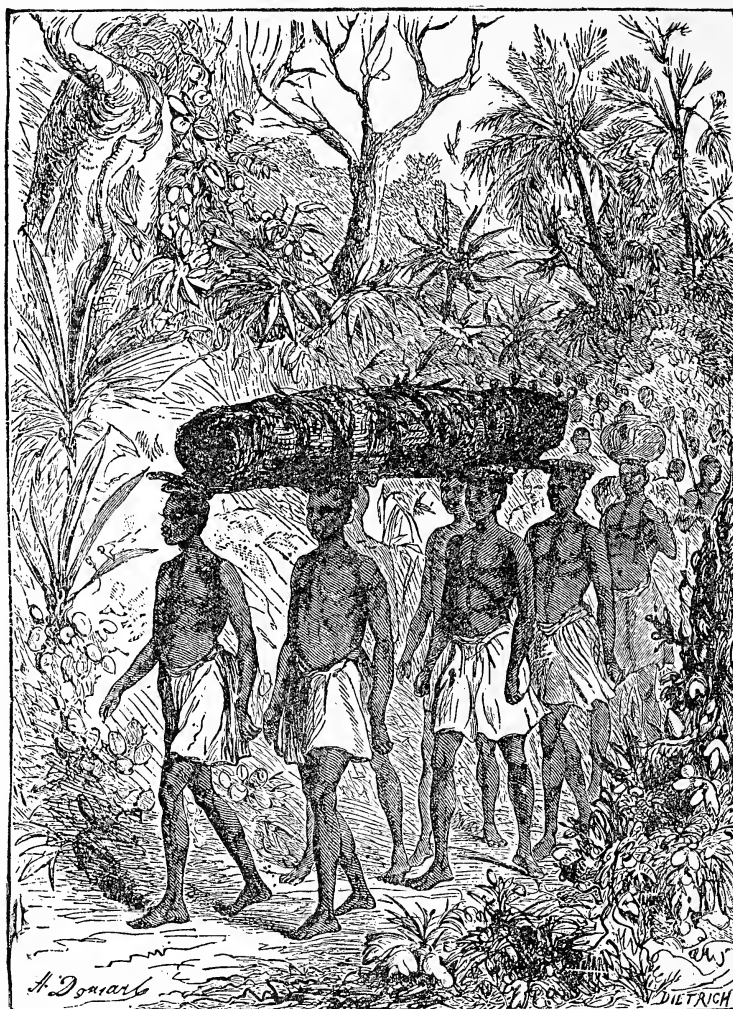
Thus ended the career of the greatest hero of modern geographical discovery, and of one of the noblest-hearted philanthropists of the present century. Very sadly, very tenderly, very reverently Livingstone's servants laid the corpse of their beloved master on his bed, and retired to consult together round their watch-fire as to what should next be done.

The following day it was unanimously decided that Susi and Chumah, who were "old men in traveling and in hardship," should act as captains of the caravan, the other men engaged promising faithfully to obey them.

All agreed further that the body of Livingstone must be preserved and carried back to Zanzibar. With the ready co-operation

of Chitambo, a strong hut, open to the air at the top, was built for the performance of the last melancholy offices.

A native mourner was engaged to sing the usual dirge before the commencement of the post-mortem examination. Wearing the



CONVEYING LIVINGSTONE'S BODY TO THE COAST.

anklets proper to the occasion, "composed of rows of hollow seed-vessels," he sang the following chant, dancing all the while—

"To-day the Englishman is dead,
Who has different hair from ours;
Come round to see the Englishman."

After this concession to the customs of the people amongst whom they found themselves, Livingstone's faithful servants carried his remains to the hut prepared for them, where Jacob Wainwright read the burial service in the presence of all his comrades. The great hero's heart was removed and buried in a tin a little distance from the hut, and the body was "left to be fully exposed to the sun. No other means were taken to preserve it beyond placing some brandy in the mouth, and some on the hair."

At the end of fourteen days, the body, thus simply "embalmed," was "wrapped round in some calico, the legs being bent inwards at the knees to shorten the package," which was placed in a cylinder ingeniously constructed out of the bark of a tree. Over the whole a piece of sail-cloth was sewn, and the strange coffin was then



PECULIAR HEAD-DRESS.

securely lashed to a strong pole, so that it could be carried by the men.

Under the superintendence of Jacob Wainwright, an inscription was carved on a large tree near the place where the body was exposed, giving the name of the deceased hero and the date of his death. Chitambo promised to guard this memorial as a sacred charge, and the melancholy procession started on the return journey.

Completing the circuit of Bangweolo, the men crossed the Lua-

laba near its entry into the lake on the west, thus supplementing their master's work, and, turning eastward beyond the great river which had so long been the goal of his efforts, they made for the route he had followed on his trip to the south in 1868. A short halt at Casembe's was succeeded by an uneventful trip eastwards to Lake Tanganyika, rounding the southern extremity of which the funeral procession rapidly made its way in a north-easterly direction to Unyanyembe, where it arrived in the middle of October, 1873.

Here Lieutenant Cameron, the leader, and Dr. Dillon and Lieutenant Murphy, members of a new Livingstone Relief Expedition sent out by the Royal Geographical Society, were resting before starting westwards. After the sad news of the doctor's death had been communicated to them and confirmed by indisputable evidence, Cameron did all in his power to help and relieve the brave fellows who had brought the hero's dead body and all belonging to him thus far in safety.

A MOURNFUL PROCESSION TO THE COAST.

Then, finding them unwilling to surrender their charge before reaching the coast, although he himself thought that Livingstone might have wished to be buried in the same land as his wife, he allowed them to proceed, Dr. Dillon and Lieutenant Murphy accompanying them.

Soon after the march to the coast began, Dr. Dillon, rendered delirious by his sufferings from fever and dysentery, shot himself in his tent, but Susi, Chumah, and their comrades arrived safely at Bagamoyo in February, 1874, where they delivered up their beloved master's remains to the Acting English Consul, Captain Prideaux, under whose care they were conveyed to Zanzibar in one of Her Majesty's cruisers, thence to be sent to England on board the *Malwa*, for interment in Westminster Abbey.

To describe the stately funeral which was accorded to the simple-hearted hero in old Westminster Abbey would be beyond our province, but none who read the glowing newspaper accounts of the long procession, the crowds of mourners, and the orations in honor of the deceased, can fail to have been touched by the contrast they

offered to his lonely death in the wilderness, untended by any but the poor natives whose affections he had won by his gentleness and patience in the hardships and privations they had endured together, and to whom alone England is indebted for the privilege of numbering his grave amongst her sacred national possessions.

The remains of the great African Explorer were laid to rest in Westminster Abbey on the 18th of April. The casket bore the inscription—

DAVID LIVINGSTONE,

Born at Blantyre, Lanarkshire, Scotland,

19 MARCH, 1813,

Died at Ilala, Central Africa,

4 MAY, 1873.

CHAPTER XVI.

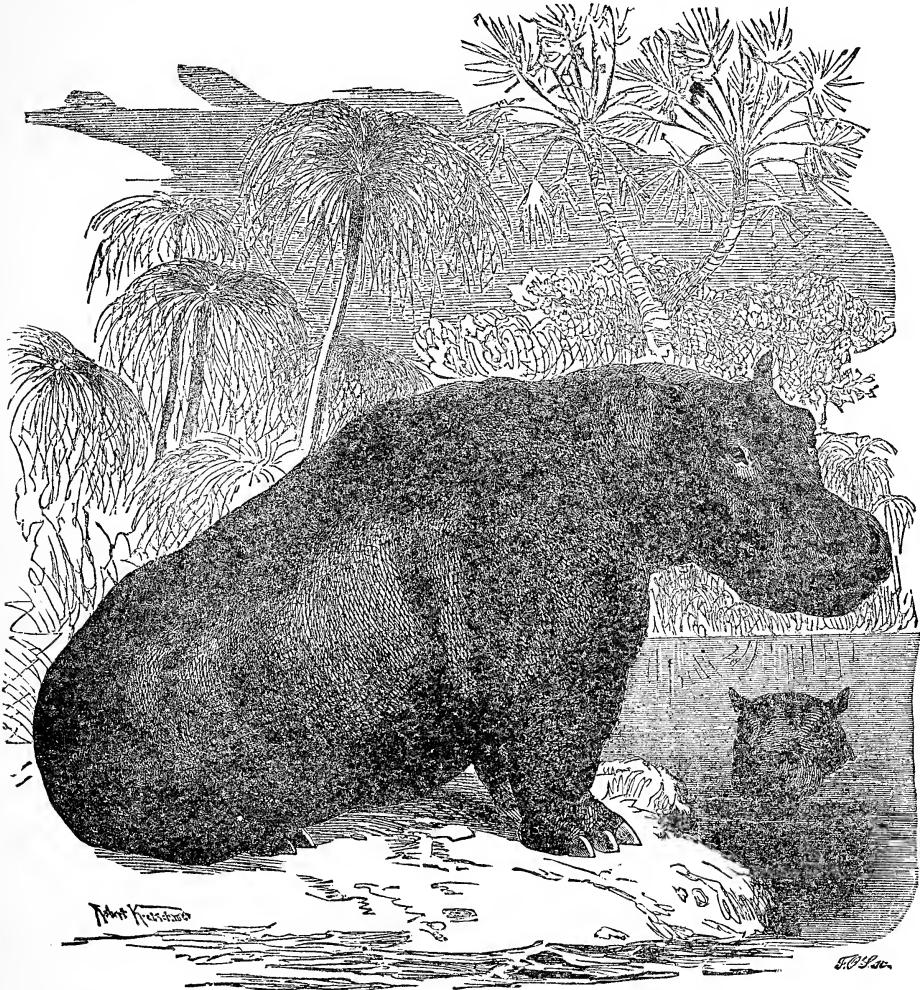
REMARKABLE SCENERY IN TROPICAL AFRICA VISITED BY ROOSEVELT—MASSES OF ROCKY MOUNTAINS—FOLIAGE BRIGHT WITH ALL THE COLORS OF THE RAINBOW—RANK GROWTHS OF RUSHES AND GRASS—VARIETIES OF ANIMAL LIFE—THE SACRED IBIS—THE LONG-LEGGED STORK AND HERON—PRIMEVAL FORESTS AND RUNNING STREAMS—FINE SPECIMENS OF FLOWERS—PERPETUAL MOISTURE—TURTLE DOVES AND GOLDEN PHEASANTS—GRAVE-LOOKING MONKEYS—BEAUTIFUL VALLEYS AND HILLSIDES—THE BEAUTIFUL IN NATURE MARRED BY HUMAN CRUELTY—CITIES BUILT BY INSECTS.

A FAMOUS Traveler wrote the following description of the scenery of Africa, which was penetrated by Col. Roosevelt: Unyamwezi is a wide undulating table-land, sinking westward toward Tanganyika. Any one taking a bird's-eye view of the land would perceive forest, a purple-hued carpet of foliage, broken here and there by barren plains and open glades, extending toward every quarter of the heavens. Here and there rise masses of rocky mountains, towering like blunt cupolas above the gentle undulations of the land, on to the distant horizon. Standing upon any projecting point, a scene never before witnessed meets the view. Nothing picturesque can be seen; the landscape may be called prosaic and monotonous; but it is in this very overwhelming, apparently endless, monotony that its sublimity lies.

The foliage is bright with all the colors of the prism; but as the woods retreat towards the far distance, a silent mystical vapor enfolds them, and bathes them first in pale, and then in dark blue, until they are lost in the distance. But near the lake all is busy life. The shore immediately adjoining the Lake of Ugogo is formed by a morass of at least sixty feet wide, and extending on every side. It is an impenetrable tangle of luxuriant sedge and rushes, where the unwieldy hippopotamus, going his nightly rounds, has left his

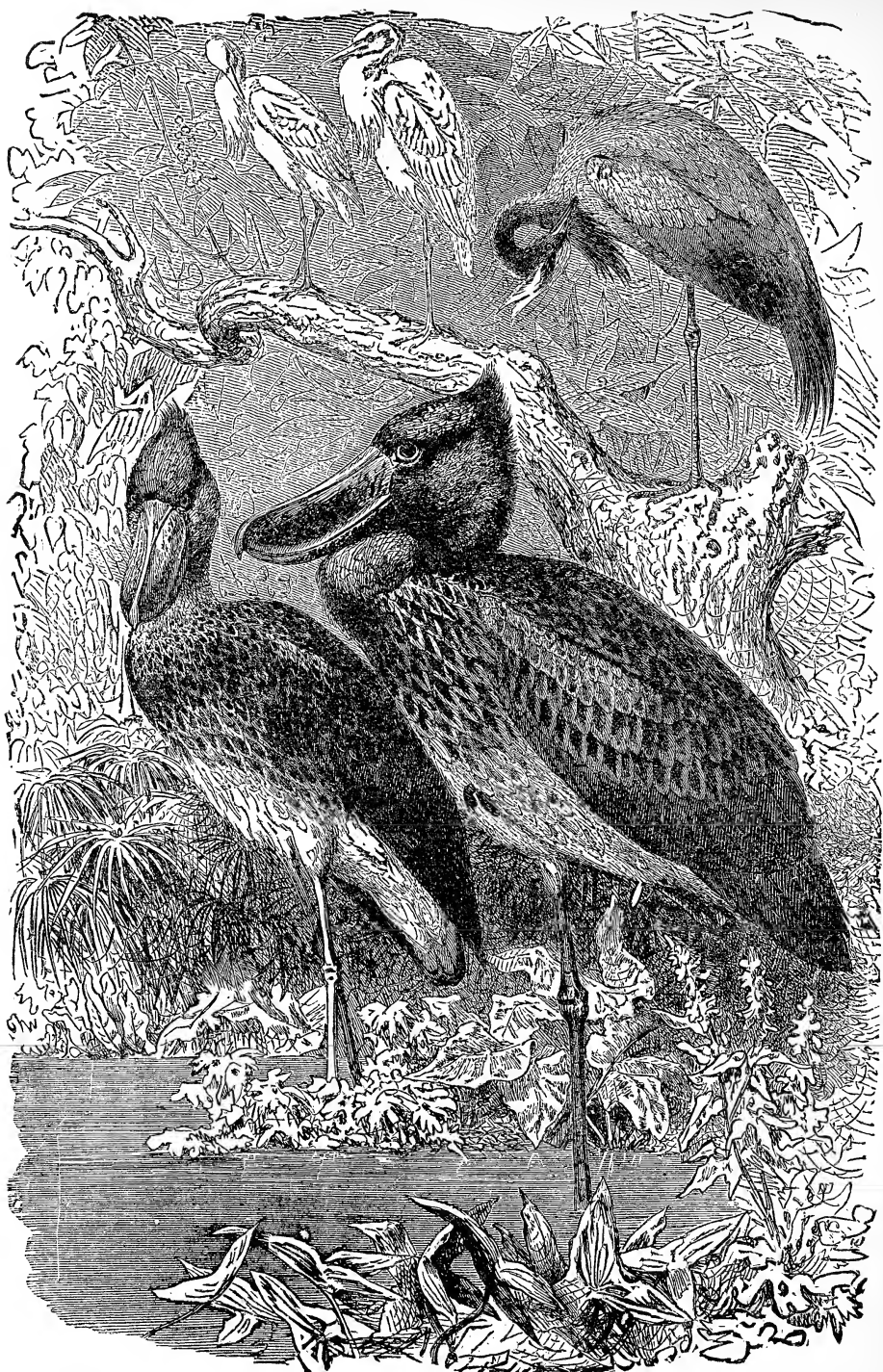
watery footsteps imprinted in the swamp. Numerous buffaloes, zebras, giraffes, boars, kudu antelopes, and other animals come here at nightfall to quench their thirst.

The shores and surface of the lake are alive with an amazing



HIPPOPOTAMUS IN ITS NATIVE HAUNTS.

number of aquatic birds—black swans, ducks, sacred ibises, cranes, and pelicans; high overhead, watchful for their prey, hover kites and fish eagles; while the shore is vocal with the loud call of the guinea-fowl, the hoarse scream of the toucan, the cooing of the pigeons, the hoot of the owl mingling with the cry of the snipe and



wild fowl rising from the long grass by the water's edge. These shores are also the paradise of the long-legged stork and the heron, the saddle stork, the marabout, an ugly bird, in spite of its wonderful and costly feathers, the giant heron, while the curious stilt-bird, or shoebill, of Africa, one of the most singular birds of the globe, inhabits the more northern marshlands, vast impenetrable morasses of the White Nile, and some of its tributaries. This bird has a bulky body, a thick neck, a large head and a curiously formed bill, not unlike a clumsy wooden shoe. Its color is an ashy gray, with jet black wing feathers.

The shoebill is the giant of the wading birds and is found in pairs or smaller societies as remote as possible from human habitations, mostly in the impenetrable swamps of the White Nile and some of its tributaries. At the approach of man it flies away, and when frightened by shots it rises to a great altitude and never returns to its swamps as long as there is any suspicion of danger. This bird selects for its breeding place a small elevation in the reeds, either immediately on the border of the water or in the swamp, mostly where surrounding water renders an approach difficult.

WONDERFUL LUXURIANCE.

The flora concentrates all its luxuriance in the first months of the rainy season, leaving the autumn, when the grass of the steppes is withered, to fare less richly. The scenery varies much less than in the most monotonous districts of our own country, but it has nevertheless its alternation of clustering groves of bushes, its clearings with noble trees more than thirty or forty feet in height, its luxuriant undergrowth broken by grassy reaches or copses of tall shrubs.

Palms play a subordinate part in this scenery; the fan palms are found clustered together in groves; and in the marshy steppes grows the prickly date, perhaps the primitive type of the date palm. Then come the leather-leaved fig trees of every kind, and among them the grandest monuments of African vegetation, the sycamores, together with large-leaved tamarinds.

Very characteristic of the country are the patches of primeval



GIGANTIC BAOBAB TREE OF AFRICA.

forests, watered by running streams, and known by the name of galleries. The soil is unusually rich in springs of water, which keep up a perpetual overflow of the brooks; and while in the northern

districts the rivers have to find their way across open lowlands where the volume of water soon diminishes, and is lost in the parched earth, the country here is like a well-filled sponge. The result of this abundant moisture is that the valleys and fissures of the earth through which the water flows, whether in the form of little brooks and streamlets, or of great rivers, are clothed with all the majesty of a tropical forest; while an open park-like glade, the chief feature of which appears at the first glance to be the amazing size of its foliage, fills up the higher-lying spaces between the water-courses and the galleries.

The number of distinct types of trees, and the variety of forms among the undergrowth, is very great. Trees with large trunks, whose height throws into the shade all the previously seen specimens of the Nile flora, not excluding the palms of Egypt, are here found in serried ranks, without a break, and beneath their shelter the less imposing platforms are arranged in terraces.

LEAFY CORRIDORS WITHIN VIRGIN FORESTS.

In the interior of these virgin forests, leafy corridors, rivalling the temple walls of Egypt, lie veiled in deep perpetual shadow, and are spanned by a triple roof of foliage, rising vault above vault. Seen from without, the galleries appear like an impenetrable wall of the densest leafage, while from within corridors of foliage open out in every direction beneath the columns of the tree stems, and are filled with the murmuring voice of springs and water-courses.

The average height of the roof of leaves measures from seventy-five to ninety feet; but very often these galleries, seen from without, by no means produce the imposing effect which is felt from within in looking up from the depth of the valley or the water-side; because in many places the depression of land or water which makes up the gallery or tunnel-like character of the scene scarcely allows half of the forest to rise above the level ground, many galleries being entirely sunk in the depression. Great tree trunks, thickly overgrown with wild pepper, rise from the depths, and support wide-spreading branches draped with lichens and mosses, above which towers the remarkably fine tree called the elephant's ear, which

grows in rich abundance. High up on the branches are seen the very large nests built by the "tree-termite."

Other tree stems, long since dead, serve as supports for colossal vines, and with their impenetrable festoons form bowers as large as houses, in which perpetual darkness reigns. From the depths of the brushwood gleam flame-red blossoms, and rivalling them in splendor are seen tall shrubs bearing large orange bell flowers.

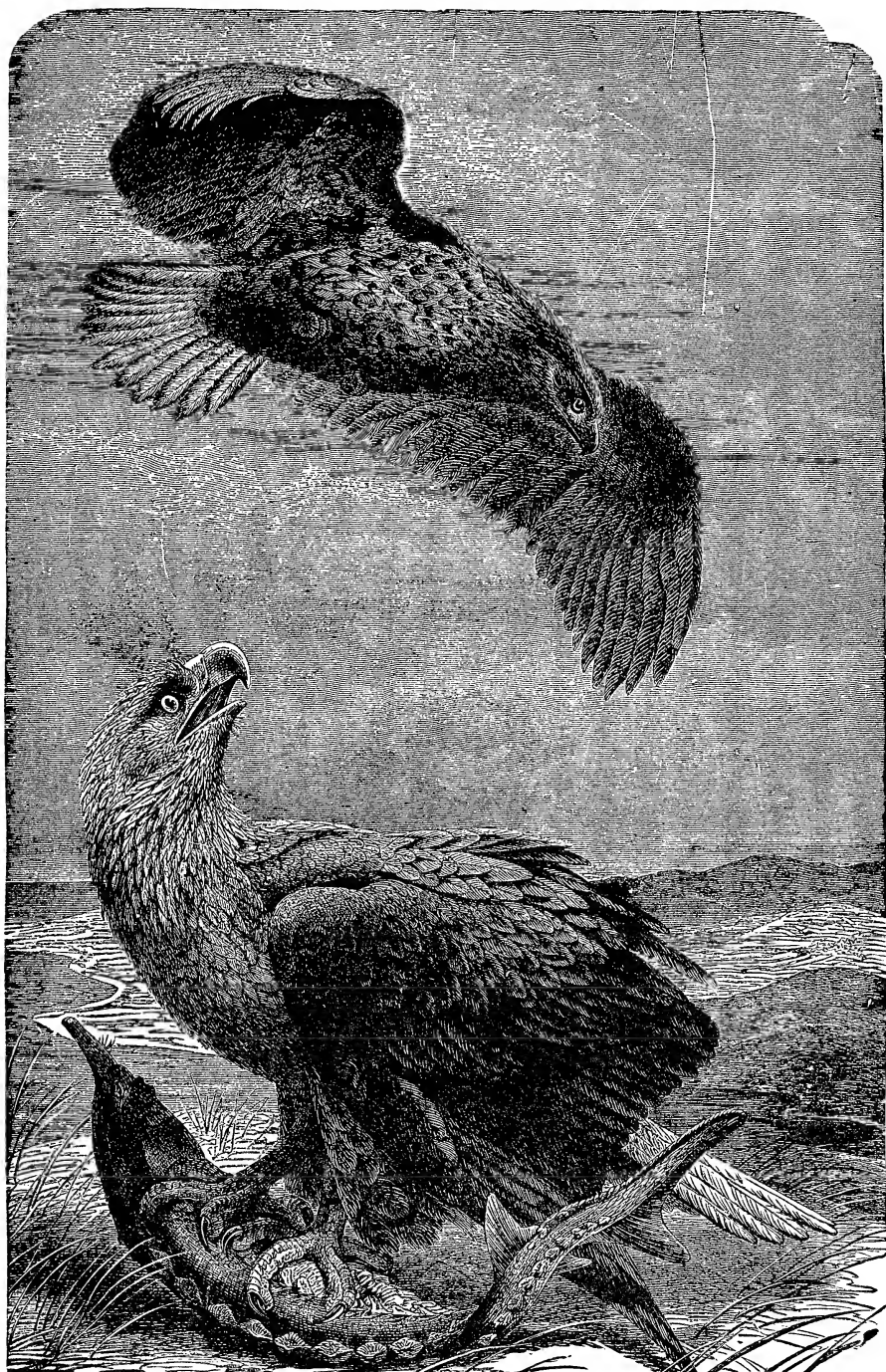
AN UNBROKEN IMPENETRABLE GREENERY.

The eyes may roam in every direction, and meet with nothing but this unbroken impenetrable greenery. There where the narrow pathways wind along, partly through and partly under the tangle of shrub and bush ascending the valley wall, bare roots of trees form the supports which hold the loose friable earth together. Mouldering trunks, covered with thick mosses, are met with at every step, and make our advance through these waves of massive greenery anything but easy.

The air we breathe is no longer that of the free sunlit steppe, or of the cool leafy paths without; it is the heavy, humid atmosphere of our green-houses. There prevails a constant moisture, produced by the breath of the woods itself, and which it is impossible to escape.

The Negroes belonging to the caravan, while prowling through the backwoods in search of anything eatable, lighted here upon an important discovery; their cry of triumph guided us to the place where they stood clustered together round a tree, very busy with their firebrands. They had discovered in the hollow stem a large quantity of honey, and were preparing to secure their treasure with great indifference to the results of their attack. Honey, wax, and even the little bodies of the honey-makers slain in the combat, were swallowed down by the Negroes without any distinction.

One of the birds peculiar to some parts of Central Africa is the fish-eagle. The best known and largest is the white-headed eagle. The length is about three feet, and the extent of wings seven feet; the female is somewhat larger. Its usual food is fish, but it eats the flesh of other animals, when it can get it and often seizes



FISH-EAGLES CONTENDING FOR A PRIZE.

quadrupeds and birds of inferior flight, and when pressed by hunger will feed on carrion. The flight of this bird is very majestic; it sails along with extended wings and can ascend until it disappears from view, without any apparent motion of the wings or tail; and from the greatest height it descends with a rapidity, which can scarcely be followed by the eye. The power of wing is not more remarkable than the consummative skill with which the strong pinions are made to cut the air.

These birds live to a great age. They are generally seen in pairs and the union seems to last for life. The attachment of the old birds to their young is very great. The breeding season commences about March and though each male has but one mate during its entire life, many and fierce are the battles, which arise about the possession of these spouses. It is a singular circumstance in the formation of this bird that the outer toe turns easily backward, so as on occasion to have two of the toes forward and two backward, and it has a much larger claw than the inner one. This, and the roughness of the whole foot underneath, are well adapted for the securing of its prey.

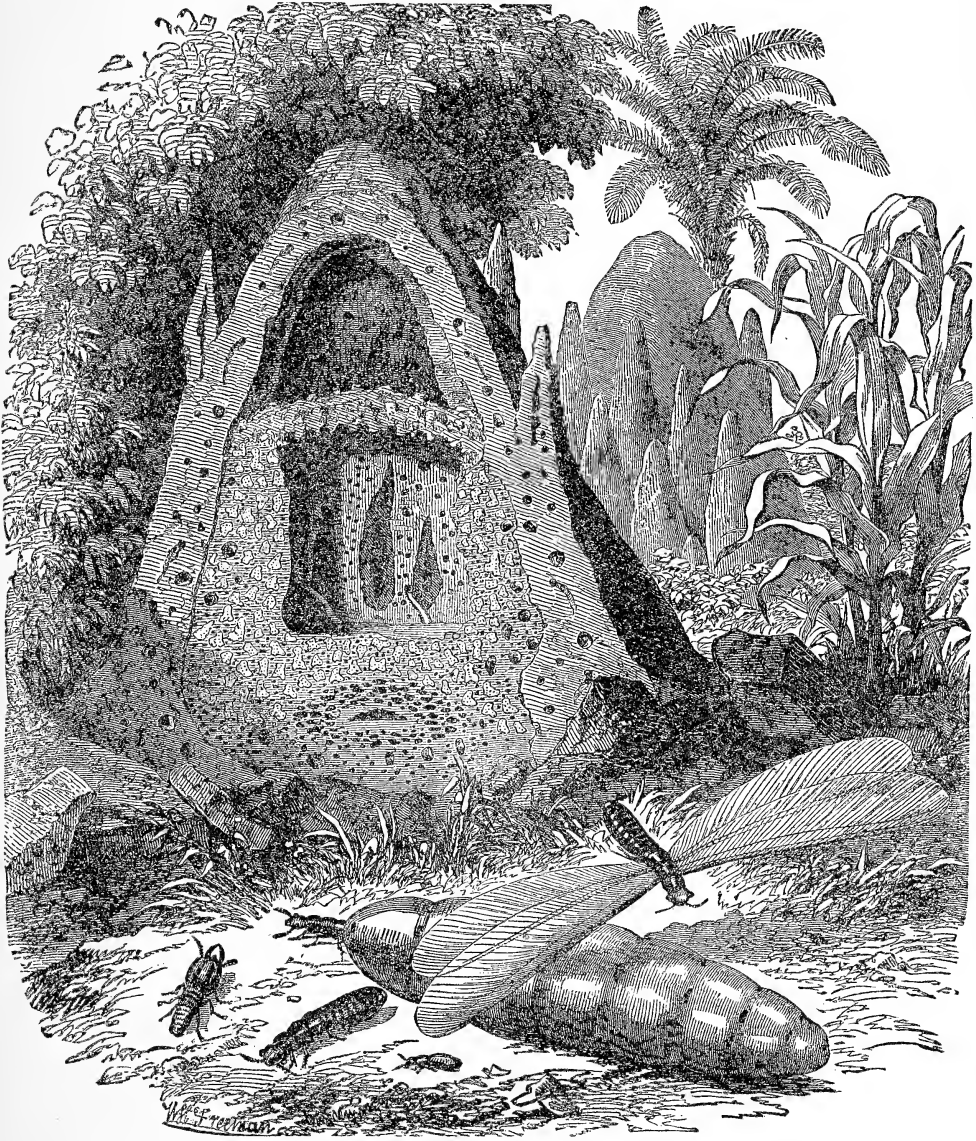
FOREST-CLAD SLOPES AND BEAUTIFUL VALLEYS.

During the spring and summer months the osprey is frequently seen hovering over the rivers for minutes without visible change of place. It then suddenly darts down and plunges into the water, whence it seldom rises again without a fish in its talons. When it rises in the air it shakes off the water and pursues its way towards the woods.

Our traveler was now fairly in the midst of African scenes. The wilderness was broken only by the little villages which every now and then appeared peeping through the crevices of their wonderful fortresses of acacia, and the people were fully up to the average in genuine African characteristics.

Crossing the Ungerengeri, a beautiful river with a broad fertile valley, and passing through the narrow belt of country which is all that is left to the warlike remnants of the once powerful Wakami tribe, the intrepid traveler entered the territory of the Wadoe, a

people full of traditions, who have always defended themselves bravely against the encroachments of neighbors and the invasions



CURIOUS HOUSES BUILT BY ANTS.

of marauders. The region they inhabit might well have been guarded by them with jealous courage.

It is in appearance amongst the most picturesque countries

between the coast and Unyanyembe. Great cones shoot upward above the everlasting forests, tipped by the light fleecy clouds, through which the warm glowing sun darts its rays, bathing the whole in a quickening radiance which brings out those globes of foliage that rise in tier after tier along the hill-sides in rich and varied hues which would mock the most ambitious painter's skill. From the winding paths along the crest of ridges the traveler may look down over forest-clad slopes into the deep valleys, and across to other slopes as gayly clad, and other ridges where deep concentric folds tempt him to curious wanderings by their beauty and mystery and grandeur. But those lovely glades and queenly hills told saddest stories of cruel deeds and wrongs irreparable. It is the old story: envious evil eagerly invades with its polluting presence those sacred spots where all is loveliest; infernal malice mars with strange delight what is beautiful and pure.

CITIES BUILT BY INSECTS.

Further on the caravan passed through the thin forests adorned with myriads of marvellous ant-hills, those wonderful specimens of engineering talent and architectural capacity, those cunningly contrived, model cities, with which the tiny denizens of African wilds astonish the traveler continually; and on across plains dotted with artificial-looking cones and flat-topped, isolated mountains, and through marshy ravines, where every unlucky step insured a bath in Stygian ooze—the various scenes of southern Ukonongo—

“Where the thorny brake and thicket
Densely fill the interspace
Of the trees, through whose thick branches
Never sunshine lights the place”—

the abode of lions and leopards and elephants and wild boars, one of those splendid parks of the wilderness where majestic forest and jungles, and lawn-like glades, and reedy brakes and perilous chasms all unite to form that climax of wildness and beauty, “the hunter's paradise.” It was just the place to arouse all the Nimrod spirit a man possesses.

The surface stratum of the country is clay, overlying the sand-

stone, based upon various granites, which in some places crop out, picturesquely disposed in blocks and boulders and huge domes and lumpy masses; ironstone is met with at a depth varying from five to twelve feet, and bits of coarse ore have been found in Unyan-yembe by digging not more than four feet in a chance spot.

“WAVES OF ROLLING LAND.”

During the rains the grass conceals the soil, but in the dry seasons the land is gray, lighted up by golden stubbles, and dotted with wind-distorted trees, shallow swamps of emerald grass, and wide streets of dark mud. Dwarfed stumps and charred “black jacks” deform the fields, which are sometimes ditched or hedged in, whilst a thin forest of parachute-shaped thorns diversifies the waves of rolling land and earth hills, spotted with sunburned stone. The reclaimed tracts and clearings are divided from one another by strips of primeval jungle, varying from two to twelve miles in length, and, as in other parts of Africa, the country is dotted with “fairy mounts”—dwarf mounds—the ancient sites of trees now crumbled to dust, and the debris of insect architecture. Villages, the glory of all African tribes, are seen at short intervals rising only a little above their impervious walls of lustrous green milk-bush, with its corat-shaped arms, variegating the well-hoed plains; whilst in the pasture lands herds of many-colored cattle, plump, round-barrelled and high-humped, like Indian breeds, and mingled flocks of goats and sheep, dispersed over the landscape, suggest ideas of barbarous comfort and plenty.

It is astonishing what luxury is conveyed into the heart of Africa by Arab merchant-princes. The fertile plain about their villages, kept in the highest state of cultivation, yields marvellous abundance and endless variety of vegetables, and supports vast herds of cattle, and sheep and goats innumerable; while just above the houses the orange, lemon, papaws and mangoes may be seen thriving finely.

Add to these the tea, coffee, sugar, spices, jellies, curries, wine, brandy, biscuits, sardines, salmon, and such fine cloths as they need for their own use, brought from the coast every year by their

slaves; associate these with a wealth of Persian carpets, most luxurious bedding, complete services of silver for tea and coffee, with magnificently carved dishes of tinned copper and brass lavers; and we have a catalogue out of which our imagination produces pictures of luxury that, amid the wildness and rudeness of that barbarous land, seem more like the magician's work than tangible realities, which await the worn-out traveler across six hundred miles of plains and mountains and rivers and swamps, where a succession of naked, staring, menacing savages throng the path in wonder at a white face.

A further description of some of the tropical birds will prove of interest to the reader who wishes to obtain a correct idea of the wonders abounding in Africa.

GUINEA-HENS PECULIAR TO AFRICA.

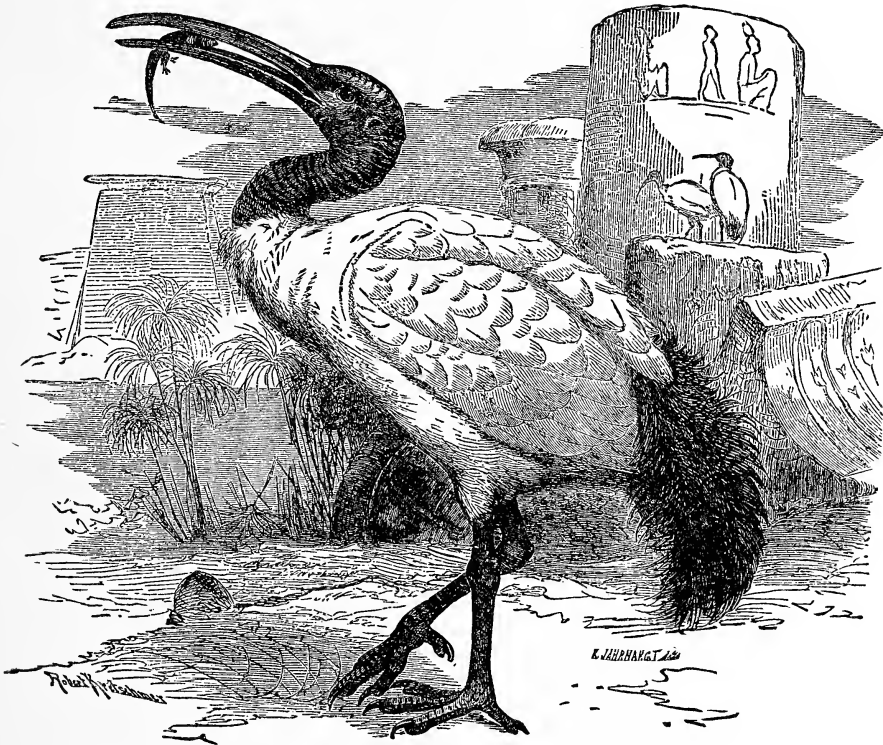
Guinea-hens are peculiar to Africa, where they frequent woods on the banks of rivers, in large flocks. They feed on grains, grasshoppers and other insects. When alarmed they attempt to escape by running, rather than by flight. The common guinea-hen is slate colored, covered all over with round white spots and is about the size of the common fowl. They are very noisy and troublesome, always quarreling with the other inmates of the poultry yard, and they are hard to raise from the delicacy of the young and their liability to disease.

Their flesh is of fine flavor and their eggs are excellent. They are great feeders, requiring to be fed beyond what they can pick up by themselves, and are apt to injure tender buds and flowers. The crested guinea-fowl or pintado has a crest of black feathers and the body black with blue spots; the mitred pintado has the head surmounted by a conical helmet and is black, white spotted.

The four species of pintado hitherto known are all natives of Africa and of islands adjacent to the African coast. Their mode of feeding is similar to that of the domestic poultry. They scrape the ground with their feet in search of insects, worms or seeds. The females lay and hatch their eggs nearly in the same manner as the common hens. The eggs, however, are smaller and have a harder shell. Buffon states that there is a remarkable difference

between the eggs of the domestic guinea-fowls and those which are wild; the latter being marked with small round spots, like those on the plumage of the birds, and the former being, when first laid, of a quite bright red and afterwards of the faint color of the dried rose.

The young birds, for some time after they come into the world, are destitute of the helmet or callous protuberance, which is so conspicuous on the heads of the old ones. The guinea-fowl is a



THE SACRED IBIS.

restless and clamorous bird. During the night it perches on high places and if disturbed, alarms every animal within hearing by its cry. These birds delight in rolling themselves in the dust for the purpose of ridding themselves of insects.

This is another African bird. There are about half a dozen species of this wading bird, including three in the United States. The red or scarlet ibis is about twenty-eight inches long, its bill six and one-half inches, and the extent of its wings a little over three

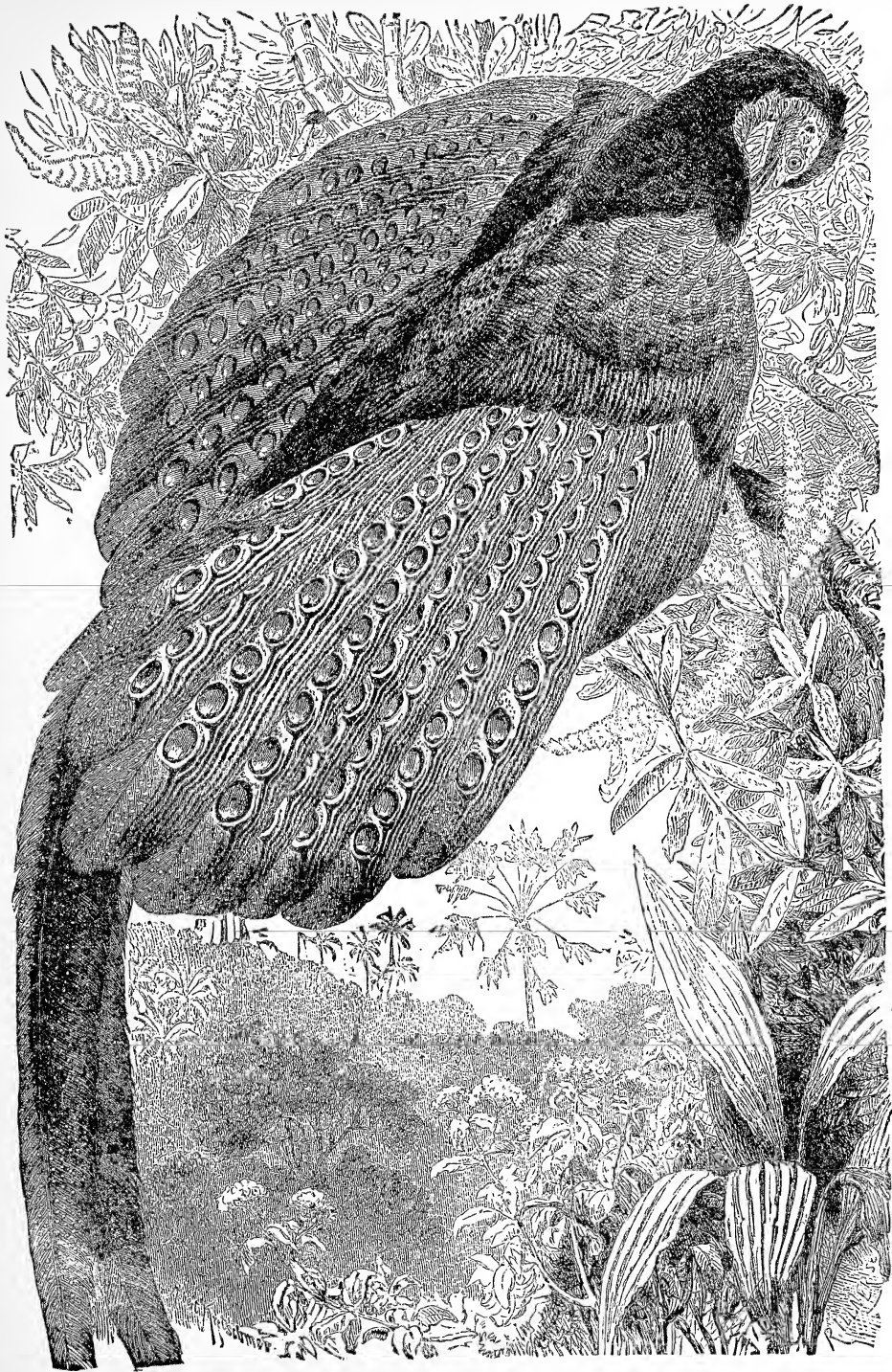
feet. This bird, whose color is a uniform bright scarlet, is found in South America and the West Indies. The white ibis, or white curlew, whose plumage is pure white, is very common in the Southern Atlantic and Gulf States, occasionally straggling as far north as New Jersey. Its flesh has a very fishy taste and is rarely eaten except by the Indians.

The glossy ibis, a smaller species, is about twenty-one inches long. Its general color is chestnut-brown, with the back and top of head metallic green, glossed with purple. It exists in great numbers in Mexico and has been found as far north as Massachusetts. Of this genus there are about twenty species found in the warmer parts of Africa, Asia and South America, one of which is the Sacred Ibis of the Egyptians. It is about as large as a domestic fowl, and is found throughout Northern Africa.

REARED IN THE TEMPLES OF ANCIENT EGYPT.

This bird, which was reared in the temples of ancient Egypt and was embalmed, frequents overflowed lands and dry plains and feeds on frogs and small aquatic lizards. It is a migratory bird, appearing simultaneously with the rise of the Nile and departing as the inundation subsides. It is a remarkable fact, that the ibis does not visit Egypt regularly any more as of old, breeding in the Soudan. As soon as it arrives there it takes possession of its well-selected breeding places, from which it undertakes excursions in search of prey. It is not afraid of the natives and can often be seen among the cattle herds picking up a grasshopper here and a frog or lizard there. Dr. Brehm met, on his travels up the Blue Nile, so many of this beautiful bird, that he was able to kill twenty of them within two days. The female lays three to four white eggs of the size of duck eggs. The bird is easily domesticated and is found in many zoological gardens of Europe and America.

In Egypt the ibis was regarded with great veneration by the ancients, who kept them in their temples, and embalmed them after their death; thousands of their remains are still found in the burial places amid the ruins of ancient Egypt. Various reasons have been given for this custom, some saying that the ibis destroyed the



BEAUTIFUL PHEASANT.

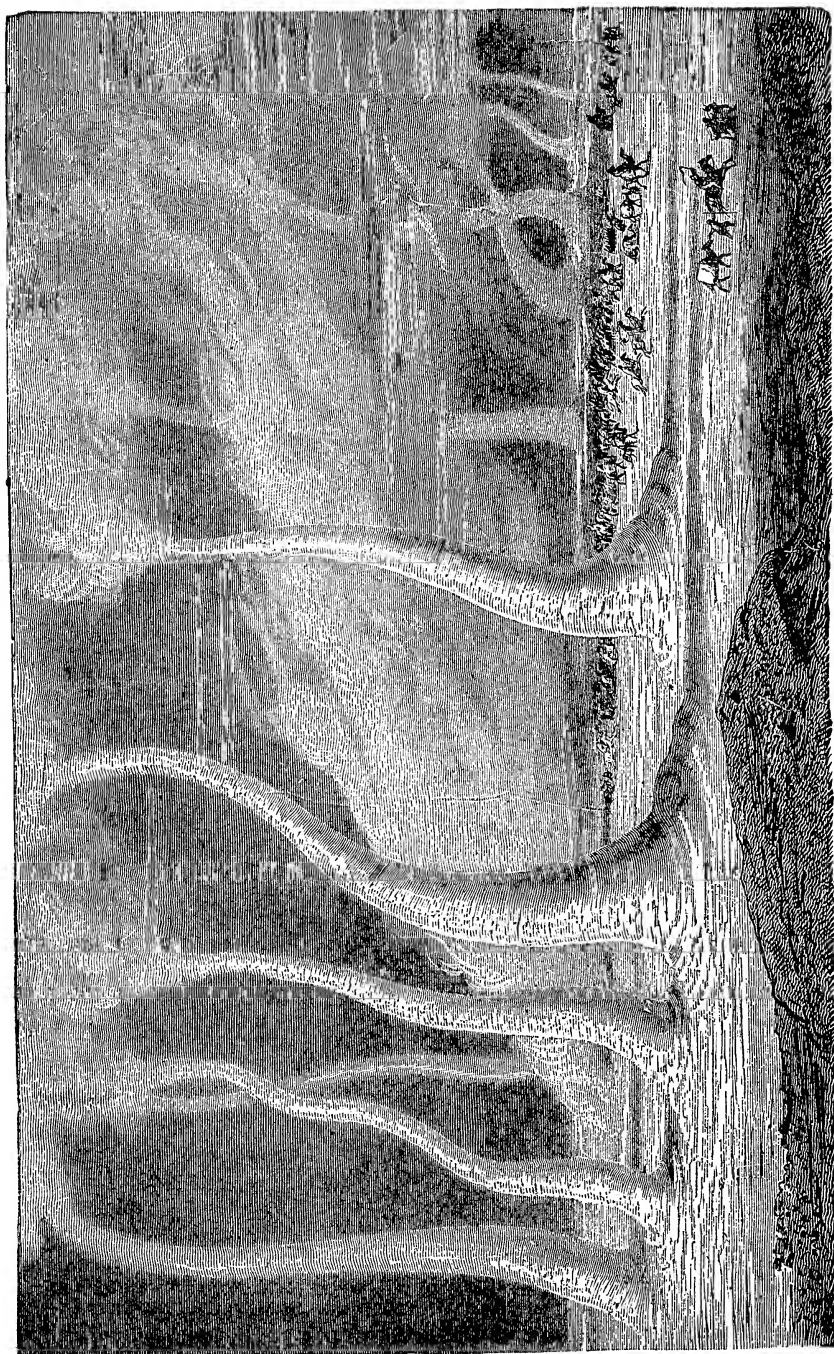
noxious serpents which were so numerous in that country; others that there was supposed to be some analogy between the plumage of the bird and one of the phases of the moon; while a third opinion is that the birds were regarded with favor, because, their annual migration into Egypt taking place at the period of the rising of the Nile, they were considered as the harbingers of that event.

A glowing description of tropical scenery finds a striking contrast of the account given of the African desert, and the perils which often overtake travelers who attempt to cross it.

TERRIFIC SAND STORMS.

The plain of Sahara is the great typical desert. Its name comes from an Arabic word, which means *the plain*. Not that the great desert is by any means an unbroken plain, or destitute of great variety in its physical characteristics. The true sandy desert occupies but a relatively small portion of the space marked upon our maps as the desert of Sahara; and even upon the surface of this "true" desert the distribution of sand is very unequal. The stratum of the sand in some parts is so thin that the underlying limestone is visible through it. The sandy region attains its greatest extent in the Libyan desert, and masses of sand still drift in from the Mediterranean, to settle down upon a bed which in a recent period was buried beneath the waves of the sea. These sand floods extend westward to Tripoli. Near that town the sandy stretches are varied by plantations of palm trees and fields of corn; true deserts of yellow sand, passing like a yellow ribbon from west to east, between fields of wheat and barley.

The western Mongolian desert contains plains of sand perfectly corresponding with those of the Sahara and the Arabian desert. Mounds of loose sand are blown together and scattered again by the wind: a mere breeze is enough to wipe out all trace of a long caravan crossing the waste. The sand is so extremely fine and light, that in sudden storms of wind trenches of thirty or forty feet deep are hollowed out, and swelling waves are raised like those of the Libyan desert, making the journey tedious and difficult to the camels as they cross the shifting plain.



COLUMNS OF DESERT SAND FORMED BY A TERRIFIC CYCLONE.

It is true that large stretches of the plain of Sahara are covered by waves of sand, which were once sandy bars and dykes of the sea ; but the whole desert is by no means the product of the ocean alone. Very much of the sand is of local origin, formed from the soil of the desert plain by the sudden changes of temperature and the action of the wind. There are many such centres of sand radiation, and the mechanically powdered fragments of rock are found in every phase of transition from crumbled stone to fine drift-sand. The ground above Khartoum, to the west of the Nile, consists partly of rose-colored granite, and the whole surface of the rifted slope of rock is bestrewn with fragments of different sizes.

DUST WHIRLWINDS.

Dust whirlwinds of considerable size are sometimes observed in the Russian steppes ; but the best known phenomena of this kind are the high sand pillars of Sahara. Even in Australia these rotary dust pillars are met with, generally being seen upon shadowless plains. It is thought that these Australian whirlwinds are the channels which carry the heated air from the ground to the higher strata.

Instead of the rolling waves and cool breezes of the sea, this funeral region only gives out burning gusts, scorching blasts which seem to issue from the gates of hell ; these are the simoon or poison-wind, as the word signifies in Arab. The camel-driver knows this formidable enemy, and so soon as he sees it looming in the horizon, he raises his hand to heaven, and implores Allah ; the camels themselves seem terrified at its approach. A veil of reddish-black invades the gleaming sky, and very soon a terrible and burning wind rises, bearing clouds of fine impalpable sand, which severely irritates the eyes and throat.

The camels squat down and refuse to move, and the travelers have no chance of safety except by making a rampart of the bodies of their beasts, and covering their heads so as to protect themselves against this scourge. Entire caravans have sometimes perished in these sand-storms ; it was one of them that buried the army of Cambyzes when it was traversing the desert.

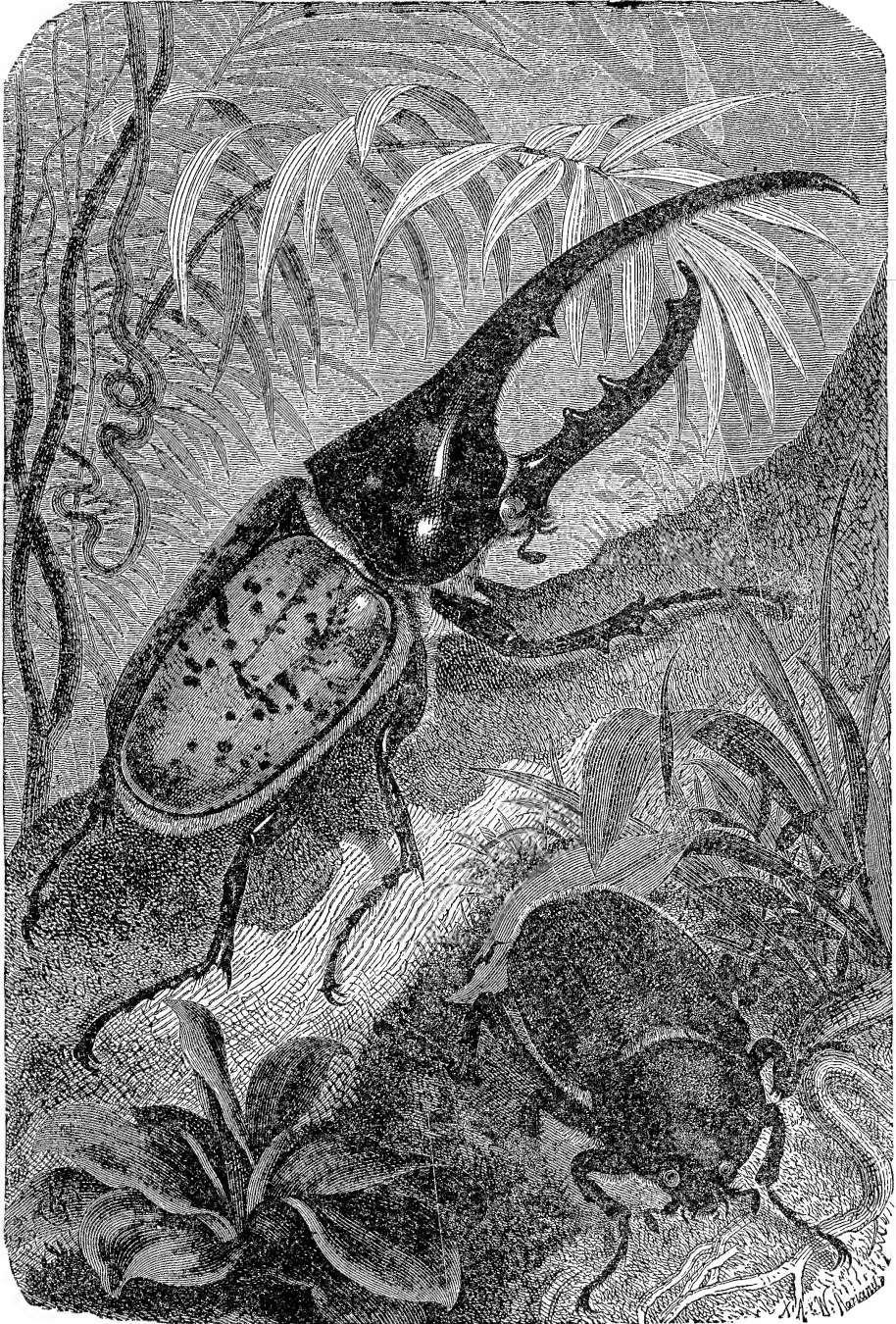
Camp, in his charming work on the Nile, describes in the following terms one of these desert tempests. It comes towards one, he says, growing, spreading, and advancing as if on wheels. Its overhanging summit is of a brick color, its base deep red and almost black. In proportion as it approaches it drives before it burning effluvia, like the breath of a lime-kiln. Before it reaches us we are covered with its shadow. The sound it makes is like that of a wind passing through a pine-forest. So soon as we are in the midst of this hurricane the camels halt, turn their backs, throw themselves down, and lay their heads upon the sand. After the cloud of dust comes a rain of imperceptible stones, violently hurled about by the wind, and which, if it lasted long, would quickly flay the skin from those parts of the body unprotected by the clothes. This lasted five or six minutes, and was frightful. Then the sky became clear again, and gave the same feeling of sudden change to the eye as a light suddenly brought into a dark place.

FUNNEL-SHAPED STORM PILLARS.

Whirlwinds are generally preceded by a sultry, oppressive air; sometimes by absolute calm; but the state of the wind never appears clearly connected with the phenomena. The storm pillars vary greatly in form, the sand columns being generally funnel-shaped, and the water-spouts like a pipe surrounded at the base by whirling vapors and foaming water. The height and diameter are also variable; some of the highest have been estimated at 6,000 feet. In many cases the damage caused by the water is of such a kind as to show that there has been an influx of air from every side toward the base of the column.

But hurricanes, cyclones, and all the rush and roar of the elements, are not more wonderful than the curious forms of animal and insect life abounding in the Dark Continent.

The reptile tribe is represented here by some of its most distinguished members. The monitor-lizard crawls along the river banks; the mountain-monitor frequents the desert; a beautiful turtle lives in the Nile. Along the furrows and trenches, nimble bright-colored lizards bask in the sun, and the slippery skink burrows in the wall



GIGANTIC BEETLE.

a large number of snake charmers; the snakes which they use in their performances, especially the once sacred viper, urau snake, and the Egyptian spectacle snake, are always first deprived of their fangs. The snake most frequently depicted by the ancients is the very deadly and dangerous horned viper.

In the great insect world Africa has many forms which are known in other parts of the world. Day butterflies are scarce, while moths are more abundant. The beetles are not exactly numerous, but among them are some very fine specimens of brilliant beetles, sand beetles, and dermestes. The commonest are the blackbeetles, but the best known of all is the sacred scarabee beetle of Egypt, which is so frequently represented upon monuments and gems.

CHARACTERISTIC SCENE OF ANIMAL LIFE.

A characteristic scene of animal life, often to be observed both in Central and South Africa, are the manœuvres of a company of these droll little creatures busily employed rolling up manure into globes as large as a walnut, pushing and thrusting each other aside until the great business is completed, and then, with their heads bent down to the earth, rolling away the work of their feet to bury it in a convenient place. The beetle rolls up these balls to feed its young, and deposits its eggs in them. In the theological symbolism of the ancient Egyptians, these "pills" are compared to the substance of which the world was formed, and which was also represented as globular. The beetle itself is looked upon as the principle of light and creative force, which, in union with the sun, infuses into matter the germs of light and creation, as the beetle deposits its eggs in the ball. The deity Ptah (that is, the forming and impelling force) then gives to these germs their form, and creates the heavens and the earth.

The wasp tribe is also represented by many fine and large varieties. The bee is nearly akin to our own, and has often been introduced into other countries. Ants, locusts, and cockroaches are at times great pests. The common house-fly is nowhere more bold and importunate, and succeeds only too completely in rendering an otherwise pleasant life most disagreeable. The stinging gnat is just as

bad, and its unceasing hum is almost more calculated to drive a new-comer to despair than its painful burning sting.

At certain times its worm-like larvæ abound in all standing waters, swarm in the drinking water, which can only be drunk when strained through a cloth, or, as is the usual practice with the poorer classes, through the coat-sleeve held between the pitcher and the lips. Vermin are only too abundantly represented; fleas, bugs, and lice of every kind abound, besides scorpions, tarantulas, centipedes, and leeches, and those implacable tormentors of animals, horse-flies and gnats. The monotonous character of the whole country is perceptible throughout its flora and fauna, for in almost every class of the animal world the number of varieties is comparatively small.

CHAPTER XVII.

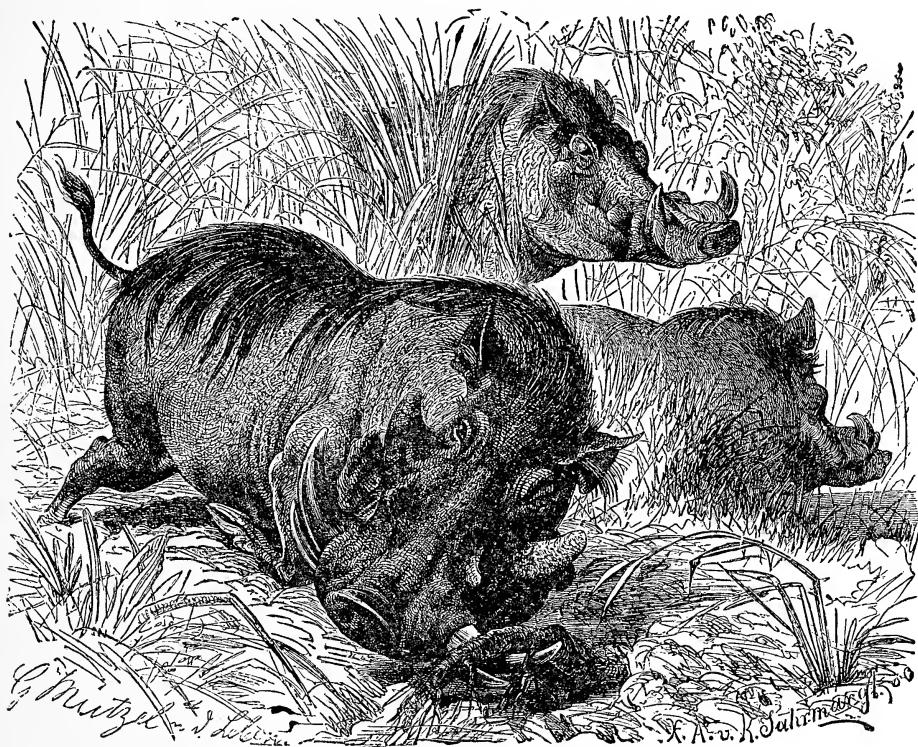
CONTINUED WORD PICTURES BY FAMOUS EXPLORERS—BRAMBLES AND DONKEYS—ELEGANT ANIMALS—SWIFT PUNISHMENT—FIVE MEN WOUNDED BY A LIONESS—THE FAMOUS GORILLA—A VERY HUMAN ANIMAL—INVETERATE THIEVES—QUICK RETREAT—ARMS LONGER THAN LEGS—FORMIDABLE FOE—MUST KILL OR BE KILLED—CUTTING DOWN THE TREE—A YOUNG ORANG.

WE now turn our attention to the country lying eastward toward the Red Sea. The path lies through a desert, which is not, however, wholly destitute of vegetation; where, after abundant rain, the valleys are transformed into verdant pasture lands. The vegetation is most abundant from February to April, but the almost tropical heat destroys one plant after another, leaving only the more deeply rooted growths for the summer months. The plateau-like western portion of the desert resembles, both in its appearance and vegetation, the Libyan desert, and is very poor in vegetable life. By far the most common plant of these regions is the desert bramble, a half-shrub, with flowers like its kindred plant, the radish; it is this plant especially which, when seen from afar, gives to the valley the appearance of green meadow-land.

The wise Egyptian donkey, notwithstanding the preference shown by his European kindred for thistles, is prudent enough to keep at a respectful distance from this plant, which the hard-mouthed dromedary can eat with great relish; chewing the prickly masses without losing one drop of blood; he even swallows with delight the thorns of the acacia. In many places a plant resembling broom grows freely; it is a long-branched, almost leafless bush, much liked by camels.

Shadowy groves of tamarisk, frequented by many birds and insects, often surprise us in the midst of the most barren solitudes; and wherever the soil has received any moisture, willows and rushes

refresh the eye of the traveler. Cassia ranks high among the list of medicinal plants found in the desert, and colocynth, with its creeping cucumber-like stems, filled with fruit resembling our apple, first green and then turning yellow, is found along all the outskirts of the valley. The natives have a wholesome awe of the drastic remedy, and scarcely ever touch the gourd fruit, while the Bedouins remove the inside pith and seeds, and fill it with milk, to take it next day as a remedy.



AFRICAN WART HOG.

The date palm, it is true, is seldom seen, and then only in a half-wild state; but the fig tree is found laden with fruits. The fruit of the caper tree tastes like an odd mixture of sugar and mustard; and the traveler is refreshed by the pleasant acid of the sorrel, the berries of the lycium, a thorny plant. The coast flora of the desert is very peculiar, and depends upon the salt vapors rising from the sea. The dense woods of the shore are famous in travel-

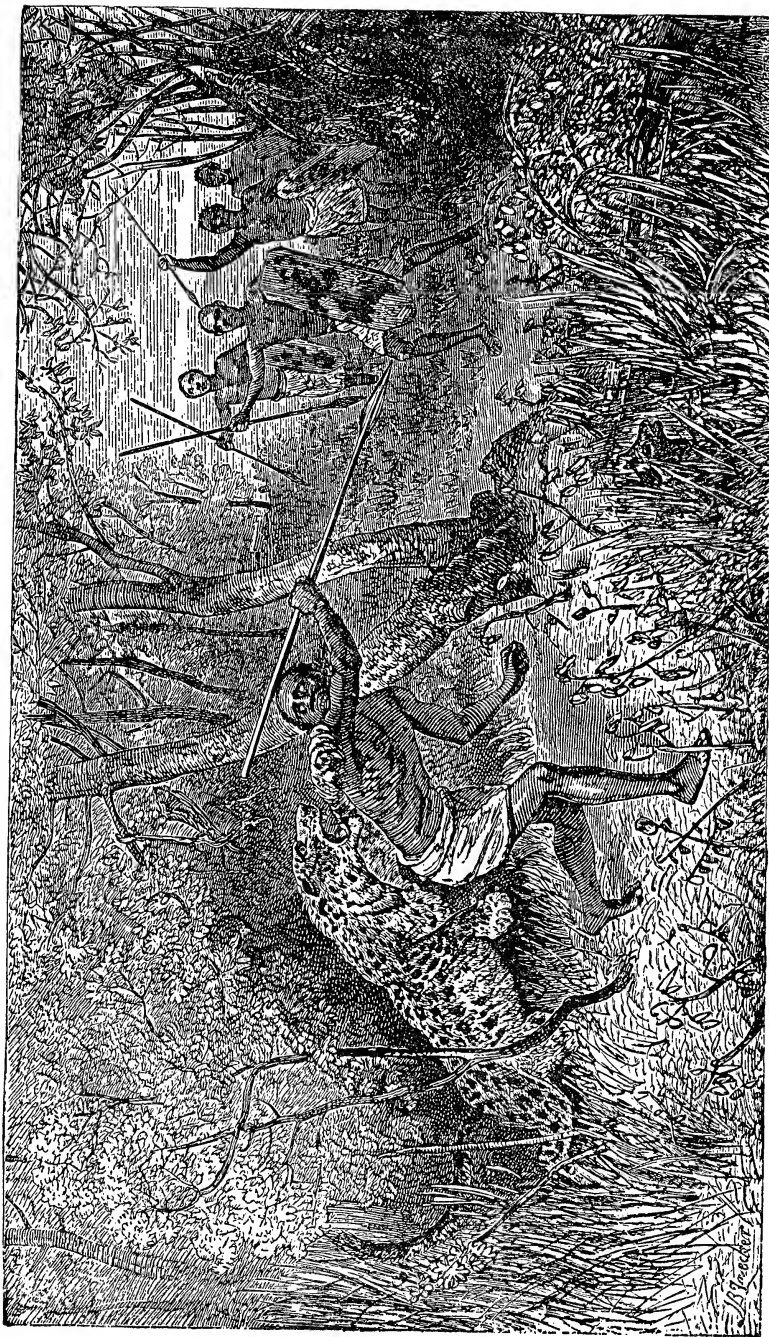
ers' descriptions; they stand out in the sea itself, and are only dry at a low tide. Ships are laden with its wood, which is used for fuel, and many camels live entirely on its great laurel-like leaves. The coast is covered in some places to great distances by saltpetre shrubs, and by many other saline plants.

The traveler who is forced to provide himself with food by his rifle in the chase devotes his attention chiefly to the wild oxen, wild pigs, and different kinds of antelopes which provide him with eatable food when there are no tame creatures, such as goats, sheep, fowl, and fish to be met with. The latter case, however, is seldom experienced, for domestic animals are sure to be found wherever there are Negro settlements.

MANY KINDS OF ANIMALS.

The wild ox is the same as the short-horned breed, also found in East Africa. The wild pig, which is also found, and frequently makes its appearance in herds, is known as the long-eared pig. Its color is dark yellowish red. The flesh is pleasant as food, and is liked also by Negroes. The wild pigs are generally caught by the help of spears and pits dug to ensnare them. These traps make certain parts of the woods rather dangerous to walk in, and the traveler has to submit blindly to his guides, who are taken from the adjoining neighborhood, and who know exactly where such traps are laid. In the east and the south, this "most beautiful of all possible pigs" is replaced by the bush pig, while the whole of Central Africa is the home of the clumsiest and ugliest of all known bristly animals, the wart-hog.

There are at least ten kinds of antelopes in the forests of Gaboon and the district of the Ogowe, from the elegant little dwarf antelope, which stands scarcely twenty inches high, to the white-striped antelope of Bango, which reaches the size of a fallow deer. Large herds of these animals, which are so frequently found in the open plateaus of Central Africa, are naturally unknown in the dense woods of the western part of the continent. From the exceptional character of the animals, their extreme shyness and speed, they are very hard to capture in the chase, and even the Negroes gen-



NATIVE CAPTURED BY A FEROCIOUS LEOPARD.

erally catch them only in pits. Indeed, a successful hunt, with a large amount of booty, is a very rare occurrence. Although the woods are filled with game, the traveler seldom comes across them, and it is a mistaken notion to imagine that one has but to enter the high woods of the Tropics, and fire away right and left, in order to bring home an abundance of food.

Of the larger beasts of prey, the leopard is represented; it is met with all along the west coast, and is erroneously termed a tiger. It is very abundant in certain districts, and particularly dangerous to the herds of goats and flocks of sheep belonging to the factors and the Negroes; indeed, it sometimes attacks men. When our traveler was spending a few days in a village of Banschaka, it happened that a woman who went late at night to a well about half a mile from the huts did not return, and on the following day evident traces of the disaster were discovered. It was, as usual, firmly believed among all the Negroes of the west coast, that the event was not in the natural order of things, but that some one in the village, transformed into a leopard, had devoured the woman.

SWIFT PUNISHMENT.

The family of the unhappy woman went to the priest and magician of the place, who soon discovered the culprit, and sentenced him to eat the poisonous bark of a tree, which paralyzes the action of the heart, and occasions certain death if it is not speedily expelled from the system.

It may be readily imagined that accidents frequently occur in the great African hunts, as it is quite impossible to speculate upon the species of animals that may be driven into the net. One day a native was suddenly attacked and was killed by a leopard within a mile of my station. The grass had been fired, and the animals instinctively knew that they were pursued.

The man went to drink at a stream close to some high bushes, when a leopard pounced upon him without the slightest warning. A native who was close to the spot rushed up to the rescue, and threw his spear with such dexterity that he struck the leopard through the neck while it had the man in its mouth, killing it upon

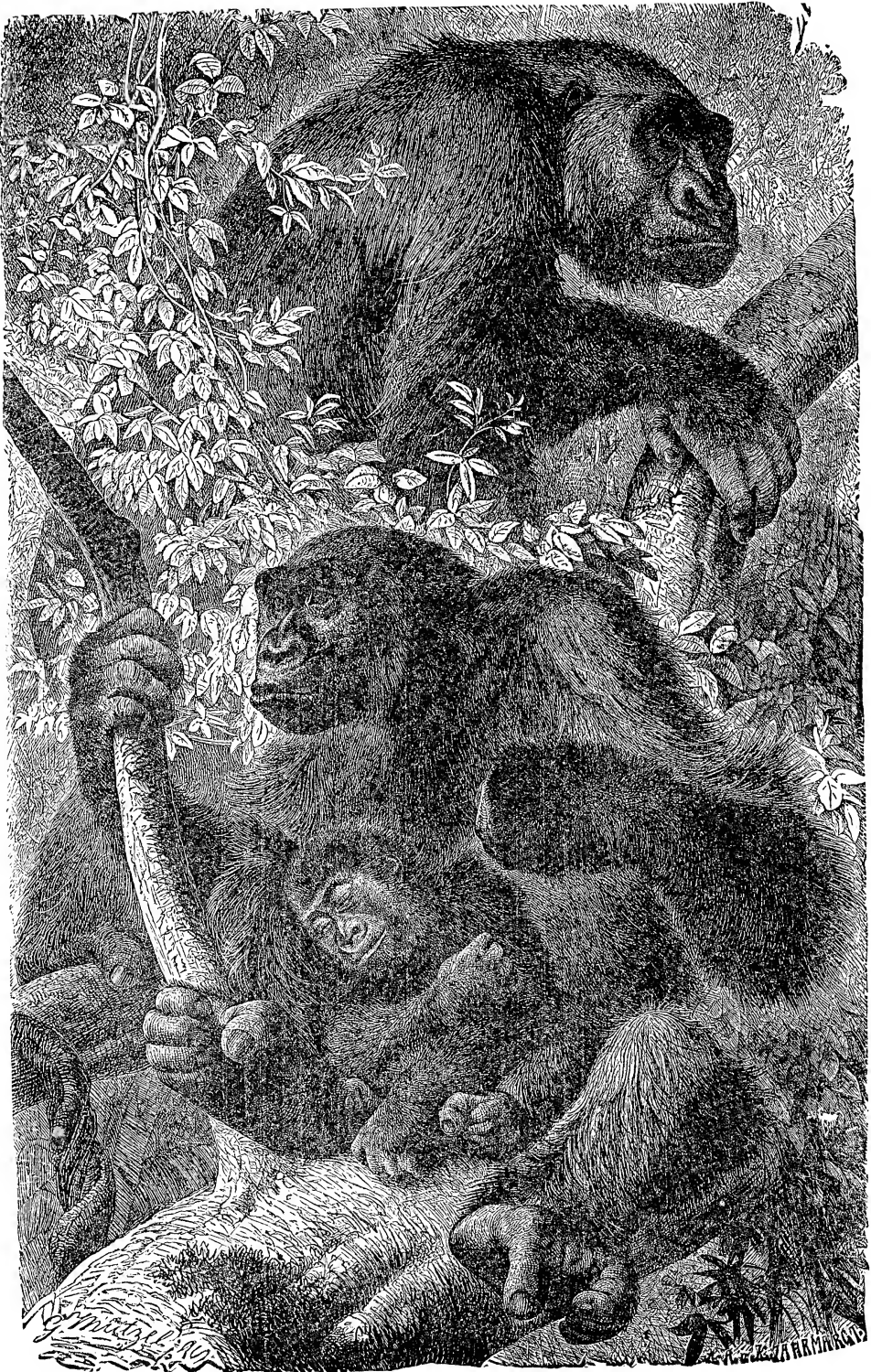
the spot. The man was immediately brought to me, but the lungs were lacerated, and he died during the night.

On another occasion five men were wounded (two fatally) by a lioness which fought so gallantly that she at length escaped from her assailants with two spears in her body. I was not present on that occasion, but I have frequently admired the pluck of the natives, who attack every animal with the simple hunting-spear, which, of course, necessitates close approach.

NEGROES EAT ALMOST ALL KINDS OF FLESH.

The Negroes eat everything in the shape of flesh, except the feline beasts of prey. Some of the smaller kinds of felines are as dangerous to poultry as are the large species of falcons and eagles. With respect to several kinds of flesh which are considered by us to be uneatable, we may say that different kinds of monkeys, porcupines, large rats, crocodiles, and other creatures, are used for food. It is very singular that the Negroes do not understand the milking of their domestic animals, and were above measure astonished when the explorers' servants milked the goats, and gave the milk to their master; and the Negroes often surrounded him in crowds to see him eat hens' eggs, a diet quite new to them, although they ate numbers of the large round eggs of the turtle and the still larger crocodile eggs.

Mosquitoes abound everywhere, and next to them ranks an insect which has only been known in Africa during the last ten years—the sand flea, which is said to have been brought by the crew of a Brazilian ship who were suffering from them. They multiplied with incredible rapidity. The animalculæ enter the skin beneath the toe-nails, where they lay a bag of eggs as large as a pea; and the difficulty is to remove this bag without breaking it. If this is done, the wound soon heals; but if not, painful sores are the result, and the process of healing is very slow. Another interesting insect is the giant beetle, Goliath, an insect measuring nearly four inches. This black velvety beetle, marked with white on its upper side, is at home throughout all Africa; and, with its kindred types, forms one of the principal treasures of our collections, being so



THE WORLD-RENOWNED GORILLA.

much in request that twenty-five dollars is paid for a fine specimen. The most interesting animals of these countries are beyond all doubt the gorilla and the chimpanzee. The gorilla is the largest of the man-like apes, an animal rather shorter, but considerably more broad-shouldered than a strong man. Although the gorilla was mentioned more than 2,000 years ago, by Hanno, the commander of a Carthaginian fleet, it is even now very imperfectly known. If the statements respecting the strength and savageness of the gorilla are only half true, there is little prospect of ever being able to bring over full-grown specimens to America; and the young gorilla presented to the zoological garden of Berlin unfortunately fell a victim to the foreign climate. Even the skin and skeleton, as well as the remains of the gorilla, preserved in spirits, are ranked among the greatest treasures of our Natural History Museums.

THE FAMOUS CHIMPANZEE.

The second representative of the African man-like apes is comparatively frequent, and is well-known under the name of the chimpanzee, though few full-grown specimens have been brought to this continent; it is much smaller, slenderer, and more elegantly built than the gorilla, and often measures sixty inches in length. While the gorilla frequents the densest woods, and is only found in the lands near the coast, the chimpanzee inhabits the whole of the West African sub-division, and seems to prefer being near the open clearings of the forests; both kinds of ape feed principally on fruits, nuts, and the young shoots of trees, perhaps also on roots.

As to the mental qualities of the chimpanzee in captivity, much has been written, and it is agreed that the animal may be ranked among the most highly gifted of its race. It not only learns to know its master, to love its friends, and avoid its enemies; it is not only inquisitive, but actually desirous of knowledge. Any object which has once excited its attention increases in value as soon as it has learned how to use it; the chimpanzee is cunning, self-willed, but not stubborn, desiring what is good for itself, betraying humor and caprices; one day cheerful and excited, another depressed and sullen.



APES AMONG THE TREES.

When ill, it is patient under the surgeon's knife; and, according to Brehm, if not entirely human, has a great deal of the human within it. It cannot therefore excite our surprise that the natives of West Africa are of opinion that the chimpanzees were once men, who, on account of their bad qualities, have been thrust out from human companionship; and still persisting in yielding to their evil



THE CHIMPANZEE.

impulses, have gradually sunk to their present degraded condition. Less is known of the chimpanzee in a state of freedom; like the gorilla, it does not live in troops, as do other monkeys, but in pairs, or even alone; it is only occasionally that the young are seen to assemble in larger bands. The chase is difficult. From twenty to thirty skilled hunters are required for the pursuit. To them is entrusted the difficult commission of climbing up the trees for more

than eighty feet, trying to outdo the chimpanzee in speed, and to capture it in the nets, after which it is easily despatched by lances.

When thus brought to bay, the apes defend themselves with savage fury, sometimes snatching the spears from the hunter's hand, and striking out wildly right and left; and even more dangerous than this method of defense is the grip of their pointed teeth, and the amazing muscular power of their nervous arms. Here, as in the woods on the western coast, legends are current of their carrying off human beings, and of the curious nest which it is said they build of leafy branches in the crest of the forest trees.

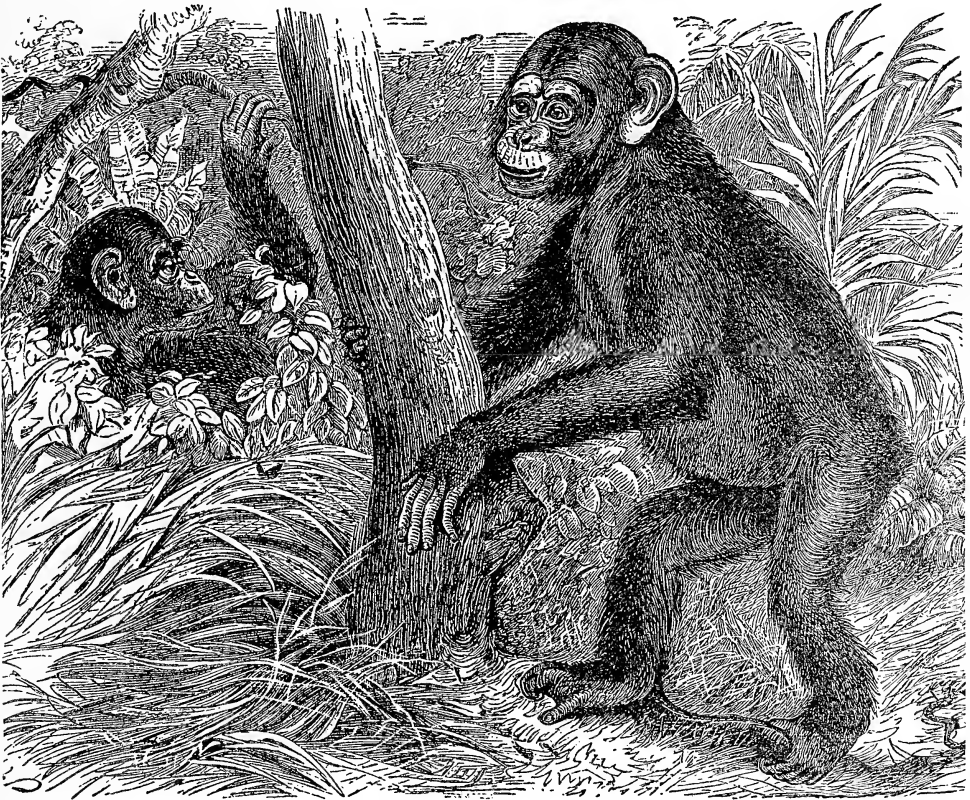
SMALL APES VERY NUMEROUS.

We must not omit to mention the smaller kinds of apes; for, although they are very numerous in all the primeval woods of the tropical belt of Africa, they are principally found along the west coast and near the Upper Nile. The name sea-cats, by which they are sometimes known, was given centuries ago to these merest and prettiest specimens of the monkey tribe, because they were brought over the sea to Europe, and because something in their shape resembles the cat. The favorites of the children, the nimble, quarrelsome, amusing inhabitants of our menageries and zoological gardens, which sometimes win from the grave man of science a smile, belong to this category. The greyish green monkey, the slate-colored, white-bearded Diana, the ill-tempered black monkey, the reddish huzzar monkey, and numerous other kinds, are included in this family.

It is a real pleasure to meet with a band of these monkeys in the forest; it is a wild chaos of busy life, crying and fighting, quarrelling and reconciliation, climbing, running, pilfering and plundering, grimacing and contortion. They recognize no leader of their commonwealth, except the strongest of their race; they acknowledge no law but that enforced by the sharp teeth and strong hands of their chief; they consider that no danger can exist from which he is not able to set them free, they adapt themselves to every position, have no fear of drought or famine, and spend their lives in perpetual activity and merriment. Their chief characteristic is the

combination of most amusing earnestness with boundless frivolity, which accompanies the beginning and end of all their pursuits.

No tree crest is too high, no treasure too safely hidden, no property too respected, for their attacks. It is therefore not astonishing that the natives of East Soudan only speak of them with unutterable contempt and anger. "Only think, sir, the clearest



CHIMPANZEES IN THEIR NATIVE HAUNTS.

proof of the godless nature of monkeys may be seen in their never bowing before the word of God's ambassadors: all other creatures honor and revere the prophet; Allah's peace be upon him! The monkeys despise him. The man who writes an amulet, and hangs it up in his field to keep off the hippopotamus, the elephant, and the monkeys from devouring his fruit and injuring his property, always finds that the elephant alone pays any heed to the warning signal;

that is because he is a righteous beast, while the ape has been transformed by the wrath of Allah into an abomination to all men; a child of the unrighteous one, just as the hippopotamus is the forbidding image of the loathsome sorcerer."

But for the impartial spectator it is an attractive and interesting spectacle to watch a band of monkeys setting off upon their predatory expeditions. The audacity they displayed used to delight me as much as it enraged the natives. Under the leadership of the old veteran father of the tribe they approach the corn fields, the females carrying their young before them, instead of on their backs; the young ones, to make themselves perfectly secure, twist their short tails round the tail of their lady mother. At first they approached with great circumspection, traveling generally from one tree top to another.

A VENERABLE SIMIAN LEADER.

The old leader goes first, the others following exactly in his steps, not only seizing the same trees, but the same portion of the same branch. From time to time the leader climbs the highest tree, and surveys the country with careful glances; if his examination is satisfactory, the good news is announced to his followers by a low gurgling sound; if not, the usual warning is given. When close to the field, the band descends the tree, and hastens in vigorous leaps towards its paradise, and then the work begins with indescribable rapidity. First of all they lay in a stock. Quickly are the clusters of maize and ears of durrah torn down and stuffed into the mouth, until the cheeks are distended to the uttermost, and not until these storehouses are full do the marauders allow themselves any relaxation. They then begin to be more particular and dainty in the choice of their food. All the ears and clusters are carefully sniffed and examined after being broken off; and if, as is often the case, they do not come up to the required standard, they are at once thrown away. It may be safely said that of nine clusters which are gathered, only one is eaten; and generally the epicures only take a grain or two out of each ear, and then throw the rest away.

All the members of the band place implicit confidence in the

care and prudence of their leader. The latter often rouses himself from the most dainty morsel to attend to his duties, standing upright on his hind legs, and looking keenly round. After each survey he announces the result either by the gurgling sound, which indicates that he has seen nothing disquieting, or by the peculiar inimitable quivering cry of warning. When that sound is heard, his followers are gathered together in a moment, the mothers call their young ones, and all are at once ready for flight. The retreat is accomplished without the slightest sign of terror or cowardice.

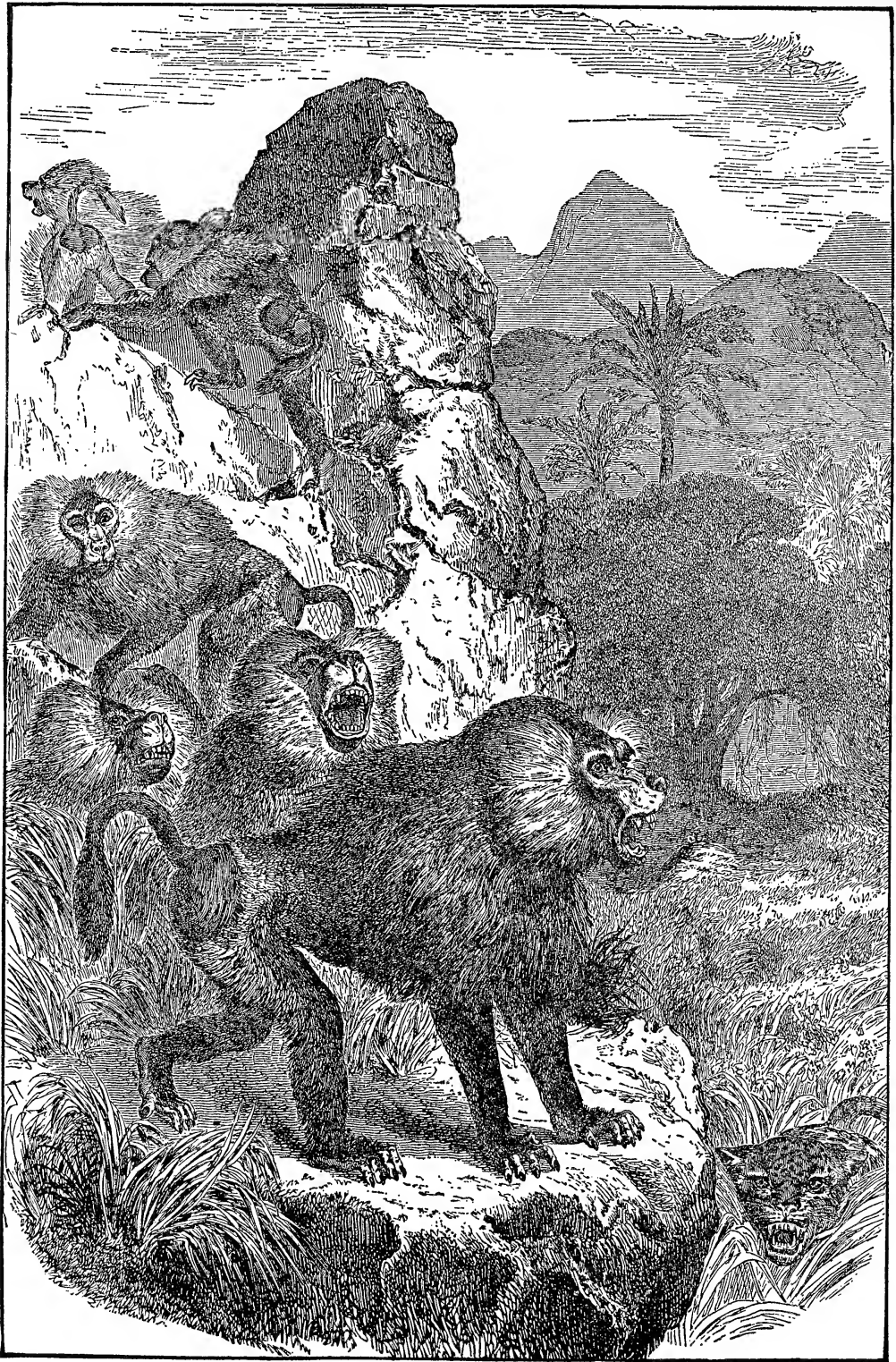
NARRATIVE OF A TROPICAL TRAVELLER.

The gorilla and monkey tribes appear to be closely allied to the orang-outang, found in some of the tropical islands. We here quote from the interesting narrative of a tropical traveler, who captured several oranges.

This monkey is found in Borneo, and thither Thursday (Thursday was a native)—now grown more civilized and more indispensable—and I turned our faces. We took passage on a craft going out with Chinese laborers, and a hard voyage we had of it, with head winds and a heavy sea. But at last, ten days late, we arrived at Saraouak, and immediately inquired of the native hunters where we could best find the game for which we were in search. They advised the Sadong River, running to the east from Saraouak, and bordered its entire length with dense forests. I hired a Dyak porter to carry our provisions, and we set out. Two days later we were floating on the river, and my ardent desire was about to be gratified.

Orang-outang is a word meaning in Borneo, "Man-of-the-Forest," and is applied to what is now a species of small stature, rarely five feet high, but of stalwart build, the body being often in circumference two-thirds of the height. His arms are a quarter longer than his legs, so that when traveling on all fours his attitude is half upright; but he never really stands on his legs like a man, popular belief to the contrary notwithstanding. When young his color is tawny, but he grows black with years.

The oranges live in couples in the most secluded parts of the forest, and are never active, like the chimpanzees, but sit all day



with their legs round a branch, their heads forward in the most uncomfortable attitude, occasionally uttering mournful sounds. When pursued they climb slowly up a tree, and at night sleep in the huts built to cover their young, of which they are very careful, and whose wants they supply with almost human tenderness and devotion. When taken young they are susceptible of taming and domesticating, like the chimpanzee, but as they grow older they become cross and violent, and, curiously enough, the forehead—prominent in the adult—becomes retreating in later years.

FORMIDABLE FOE.

After waiting some days without seeing any oranges, my native guide advised our going away from the river, deeper into the unbroken forest, and this we did, a two days' march. One morning, just as I had killed and was examining a queer wild pig, I heard a rustling in the leaves over my head, and looking up, was paralyzed with surprise to see, some twenty-five or thirty feet above me, an enormous orang-outang quietly seated on a tamarind branch, watching me and grinding his teeth. My porter was making me elaborate signals of distress which Thursday translated into advice to shoot the beast, who was old and fully grown, with my explosive-ball rifle.

"He says he is an evil one," added Thursday, "and that the old oranges are very dangerous and will attack a man at sight."

"All right," I replied. "If he offers to attack us, I will stop him promptly with a bullet."

It is true that one of my most ardent desires was to obtain a skeleton of a fully-developed orang-outang, but I decided to postpone the gratification of it until I should have watched the animal's movements in a state of absolute freedom. I told my men to clap their hands and shout, to scare him, but all he did was to sit and grind his teeth; and I was almost persuaded to try my Dyak's advice, when the orang-outang coolly grasped a branch hanging near, and swung himself slowly from tree to tree without any apparent effort, about as fast as we could walk beneath. We followed him until the dense undergrowth made the path impracticable. An athlete would have performed this trapeze act with, perhaps, more grace, but

nothing could surpass the indolent ease with which he left us behind.

This was my first interview with this peculiar animal; and the superstitious Dyak assured Thursday, relating numerous parallel cases, that as I had not killed the orang, the orang would certainly kill me. He said he had known a great many travelers who had been attacked by them and killed, and that I would soon join their number, although he confessed that he had never himself been present at such a misfortune.

One morning, as I was returning from a long walk through the woods in search of insects, one of my boys came running toward me, shouting with excitement, "Quick, take your gun! a large orang, a large orang!"

MUST KILL OR BE KILLED.

He had only breath enough left to tell me the animal was up the path toward the Chinaman's camp, and I hurried in that direction followed by two Dyaks. One barrel of my gun was loaded with ball, and I sent Charley—the boy—back to camp for more ammunition, in case I should find the game had kindly waited for me. We walked carefully, making almost no noise, stopping every now and then to look round ourselves, until Charley rejoined us at the spot where he had seen the orang, and I put a ball in the other barrel and waited, sure that we were near the game. In a moment or two I heard a heavy body moving from tree to tree, but the foliage was so thick we could see nothing.

Finally, fearing I might lose him entirely, I fired at random into a tree in which we thought he must be. For so large an animal he moved with remarkable swiftness and silence, but I felt sure, if we could follow his general course, we should eventually catch sight of him in some more open bit of forest. And so it proved.

Just at the spot where he had first been seen by Charley, and to which we had now got back, his tawny side and black head appeared for an instant; I saw him cross the path, dragging one leg as if it had been broken. At any rate, he could not use it, and he took refuge between two branches of a lofty tulip-tree, sheltered



ORANG OUTANG CAPTURED.

from sight by the thick growth of glossy leaves. I was afraid he would die up there, and I should never get him or his skeleton. It was no use trying to get the Dyaks to climb the tree and cut the branch from under him; they were afraid, and said so. We tried to dislodge him with all sorts of missiles, but in vain. Finally we started to cut down the tree; but when the trunk was severed the tree only leaned over, and was held in that position by innumerable tough vines running to a dozen neighboring trees. It would take us all night to cut them all down; still, we began the work, which almost immediately gave the tree such a shaking that down came the gigantic orang with a tremendous thud. When we came to measure him, we found him a giant indeed, stretching from hand to hand over six feet. When he fell the Chinamen lashed him to a litter and carried him into camp, where it took Charley and myself all day to clean his skin and boil the flesh from his skeleton. From this and many similar experiences I have become convinced that, in spite of stories to the contrary, the orang-outang never attacks man. His policy is always flight, and to my own testimony is added that of all the Chinese wood-cutters whom I met in Borneo; and the island is full of them.

A YOUNG ORANG.

Soon after this a young orang fell into my hands, and I determined to rear him if I could. I started the Dyak off in search of a goat, and told him not to return until he found one. Meanwhile I mixed sugar, bread and water together, and, although at first he declined it energetically, he soon sucked it from my finger with a decided gusto. It proved, however, too strong food for so young a stomach, and I was just beginning to think he would die on my hands, when the Dyak, followed by a Chinaman and a goat, came into camp. The Chinaman was sharp at trading; but finally, after pretending that I cared nothing whatever about his goat, and after long haggling on his part, starting at one hundred rupees (twelve dollars and fifty cents) and coming down to five, the goat became mine, and the little orang-outang obtained a step-mother that soon rivalled its own mother in tenderness. She nursed it and caressed

it exactly as if it had been her own, and a very pretty sight it was. He soon grew large enough to travel on his own sturdy legs, at any sudden alarm running quickly back to his nurse and clinging to her with his sinewy fingers.

When he strayed away out of her sight in the woods, it was really pathetic to hear her bleatings and his answering cries. He had gradually come to know me, and he treated us all with the greatest gentleness. When he was three months old I began to give him bananas, of which he was very fond, and he afterward became accustomed to other fruits; but nothing ever pleased him like the goat's milk.

He learned very quickly, and at five months knew all objects in my tent by name, bringing to me anything I called for, which was certainly more than many children of two or even three years could have done. But with the latter, development progresses with giant strides after that age, while with an orang it ceases. What an animal is at one year of age he always remains.

CHAPTER XVIII.

STANLEY'S ABSORBING INTEREST IN LIVINGSTONE'S EXPLORATIONS—HIS RESOLVE TO FIND A PATH FROM SEA TO SEA—DESCRIPTION OF THE CONGO REGION—ONCE THE MOST FAMOUS KINGDOM OF AFRICA—A KING GLORIOUS IN TRINKETS—PEOPLE PROSTRATING THEMSELVES BEFORE THEIR MONARCH—THE WHIMS OF A DESPOT—TAXES LEVIED ON FURNITURE—KILLING HUSBANDS TO GET THEIR WIVES—STRANGE AND SAVAGE CUSTOMS—A NATION FAMOUS AS ELEPHANT HUNTERS AND MEN STEALERS.

HENRY M. STANLEY thought, and the world thought so too, that his mission was to complete, as far as possible, the marvellous discoveries which Livingstone had attempted to make. The young hero never dreamed, however, that the path he blazed out would, in part, be traversed by an Ex-President of the United States. Stanley having been once in the wilds of Africa, and having learned by actual observation the great fertility of the soil, the channels of commerce which might be opened, the importance of bringing the country into close relations with other parts of the world, the moral needs of the savage races whose history has been lost in oblivion and whose future it is impossible as yet to determine, thought he would discover, if possible, the sources of the Nile, open new avenues in a land almost unknown, and, having found Livingstone, the lost explorer, he resolved to find a path from sea to sea.

In this marvellous undertaking we are now to trace him. He is the same strong, heroic soul that he was on his first expedition; the same enterprising man, possessed of the same iron will, the same abounding energy and perseverance, the same tact in dealing with hostile tribes, and the same unswerving resolution to accomplish his object at any cost.

Before we begin his journey, it will be interesting to the reader to have some account of the Congo region through which Stanley

passed, and also a description of the Congoese, the people dwelling in that part of Africa.

At one time there was no more famous kingdom in all Africa than that of Congo. It was established on even a grander scale than the modern Ashanti or Dahomey, which have sprung up within the last 200 years, during which the empire of Congo has been broken up into many petty chieftaincies. The writings of the old Jesuit and Capuchin Fathers teem with tales of its grandeur.

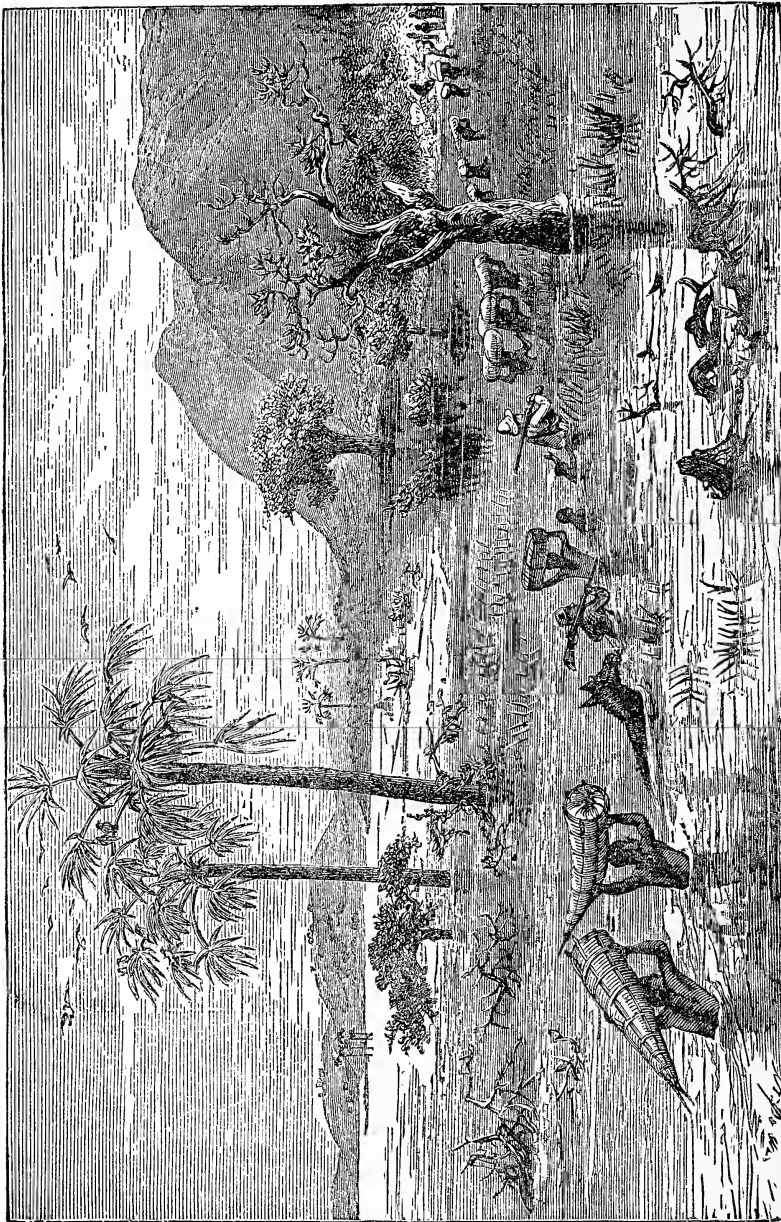
When the king was elected he came out of the palace, glorious in trinkets, to give the benediction to his people, assembled from far and near in the palace square, for this important event. The priests and nobles arranged themselves around him. The king exhorted the people to be faithful and obedient, and, after the manner of monarchs generally, assured his subjects of his profound consideration. "He rises, and all the people prostrate themselves before him. He stretches his hands over them, and makes gestures with his fingers without uttering a word." Shouts of joy, followed by firing of muskets and a "jubilee of banquets," close this initiatory event of the Congo monarch's reign.

WHIMS OF A TYRANT.

The king was a despot, secretly controlled by his ministers. His civil list consisted of tribute paid him by the sub-chiefs or vassal-lords, who in their turn ground it out of the people. When he found it necessary to levy a special tax, he would go out of the palace with his cap loosely placed on his head. When the wind blew it off, he would rush into the house as if in a great passion, and immediately order the levy of goats, fowls, slaves, and palm-wine. The Negro is a systematic creature in some things; he does nothing without a reason, and the Congoese monarch, therefore, considered that he had justified his acts in the eyes of his subjects by his dignity being offended owing to his cap blowing off.

One of the taxes was levied on beds—a slave for every span's breadth being the rate at which the impost was made. This tax was devoted to the support of the king's concubines, and as a broad bed entailed considerable expense on its owner, the possession of

this piece of chamber furniture was in Congo looked upon as the sign of wealth. Writers describe the Muata-Yanvo—another



EXPEDITION CROSSING A RIVER.

powerful West African monarch, very little known to literature—as wearing a bracelet of human sinews on his left wrist, to

denote his royal rank. His empire is as large as all Germany, and about three hundred chiefs owe him allegiance, though his subjects do not number more than two millions, and his despotism is shared and tempered by a queen.

When the king desired a fresh companion, a married woman was selected, her husband and the lovers whom she confessed to (for it seems they all had them, married or single) being put to death. These little preliminaries being completed, she entered the royal seraglio, where much more liberty than would be granted in Mohammedan kingdoms was allowed to her. On the king's death all his wives were buried with him.

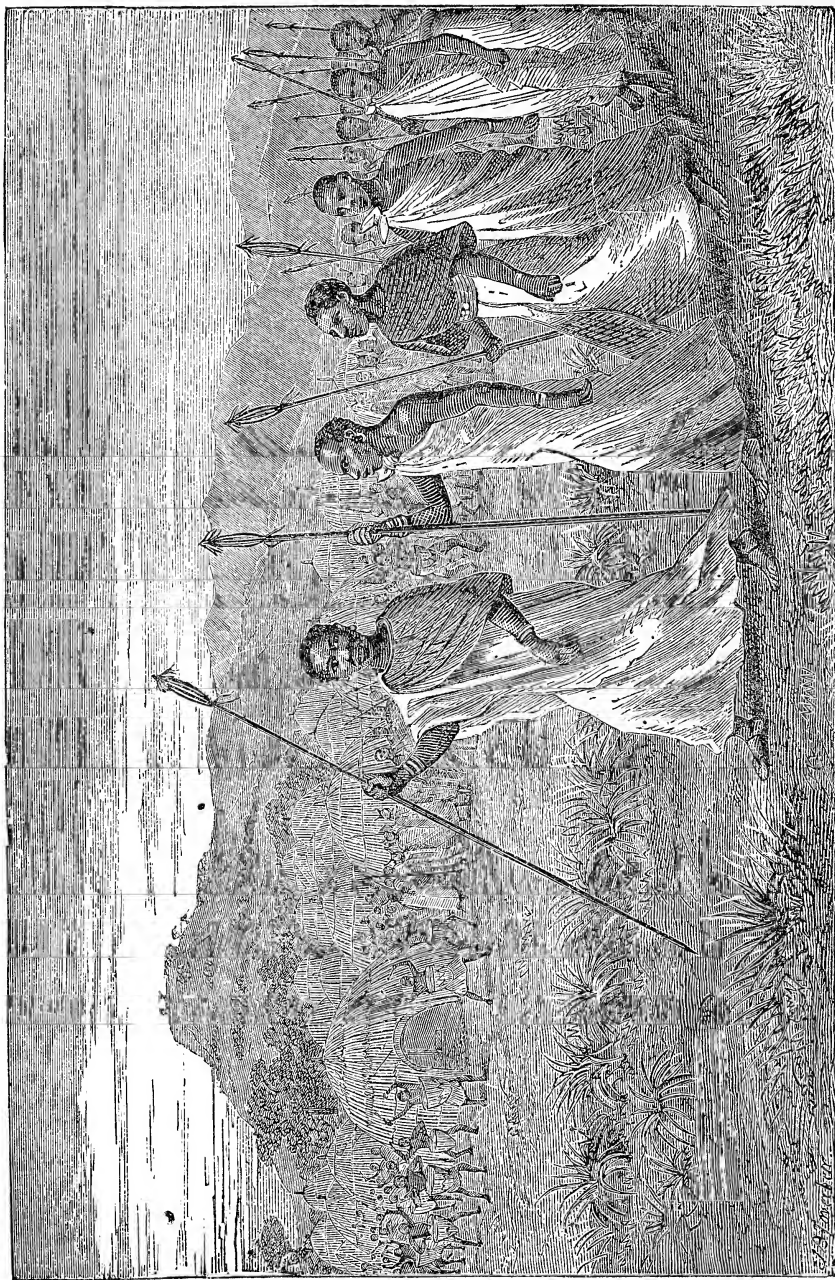
PECULIARITIES OF SAVAGE ROYALTY.

No man dare see the king eat or drink. All this must be done in privacy. If a dog even entered the house while the august sovereign was at food it was killed; and a case is recorded by English authorities in which the king ordered the execution of his own son, who had accidentally seen him drink palm-wine.

The large army supported by the Congoese monarch was officered by their own chiefs, and apparently fought under a kind of feudal system.

As in most parts of Africa, the old Congo kings, before the decay of the slave trade ruined them, monopolized, as far as they could, the commerce of the country. This is still the fashion of the Muata-Yanvo of the Kanoko Empire, east of the Congo country. When traders arrive at the capital, their goods are deposited in the capital until the king's messengers, who are sent into the neighboring countries, can collect the slaves and ivory he is willing to give in exchange.

No stranger is allowed to proceed into these interior regions, the inhabitants of which are described as cannibals, or as dwarfs. When Dr. Buchner was at the Muato-Yanvo's in 1879 he was threatened by the Kioko, a nation famous as smiths, elephant hunters, and man stealers, who are gradually spreading from the Upper Quango to the northward, and from the latest accounts are endangering the very existence of this secluded empire.



AFRICAN KING AND HIS GREAT CHIEFS.

The civil judges sat under trees, each having a large staff in his hand as an insignium of office. Incorruptible they were not, but still no one ever appealed against their decisions, and it is said never even complained of their injustice; but this is not in human nature, and must only mean that no one was ever heard to do so in public, and that for very special private reasons of his own.

As in more civilized nations, war is the great parent of taxation, the king being obliged to maintain a large standing army, and to keep it in good humor by constant largesses, for a large standing army is much like fire—a useful servant, but a terrible master.

The army is divided into regiments, each acting under the immediate command of the chief in whose district they live, and they are armed, in a most miscellaneous fashion, with any weapons they can procure. In these times the trade guns are the most valued weapons, but the native swords, bows and arrows, spears, and knives, still form the staple of their equipment. As to uniform, they have no idea of it, and do not even distinguish the men of the different regiments, as do the Kaffirs of Southern Africa.

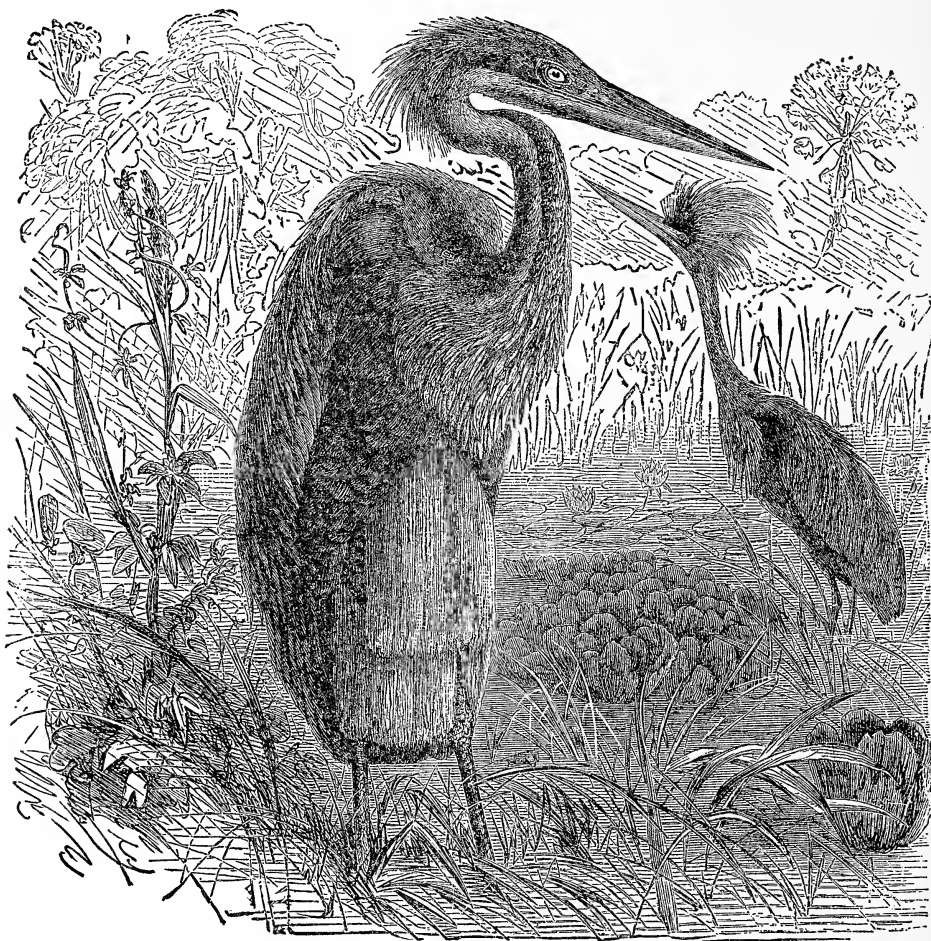
THE RELIGION OF THE CONGO NEGRO.

The ancient religion of the Congo Negro is simply polytheism, which they have suffered to degenerate into fetishism. There is one monotheistic sect, but they have gained very little by their religion, which is in fact merely a negation of many deities, without the least understanding of the one whom they profess to worship—a deity to whom they attribute the worst vices that can degrade human nature.

The fetish men or priests are as important here as the marabouts among the Mandingoes, and the chief of them, who goes by the name of Chitome, is scarcely less honored than the king, who finds himself obliged to seek the favor of this spiritual potentate, while the common people look on him as scarcely less than a god. He is maintained by a sort of tithe, consisting of the first-fruits of the harvest, which are brought to him with great ceremony, and are offered with solemn chants. The Congo men fully believe that

if they were to omit the first-fruits of one year's harvest, the next year would be an unproductive one.

A sacred fire burns continually in his house, and the embers, which are supposed to be possessed of great medicinal virtues, are sold by him at a high price, so that even his fire is a constant source



GREAT HERON OF AFRICA.

of income to him. He has the entire regulation of the minor priests, and every now and then makes a progress among them to settle the disputes which continually spring up.

As soon as he leaves his house, the husbands and wives throughout the kingdom are obliged to separate under pain of death. In

case of disobedience, the man only is punished, and cases have been known where wives who disliked their husbands have accused them of breaking this strange law, and have thereby gained a double advantage, freed themselves from a man whom they did not like, and established a religious reputation on easy terms.

In fact, the Chitome has things entirely his own way, with one exception. He is so holy that he cannot die a natural death, for if he did so the universe would immediately be dissolved. Consequently, as soon as he is seized with a dangerous illness, the Chitome elect calls at his house, and saves the universe by knocking out his brains with a club, or strangling him with a cord if he should prefer it. That his own death must be of a similar character has no effect upon the new Chitome, who, true to the Negro character, thinks only of the present time, and, so far as being anxious about the evils that will happen at some future time, does not trouble himself even about the next day.

PRIESTS AS RAIN-MAKERS.

Next to the Chitome comes the Nghombo, a priest who is distinguished by his peculiar gait. His dignity would be impaired by walking like ordinary mortals, or even like the inferior priests, and so he always walks on his hands with his feet in the air, thereby striking awe into the laity. Some of the priests are rain-makers, who perform the duties of their office by building little mounds of earth and making fetish over them. From the centre of each charmed mound rises a strange insect, which mounts into the sky, and brings as much rain as the people have paid for. These priests are regularly instituted, but there are some who are born to the office, such as dwarfs, hunchbacks, and albinos, all of whom are highly honored as specially favored individuals, consecrated to the priesthood by Nature herself.

The priests have, as usual, a system of ordeal, the commonest mode being the drinking of the poison cup, and the rarest the test of the red-hot iron, which is applied to the skin of the accused, and burns him if he be guilty. There is no doubt that the magicians are acquainted with some preparation which renders the skin proof

against a brief application of hot iron, and that they previously apply it to an accused person who will pay for it.

The Chitome has the privilege of conducting the coronation of a king. The new ruler proceeds to the house of the Chitome, attended by a host of his future subjects, who utter piercing yells as he goes. Having reached the sacred house, he kneels before the door, and asks the Chitome to be gracious to him. The Chitome growls out a flat refusal from within. The king renews his supplications, in spite of repeated rebuffs, enumerating all the presents which he has brought to the Chitome—which presents, by the way,



A HAPPY NATIVE.

are easily made, as he will extort an equal amount from his subjects as soon as he is fairly installed.

At last, the door of the hut opens, and out comes the Chitome in his white robe of office, his head covered with feathers, and a shining mirror on his breast. The king lies prostrate before the house, while the Chitome pours water on him, scatters dust over him, and sets his feet on him. He then lies flat on the prostrate monarch, and in that position receives from him a promise to respect his authority ever afterward. The king is then proclaimed, and retires to wash and change his clothes.

Presently he comes out of the palace, attended by his priests and nobles, and gorgeous in all the bravery of his new rank, his whole person covered with glittering ornaments of metal, glass,

and stone, so that the eye can scarcely bear the rays that flash on every side as he moves in the sunbeams. He then seats himself, and makes a speech to the people. When it is finished, he rises, while all the people crouch to the ground, stretches his hands over them, and makes certain prescribed gestures, which are considered as the royal benediction. A long series of banquets and revelry ends the proceedings.

At the present day, the Congo king and great men disfigure themselves with European clothing, such as silk jackets, velvet shoes, damask coats, and broad-brimmed hats. But, in the former times, they dressed becomingly in native attire. A simple tunic made of very fine grass cloth, and leaving the right arm bare, covered the upper part of the body, while a sort of petticoat, made of similar material, but dyed black, was tied round the waist, and an apron, or "sporrán," of leopard skin, was fastened to the girdle and hung in front. On their heads they wore a sort of hood, and sometimes preferred a square red **and** yellow cap. Sandals made of the palm tree were the peculiar **privilege** of the king and nobles, the common people being obliged to go **bare-footed**.

WIVES WHO RECEIVE VIGOROUS ATTENTION.

The wives in Congo are tolerably well off, except that they are severely beaten with the heavy hippopotamus-hide whip. The women do not resent this treatment, and indeed, unless a woman is soundly flogged occasionally, she thinks that her husband is neglecting her, and feels offended accordingly. The king has the power of taking any woman for his wife, whether married or not, and, when she goes to the royal harem, her husband is judiciously executed.

The people of Congo are—probably on account of the enervating climate—a very indolent and lethargic race, the women being made to do all the work, while the men lie in the shade and smoke their pipes and drink their palm-wine, which they make remarkably well, though not so well as the Bube tribe of Fernando Po. Their houses are merely huts of the simplest description; a few posts with a roof over them, and twigs woven between them in wicker-work

fashion of walls, are all that a Congo man cares for in a house. His clothing is as simple as his lodging, a piece of native cloth, tied round his middle being all that he cares for; so that the ample clothes and handsome furs worn by the king must have had a very strong effect on the almost naked populace.

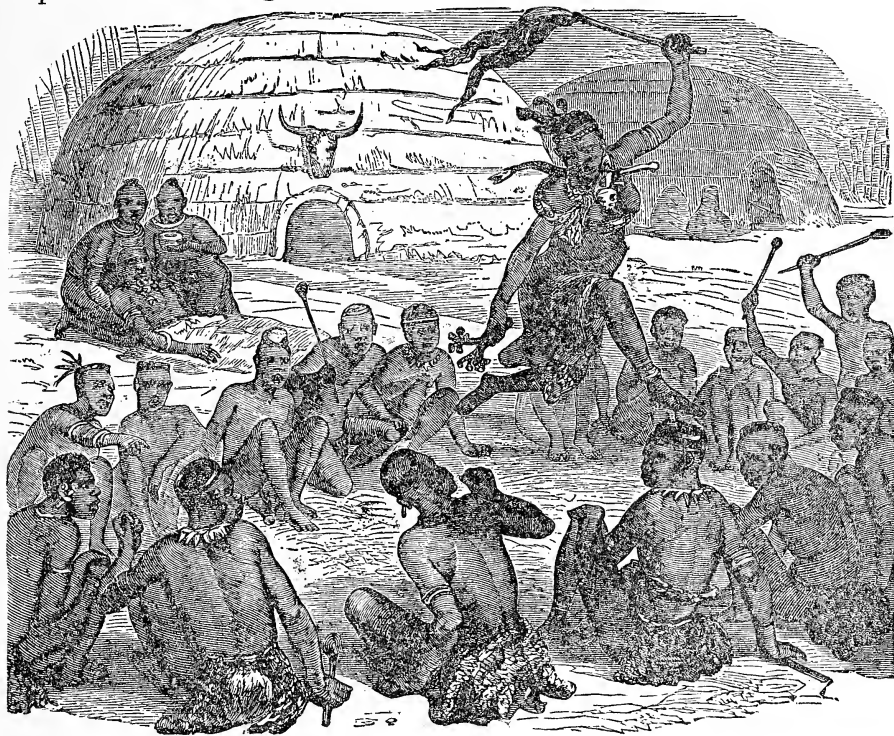
The Jagas are a race now settled in Cassange country, into which they seem originally to have entered as marauders or conquerers. In the early state of the kingdom they were ruled by Tembandumba—a queen whose excesses, if not exaggerated in the narrative, seem demoniacal in their extent. She soon, by her exploits in war, made herself feared and respected by enemies and subjects; but so terrible were her cruelties and tyranny, that only the awe in which she was held prevented her subjects rebelling. She had a host of lovers, all of whom, one after the other, she killed with the most cruel tortures as soon as she had tired of them. Breaking loose from all her relatives—who had ventured to remonstrate with her—she founded a constitution which only a woman, and one willing to proceed to those extremes of which the sex is capable, could have imagined.

HORRIBLE PRACTICES.

“She would turn,” writes Mr. Winwood Reade, “the world into a wilderness; she would kill all living animals; she would burn all forests, grass, and vegetable food. The sustenance of her subjects should be the flesh of man; his blood should be their drink. She commanded all male children, all twins, and all infants whose upper teeth appeared before their lower ones, should be killed by their own mothers. From their bodies an ointment should be made, in the way she would show. The female children should be reared, and instructed in war; and male prisoners, before being killed and eaten, should be used for the purpose of procreation.

“Having concluded her harrangue, with the publication of other laws of minor importance, this young woman seized her child, which was feeding at her breast, flung him into a mortar, and pounded him to a pulp. She flung this into a large earthen pot, adding roots, leaves, and oil, and made the whole into an ointment,

with which she rubbed herself before them all, telling them that this would render her invulnerable, and that now she could subdue the universe. Immediately, her subjects, seized with a savage enthusiasm, massacred all their male children, and immense quantities of this human ointment were made; and of which, they say, some is still preserved among the Jagas."



WILD FREAKS OF A FEMALE SORCERER.

An empire of Amazons was apparently contemplated. Not only were male children to be massacred, but women's flesh was forbidden to be eaten. But she soon found it impossible to battle against nature. Mothers concealed their male infants; and though officers were appointed to be present at every birth to see that the law was carried out, yet, after a time, she found it necessary to order that the invulnerable ointment might be made of the bodies of infants captured in war. Whole territories were conquered and laid waste; and disaffection in her own army she kept down by having the forces continually employed.

As age grew upon her she grew worse and worse—more cruel to her victims; more abominable in all her dealings with her subjects. At last she was subdued. Falling desperately in love with a private soldier in her army, she publicly married him, and gave him half her throne and kingdom. At last she grew tired of him, as she had grown tired of a hundred before. But she had met her match. Calming, cajoling, and flattering his terrible queen, the king-consort managed for a time to postpone his inevitable fate—to be fondled to-day, to be dined off to-morrow. One day he entertained her at dinner with all the choice viands which the kingdom of Congo or the young Portuguese colonies on the coast could supply. Her drink had been poisoned. Her husband was saved, and the kingdom freed from a tyrant, whose rule was beginning to be too heavy to bear. Yet he was never suspected; or perhaps his act was of too meritorious a character to be taken notice of.

THE QUEEN'S TRAGIC END.

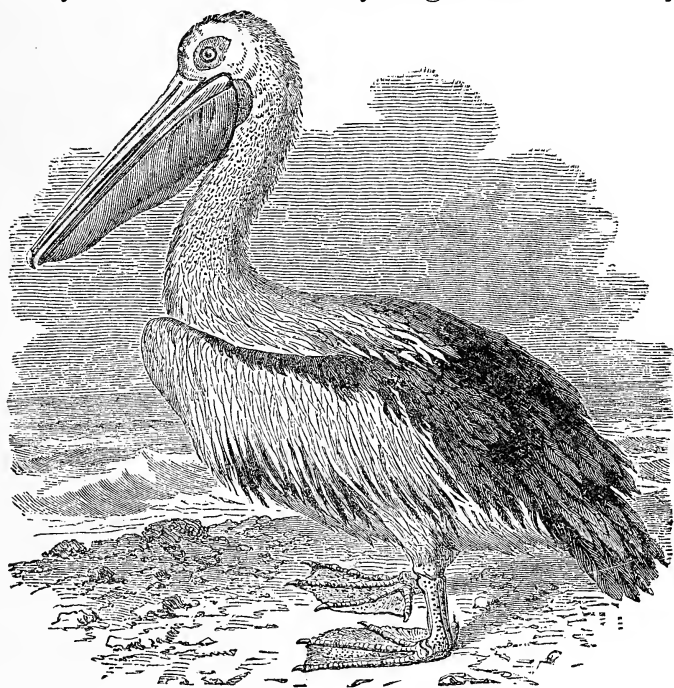
So, after much wailing over her funeral—as subjects will wail over kings, no matter how vile—Tembandumba slept with her fathers; and Culemba, her affectionate husband, reigned in her stead.

Blood-curdling tales are told of the excesses of some of the old sovereigns. For instance, Shinga was the name of the Negro queen who came to power in the year 1640, but, through the intrigues of the Jesuit priests, to whose rites she did not choose to submit, was forced to fly the kingdom, after contending with her nephew in three pitched battles, which she lost. In 1646 she regained her kingdom, after many vicissitudes of fortune. But by this time Queen Shinga had got so accustomed to war, that she cared for nothing else. Her life was spent in hostilities against the neighboring kingdoms.

Before she undertook any new enterprise, she would sacrifice the handsomest man she could find. Clad in skins, with a sword hanging round her neck, an axe at her side, and bow and arrow in her hand, she would dance and sing, striking two iron bells. Then taking a feather she would put it through the holes in her nose, as

a sign of war, would cut off the victim's head with her sword, and drink a deep draught of his blood. She had fifty or sixty male favorites; and while she always dressed herself as a man, they were compelled to take the names and garments of women. If one of them denied that he was a woman he was immediately killed.

The queen, however, was charitable enough to let them belie their words by their actions. They might have as many wives as



THE AFRICAN PELICAN.

they chose; but if a child was born, the husband was compelled to kill it with his own hands.

Shinga obtained great power over her subjects. She, however, was wise in her generation, and, after she had fought the Portuguese, and been beaten by them, she concluded an humble peace, and retained her kingdom in safety.

At the present time the Congo kingdom has fallen from its high estate. The people are lethargic, and altogether given over to palm-wine and tobacco; their houses are huts of grass fibres or palm leaves, and their clothing a piece of native cloth round the

middle. Their domestic utensils are on a par with this primitive barbarism. Baskets made of the fibre of the palm-tree, bowls of gourds, earthen vessels for boiling, wooden spoons, and beds of grass on a raised platform are about the only furniture of their simple huts. Whatever magnificence once existed is now almost gone.

UNIVERSAL POLYGAMY.

Though Portuguese, and latterly English, missions have been established among these tribes, fetishism is still to a great extent the prevailing semblance of worship, the Cross being regarded simply as new fetish introduced by the powerful white man. Polygamy is universal, and the marriage ceremony little more than buying the wife from her parents, and giving a feast to her family and friends. But if the nuptial rites are brief and simple, their sepulchral ceremonies are more elaborate, for frequently, in order to admit of all the relatives being present, the interment of the deceased will be delayed several months. The dead are frequently desiccated by roasting, and then buried in the huts which they occupied during life.

Of late years the natives of the Congo have received renewed attention. Expeditions have often been despatched a little up the river for the purpose of trade and exploration, or in order to punish the Mussurongo pirates, who have frequently attacked the vessels engaged in carrying goods to or from the "factories" established below the Yellala Falls.

Before leaving the customs of the Congoese, we must notice that the eating habits of some of the Congo tribes are very curious. They are, like all the Negro races, enormous feeders, as many as 300 oxen having been known to be killed and eaten when a "soba" or chief of the Mundombes, dies, the feast lasting for several days, the gluttons often rolling on the ground in the agonies of indigestion, but only to rise again and resume eating, abstaining meanwhile from drink, lest it should prevent them from finding room for the solids.

Among some of the natives a singular custom prevails. It consists in offering a visitor a dish of "infundi," or "pirao," and

should there not be a bit of meat in the larder, they send out to a neighbor for "lent rat," as it is called. This Mr. Monteiro describes as a field rat roasted on a skewer, and which is presented to the guest, who, holding the skewer in his left hand, dabs bits of "infundi" on the rat before he swallows them, as if to give them a flavor, but he is very careful not to eat the rat, or even the smallest portion of it, as that would be considered a great crime and offense, and would be severely punished by their laws.

It is supposed that the host has by this hospitality duly preserved the dignity of his house and position, the entire sham being a curious instance of elaborate politeness without sincerity existing among a race which might reasonably be supposed unsophisticated.

SINGULAR SALUTATIONS.

The subject of salutations would afford a theme for many chapters. For example, when two Monbuttoos of the far Nile tributaries meet they join the right hands, and say, "Gassigy," at the same time cracking the joints of the middle fingers, while in Uguha, on the western side of Lake Tanganyika, Mr. Stanley describes the people saluting each other as follows:

A man appears before a party seated; he bends, takes up a bundle of earth or sand with his right hand, and throws a little into his left. The left hand rubs the sand or earth over the right elbow and the right side of the stomach, while the right hand performs the same operation for the left part of the body, words of salutation being rapidly uttered in the meanwhile. To his inferiors, however, the new-comer slaps his hand several times, and after each slap lightly taps the region of the heart.

In like manner, the modes of taking an oath are so very extensive that a large space could very profitably be devoted to this interesting phase of African life. In many tribes on the West Coast the common way among blacks to affirm the truth of a statement is, according to Monteiro, to go on their knees, and rub the forefinger of each hand on the ground, and then touch their tongues and foreheads with the dusty tips. About Loanda, they make the sign of

the Cross on the ground with a finger, for the same purpose; but this is evidently a remnant of old missionary teaching.

Titles—the love for them, and the endless variety of designations intended to express dignity—might equally be enlarged on, without the subject being at all exhausted, while the multiplicity of fashions adopted in dressing their woolly hair, filing their teeth, splitting their ears, or generally improving upon nature, will be touched, as far as so extensive a theme admits of. We may, however, note in this place a few singular customs, which give a better idea of African characteristics than more labored analyses of their mental traits.

HOW WIVES MANAGE HUSBANDS.

One custom said to be universal in Oriental Africa is that of a woman tying a knot in anyone's turban, thereby placing herself under his protection in order to be revenged upon her husband, who may have beaten her for some offense. In due time, when the husband comes to claim her, he is compelled to pay a ransom, and to promise, in the presence of his chief, never again to maltreat her. In nearly every village in Unyamwesi there are two or three public houses, or perhaps they might be called clubs.

One is appropriated to the women, and another to the men, though at the one frequented by the men all travelers of distinction are welcomed by the chiefs and elders. As soon as a boy attains the age of seven or eight years, he throws off the authority of his mother, and passes most of his time at the club, usually eating and often sleeping there. On the death of a Wagogo chief, the son is supposed to look upon his father's eldest surviving brother as his new and adopted father, but only in private and not in public affairs.

There is another point connected with the black races of Africa to which a few lines may be devoted. The hair of most Africans—and universally of the Negro and Negroid tribes—is short, inclined to split longitudinally, and much crimped. In South Africa the Hottentot's hair is more matted into tufts than that of the Kaffir, while it is not uncommon to find long hair, and even considerable beards, among some of the tribes inhabiting the central plateau of the con-

tinent. Black is the almost universal color of their hair. In old age it becomes white; but according to Walker there are cases among the Negroes of the Gaboon in which red hair, red eyebrows and eyes are not uncommon, and Schweinfurth speaks of Monbuttoos with ashy fair hair, and skin much fairer than that of their fellow-tribesmen.

It may also be mentioned that individuals with reddish hair are by no means rarely seen among the mountaineers of the Atlas. Whiskers are rare, though not unknown, and long beards are said to be found among Niam-niam, and among the papers left by Miani, the unfortunate Italian traveler, there is a notice of a man with a beard half as long as his own, which, Dr. Schweinfurth remarks, was of "a remarkable length." The color of the Negro's skin passes through every gradation from ebony black to the copper color.

CHAPTER XIX.

GREATEST FEAT ON RECORD—JOURNEY ACROSS THE CONTINENT TO THE CONGO—AN ARMY OF FOLLOWERS TO CARRY THE OUTFIT—JOURNEY TO THE VICTORIA NYANZA—SPECULATION AS TO THE SOURCES OF THE NILE—DANGERS OF TRAVELING IN THE DARK CONTINENT—CRAWLING THROUGH JUNGLES.

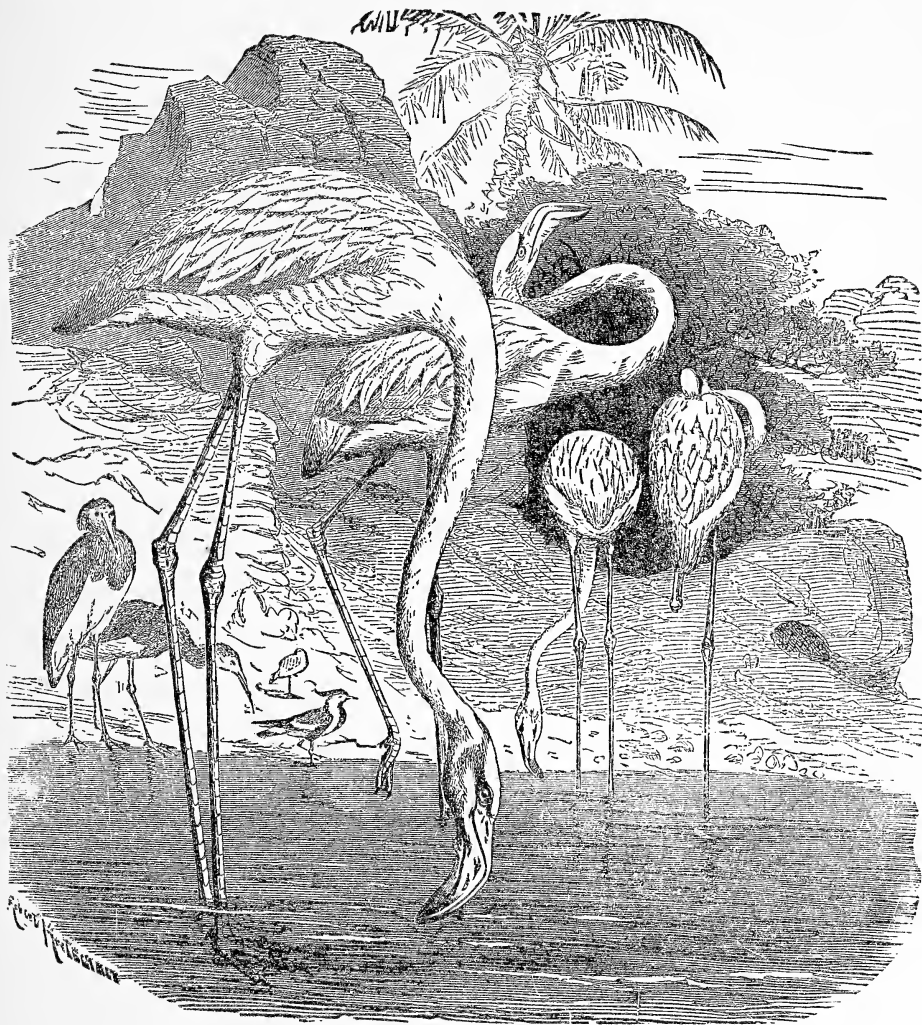
LIVINGSTONE had fallen! He was dead! He had died by the shores of Lake Bemba, on the threshold of the dark region he wished to explore! The work he had promised to perform was only begun when death overtook him!

Of his personal feelings and experiences the traveler wrote: "The effect which this news had upon me, after the first shock passed away, was to fire me with a resolution to complete his work, to be, if God willed it, the next martyr to geographical science, or, if my life was to be spared, to clear up not only the secrets of the Great River throughout its course, but also all that remained still problematic and incomplete of the discoveries of Burton and Speke, and Speke and Grant." To this end he undertook the great journey from sea to sea.

The first stage of this journey was to the Victoria Nyanza, which Stanley desired to explore. The imperfect description and explanations of previous travelers had left much to be decided concerning this great inland sea. "Was it the source of the Nile or of the Congo?" "Was it part of a lake system, or a lake by itself?" These questions Stanley had determined to answer once for all.

The advance to the great Lake Victoria was full of adventurous interest. Traveling in the "Dark Continent" means being at times in the wilderness without a guide, or with traitors acting as guides, which is a worse alternative. This was Stanley's fate, and he was deserted in the waste with a small stock of food. Through the terrible "jungle" the men had to crawl, cutting their way, guided solely by the compass, overcome by hunger and thirst, desertions frequent, sickness stalking alongside. This was indeed "famine-stricken Ugogo."

While on this disastrous march he lost five of his people, who “wandered on helplessly, fell down, and died.” The country pro-



GROUP OF FLAMINGOES.

duced no food, or even game, unless lions could be so called. Two young lions were found in a den, and were quickly killed and eaten. This was the only food for the whole expedition.

Stanley tells us how he returned to camp, and was so struck by the pinched jaws of his followers that he nearly wept. He decided

to utilize his precious medical stores, and wisely, for the people were famishing: medical comforts for the dead had no meaning. So he made a quantity of gruel, which kept the expedition alive for eight and forty hours, and then the men he had despatched to Suma for provisions returned with food. Refreshed, they all marched on.

The explorer had received a cordial invitation to visit King Mtesa. Accordingly five canoes escorted the traveler to Usavara, the capital of the king. The explorer was most kindly received, and closely questioned upon subjects of so diverse a character as to remind Stanley of a college examination for a degree.

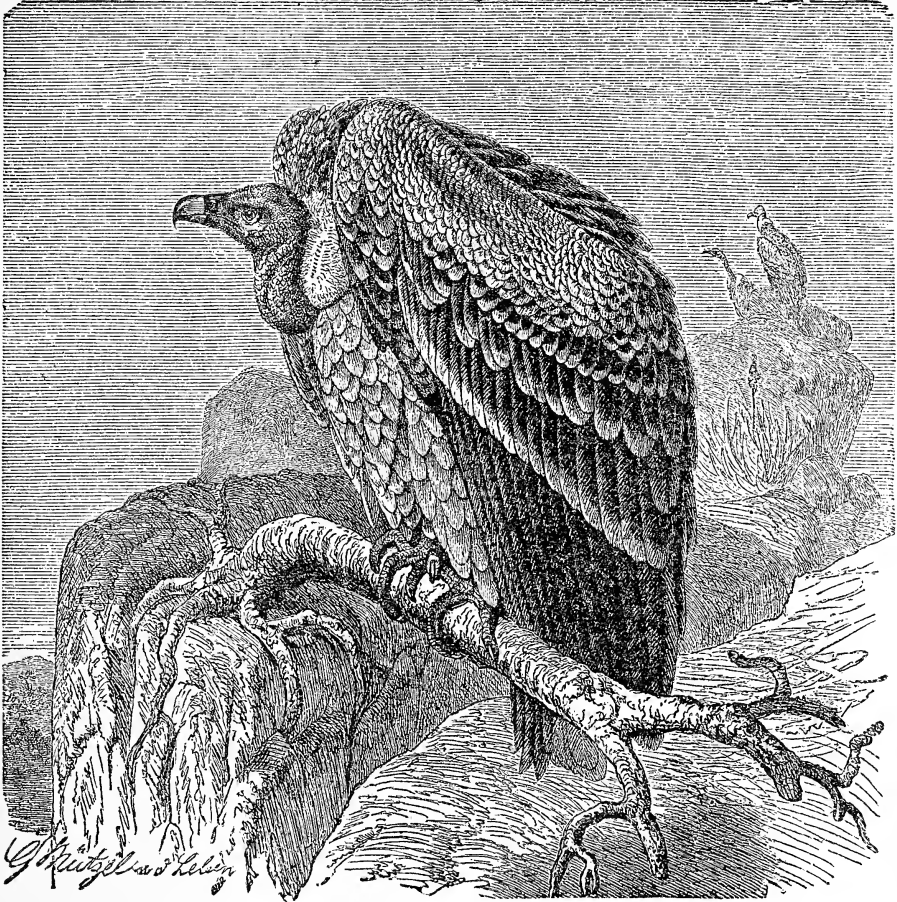
A GREAT NAVAL PARADE.

King Mtesa appeared quite a civilized monarch, quite a different being from what he had been when Speke and Grant had visited him as a young man. He had become an adherent of Mahomet, wore Arab dress, and conducted himself well. He entertained Stanley with reviews of canoes, a naval "demonstration" of eighty-four "ships" and 2,500 men! Shooting matches, parades, and many other civilized modes of entertainment were practiced for the amusement of the white man. In Uganda the traveler is welcomed, and perfectly safe.

King Mtesa's country is situated on the equator, and is a much more pleasant land than might be supposed from its geographical position, being fertile, and covered with vegetation. It is a peculiarly pleasant land for a traveler, as it is covered with roads, which are not only broad and firm, but are cut almost in a straight line from one point to another. Uganda seems to be unique in the matter of roads, the like of which are not to be found in any part of Africa, except those districts which are held by Europeans.

The roads are wide enough for carriages, but far too steep in places for any wheeled conveyance; but as the Waganda (the name given to the inhabitants of Uganda) do not use carriages of any kind, the roads are amply sufficient for their purposes. The Waganda have even built bridges across swamps and rivers, but their knowledge of engineering has not enabled them to build a bridge that would not decay in a few years.

Like many other tribes which bear, but do not deserve, the name of savages, the Waganda possess a curiously strict code of etiquette, which is so stringent on some points that an offender against it is likely to lose his life, and is sure to incur a severe penalty. If, for example, a man appears before the king with his dress tied care-



THE AFRICAN VULTURE.

lessly, or if he makes a mistake in the mode of saluting, or if, in squatting before his sovereign, he allows the least portion of his limbs to be visible, he is led off to instant execution. As the fatal sign is given, the victim is seized by the royal pages, who wear a rope turban round their head, and at the same moment all the drums and other instruments strike up, to drown his cries for mercy. He

is rapidly bound with the ropes snatched hastily from the heads of the pages, dragged off, and put to death, no one daring to take the least notice while the tragedy is being enacted.

They have also a code of sumptuary laws which is enforced with the greatest severity. The skin of the serval, a kind of leopard cat, for example, may only be worn by those of royal descent. Once Captain Speke was visited by a very agreeable young man, who evidently intended to strike awe into the white man, and wore round his neck the serval-skin emblem of royal birth.

The attempted deception, however, recoiled upon its author, who suffered the fate of the daw with the borrowed plumes. An officer of rank detected the imposture, had the young man seized, and challenged him to show proofs of his right to wear the emblem of royalty. As he failed to do so, he was threatened with being brought before the king, and so compounded with the chief for a fine of a hundred cows.

SEVERE PUNISHMENTS.

Heavy as the penalty was, the young man showed his wisdom by acceding to it; for if he had been brought before the king, he would assuredly have lost his life, and probably have been slowly tortured to death. One punishment to which Mtesa, the king of Uganda, seems to have been rather partial, was the gradual dismemberment of the criminal for the sake of feeding his pet vultures; and although on some occasions he orders them to be killed before they are dismembered, he sometimes omits that precaution, and the wretched beings are slowly cut to pieces with grass blades, as it is against etiquette to use knives for this purpose.

The king alone has the privilege of wearing a cock's-comb of hair on the top of his head, the remainder being shaved off. This privilege is sometimes extended to a favorite queen or two, so that actual royalty may be at once recognized.

When an inferior presents any article to his superior, he always pats and rubs it with his hands, and then strokes with it each side of his face. This is done in order to show that no witchcraft has been practiced with it, as in such a case the intended evil would

recoil on the donor. This ceremony is well enough when employed with articles of use or apparel; but when meat, plantains, or other articles of food are rubbed with the dirty hands and well-greased face of the donor, the recipient, if he should happen to be a white man, would be only too happy to dispense with the ceremony, and run his risk of witchcraft.

The officers of the court are required to shave off all their hair except a single cockade at the back of the head, while the pages are distinguished by two cockades, one over each temple, so that, even if they happen to be without their turbans, their rank and authority are at once indicated. When the king sends the pages on a message, a most picturesque sight is presented. All the commands of the king have to be done at full speed, and when ten or a dozen pages start off in a body, their dresses streaming in the air behind them, each striving to outrun the other, they look at a distance like a flight of birds rather than human beings.

HUMAN LIFE OF NO VALUE.

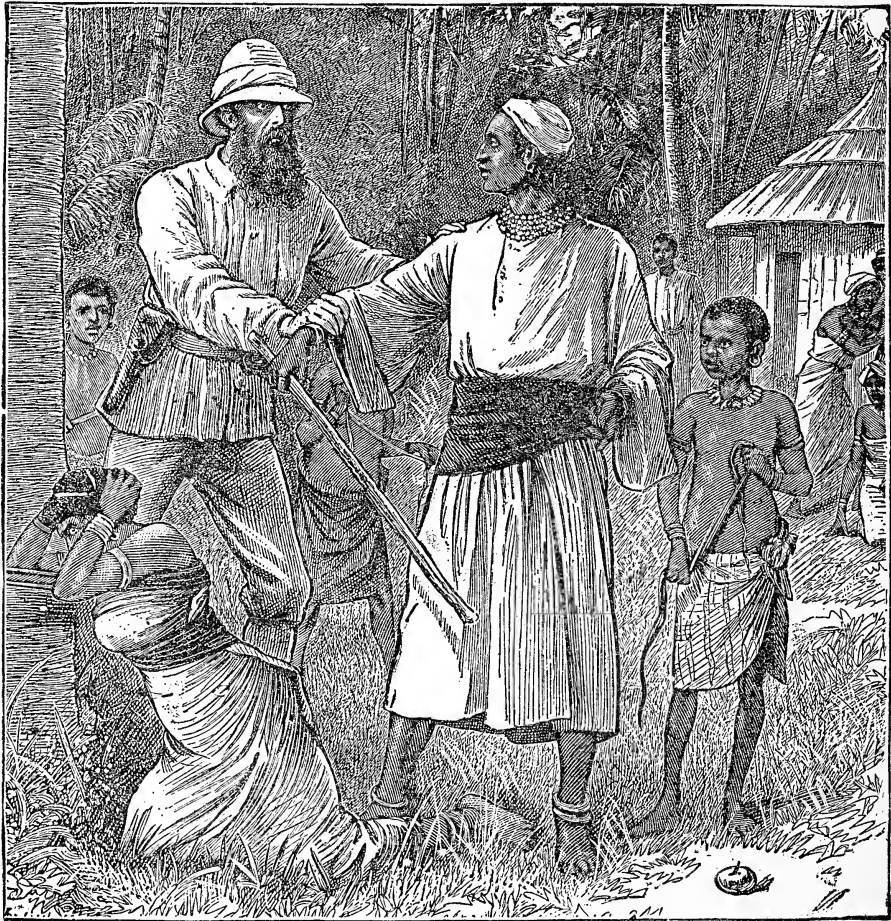
Here, as in many other countries, human life, that of the king excepted, is not of the least value. On one occasion Mtesa received a new rifle with which he was much pleased. After examining it for some time, he loaded it, handed it to one of his pages, and told him to go and shoot somebody in the outer court. The page, a mere boy, took the rifle, went into the court, and in a moment the report of the rifle showed that the king's orders had been obeyed.

The urchin came back grinning with delight at the feat which he had achieved, just like a schoolboy who has shot his first sparrow, and handed back the rifle to his master. As to the unfortunate man who was fated to be the target, nothing was heard about him, the murder of a man being far too common an incident to attract notice.

On one occasion, when Mtesa and his wives were on a pleasure excursion, one of the favorites, a singularly good-looking woman, plucked a fruit, and offered it to the king, evidently intending to please him. Instead of taking it as intended, he flew into a violent passion, declared that it was the first time that a woman had ever

dared to offer him anything, and ordered the pages to lead her off to execution.

These words were no sooner uttered by the king than the whole bevy of pages slipped their cord turbans from their heads, and rushed like a pack of Cupid beagles upon the fairy queen, who,



ONE OF MTESA'S WIVES RESCUED FROM DEATH.

indignant at the little urchins daring to touch her majesty, remonstrated with the king, and tried to beat them off like flies, but was soon captured, overcome, and dragged away crying for help and protection, whilst Lubuga, the pet sister, and all the other women clasped the king by his legs and, kneeling, implored forgiveness for

their sister. The more they craved for mercy, the more brutal he became, till at last he took a heavy stick and began to belabor the poor victim on the head.

"Hitherto," says Speke, "I had been extremely careful not to interfere with any of the king's acts of arbitrary cruelty, knowing that such interference at an early stage would produce more harm than good. This last act of barbarism, however, was too much for my English blood to stand; and as I heard my name, M'zungu, imploringly pronounced, I rushed at the king, and staying his uplifted arm, demanded from him the woman's life. Of course I ran imminent risk of losing my own in thus thwarting the capricious tyrant, but his caprice proved the friend of both. The novelty of interference made him smile, and the woman was instantly released."

SHOOTING MEN FOR SPORT.

On another occasion, when Mtesa had been out shooting, Captain Grant asked what sport he had enjoyed. The unexpected answer was that game had been very scarce, but that he had shot a good many men instead. Beside the pages who have been mentioned, there were several executioners, who were pleasant and agreeable men in private life, and held in great respect by the people. They were supposed to be in command of the pages who bound with their rope turbans the unfortunates who were to suffer, and mostly inflicted the punishment itself.

The king seems to have been rather exceptionally cruel, his very wives being subject to the same capriciousness of temper as the rest of his subjects. Of course he beat them occasionally, but as wife beating is the ordinary custom in Uganda, he was only following the ordinary habits of the people.

There is a peculiar whip made for the special purpose of beating wives. It is formed of a long strip of hippopotamus hide, split down the middle to within three or four inches of the end. The entire end is beaten and scraped until it is reduced in size to the proper dimensions of a handle. The two remaining thongs are suffered to remain square, but are twisted in a screw-like fashion, so as to present sharp edges throughout their whole length. When

dry, this whip is nearly as hard as iron, and scarcely less heavy, so that at every blow the sharp edges cut deeply into the flesh.

Wife flogging, however, was not all; he was in the habit of killing his wives and their attendants without the least remorse. There was scarcely a day when some woman was not led to execution, and some days three or four were murdered. Mostly they were female attendants of the queens, but frequently the royal pages dragged out a woman whose single cockade on the top of her head announced her as one of the king's wives.

AN AFRICAN BLUEBEARD.

Mtesa, in fact, was a complete African Bluebeard, continually marrying and killing, the brides, however, exceeding the victims in number. Royal marriage is a very simple business in Uganda. Parents who have offended their king and want to pacify him, or who desire to be looked on favorably by him, bring their daughters and offer them as he sits at the door of his house. As is the case with all his female attendants, they are totally unclothed, and stand before the king in ignorance of their future. If he accept them, he makes them sit down, seats himself on their knees, and embraces them.

This is the whole of the ceremony, and as each girl is thus accepted, the happy parents perform the curious salutation called "n'yanzigging," that is, prostrating themselves on the ground, floundering about, clapping their hands, and ejaculating the word "n'yans," or thanks, as fast as they can say it.

Twenty or thirty brides will sometimes be presented to him in a single morning, and he will accept more than half of them, some of them being afterward raised to the rank of wives, while the others are relegated to the position of attendants.

Life in the palace may be honorable enough, but seems to be anything but agreeable, except to the king. The whole of the court are abject slaves, and at the mercy of any momentary caprice of the merciless, thoughtless, irresponsible despot. Whatever wish may happen to enter the king's head must be executed at once, or woe to the delinquent who fails to carry it out. Restless and cap-

tious as a spoiled child, he never seemed to know exactly what he wanted, and would issue simultaneously the most contradictory orders, and then expect them to be obeyed.

As for the men who held the honorable post of his guards, they were treated something worse than dogs—far worse, indeed, than Mtesa treated his own dog. They might lodge themselves as they could, and were simply fed by throwing great lumps of beef and plantains among them. For this they scramble just like so many



CHIEF WITH REMARKABLE
GOATEE.



WARRIOR WITH BATTLE-AXE.

dogs, scratching and tearing the morsels from each other, and trying to devour as much as possible within a given number of seconds.

The soldiers of Mtesa were much better off than his guards, although their position was not so honorable. They are well dressed, and their rank is distinguished by a sort of uniform, the officers of royal birth wearing the leopard-skin tippet, while those of inferior rank are distinguished by colored cloths, and skin cloaks made of the hide of oxen or antelopes.

Each carries two spears, and an oddly-formed shield, originally oval, but cut into deep scallops, and having at every point a pendant tuft of hair. Their heads are decorated in a most curious manner, some of the men wearing a crescent-like ornament, and some tying round their heads wreaths made of different materials, to which a horn, a bunch of beads, a dried lizard, or some such ornament, is appended.

Not deficient in personal courage, their spirits were cheered in combat by the certainty of reward or punishment. Should they behave themselves bravely, treasures would be heaped upon them, and they would receive from their royal master plenty of cattle and wives. But if they behaved badly, the punishment was equally certain and most terrible. A recreant soldier was not only put to death, but holes bored in his body with red-hot irons until he died from sheer pain and exhaustion.

PICTURESQUE REVIEW OF THE WARRIORS.

Now and then the king held a review, in which the valiant and the cowards obtained their fitting rewards. These reviews offered most picturesque scenes. "Before us was a large open sward, with the huts of the queen's Kamraviono or commander-in-chief beyond. The battalion, consisting of what might be termed three companies, each containing two hundred men, being drawn up on the left extremity of the parade ground, received orders to march past in single file from the right of companies at a long trot, and re-form again at the end of the square.

"Nothing conceivable could be more wild or fantastic than the sight which ensued; the men all nearly naked, with goat or cat skins depending from their girdles, and smeared with war colors, according to the taste of the individual; one-half of the body red or black, the other blue, not in regular order; as, for instance, one stocking would be red, and the other black, whilst the breeches above would be the opposite colors, and so with the sleeves and waistcoat.

Every man carried the same arms, two spears and one shield, held as if approaching an enemy, and they thus moved in three lines of single rank and file, at fifteen or twenty paces asunder, with the

same high action and elongated step, the ground leg only being bent, to give their strides the greater force.

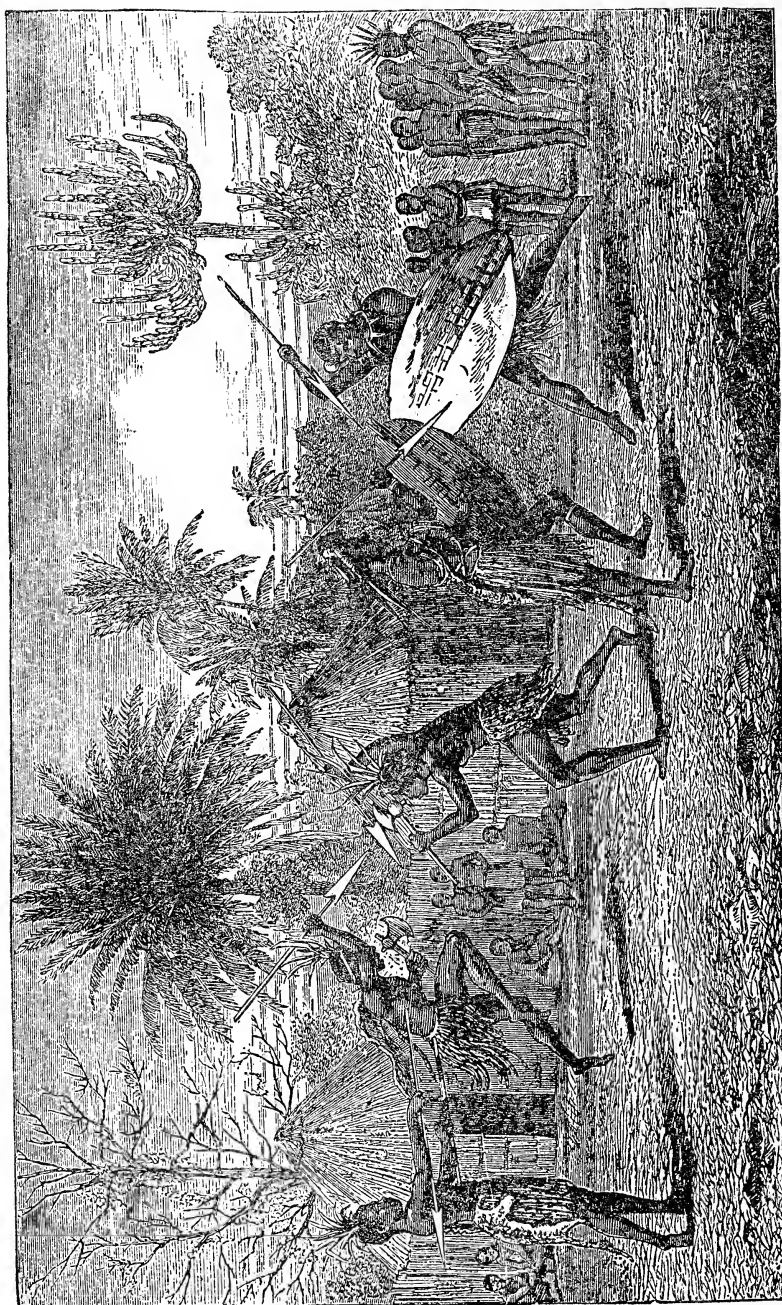
"After the men had all started, the captains of companies followed, even more fantastically dressed; and last of all came the great Colonel Congow, a perfect Robinson Crusoe, with his long white-haired goat-skins, a fiddle-shaped leather shield, tufted with hair at all six extremities, bands of long hair tied below the knees, and a magnificent helmet covered with rich beads of every color in excellent taste, surmounted with a plume of crimson feathers, in the centre of which rose a bent stem tufted with goat's hair. Next, they charged in companies to and fro, and finally the senior officers came charging at their king, making violent professions of faith and honesty, for which they were applauded. The parade then broke up, and all went home."

DISTRIBUTING REWARDS.

At these reviews, the king distributes rewards and metes out his punishments. The scene is equally stirring and terrible. As the various officers come before the king, they prostrate themselves on the ground, and after going through their elaborate salutation, they deliver their reports as to the conduct of the men under their command.

To some are given various presents, with which they go off rejoicing, after floundering about on the ground in the extremity of their gratitude; while others are seized by the ever-officious pages, bound, and dragged off to execution, the unfortunate men struggling with their captors, fighting, and denying the accusation, until they are out of hearing. As soon as the king thinks that he has had enough of the business, he rises abruptly, picks up his spears, and goes off, leading his dog with him.

The native account of the origin of the Waganda kingdom is very curious. According to them, the country which is now called Uganda was previously united with Unyoro, a more northerly kingdom. Eight generations back there came from Unyoro a hunter named Uganda, bringing with him a spear, a shield, a woman, and a pack of dogs. He began to hunt on the shores of the lake, and was



GRAND DANCE IN HONOR OF A KING

so successful that he was joined by vast numbers of the people, to whom he became a chief.

Under his sway, the hitherto scattered people assumed the character of a nation, and began to feel their strength. Their leading men then held a council on their government, and determined on making Uganda their king. "For," said they, "of what avail to us is the king of Unyoro? He is so far distant that, when we sent him a cow as a present, the cow had a calf, and that calf became a cow and gave birth to another calf, and yet the present has not reached the king. Let us have a king of our own." So they induced Uganda to be their king, changed his name to Kimera, and assigned his former name to the country.

FOUNDING A KINGDOM.

Kimera, thus made king, took his station on a stone and showed himself to his new subjects, having in his hand his spears and shield, and being accompanied by a woman and a dog; and in this way all succeeding kings have presented themselves to their subjects. All the Waganda are, in consequence, expected to keep at least two spears, a shield and a dog, and the officers are also entitled to have drums. The king of Unyoro heard of the new monarch, but did not trouble himself about a movement at such a distance, and so the kingdom of Uganda became an acknowledged reality.

However, Kimera organized his people in so admirable a manner, that he became a perfect terror to the king of Unyoro, and caused him to regret that, when Kimera's power was not yet consolidated, he had not crushed him. Kimera formed his men into soldiers, drafted them into different regiments, drilled and organized them thoroughly. He cut roads through his kingdom, traversing it in all directions. He had whole fleets of boats built, and threw bridges over rivers wherever they interrupted his line of road. He descended into the minutest particulars of domestic polity, and enforced the strictest sanitary system throughout his country, not even suffering a house to be built unless it possessed the means of cleanliness.

Organization, indeed, seems now to be implanted in the Wa-

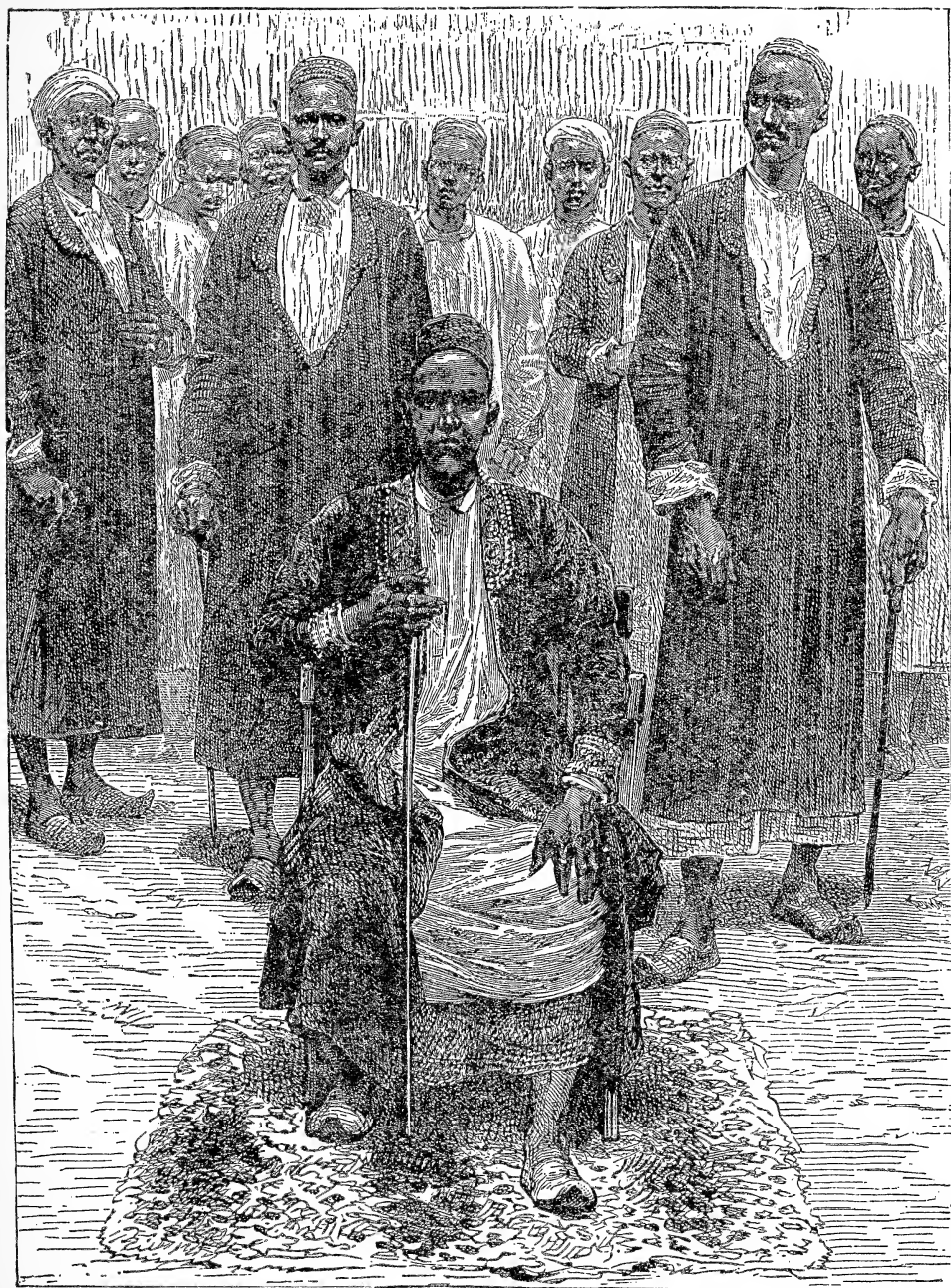
ganda mind. Even the mere business of taking bundles of wood into the palace must be done in military style. After the logs are carried a certain distance, the men charge up hill with walking sticks at the slope, to the sound of the drum, shouting and chorusing. On reaching their officer, they drop on their knees to salute, by saying repeatedly in one voice the word "n'yans" (thanks). Then they go back, charging down hill, stooping simultaneously to pick up the wood, till step by step, it taking several hours, the neatly cut logs are regularly stacked in the palace yards.

THE MEN ARE WELL DRILLED.

Each officer of the district would seem to have a different mode of drill. The Wazeewah, with long sticks, were remarkably well-disciplined, shouting and marching all in regular time, every club going through the same movement; the most attractive part of the drill being when all crouched simultaneously, and then advanced in open ranks, swinging their bodies to the roll of their drums.

By such means Kimera soon contrived to make himself so powerful that his very name was dreaded throughout Unyoro, into which country he was continually making raids. If, for example, at one of his councils he found that one part of his dominions was deficient in cattle or women, he ordered one or two of his generals to take their troops into Unyoro and procure the necessary number. In order that he might always have the means of carrying his ideas into effect, the officers of the army are expected to present themselves at the palace as often as they possibly can, and, if they fail to do so, they are severely punished; their rank is taken from them; their property confiscated, and their goods, their wives and their children are given to others.

In fact, Kimera proceeded on a system of reward and punishment, the former he meted out with a liberal hand; the latter was certain, swift, and terrible. In process of time Kimera died, and his body was dried by being placed over an oven. When it was quite dry, the lower jaw was removed and covered with beads; and this, together with the body, were placed in tombs, and guarded by



KING MTESA AND HIS OFFICERS OF STATE.

the deceased monarch's favorite women, who were prohibited even from seeing his successor.

After Kimera's death, the people proceeded to choose a king from among his many children, called "Warrangira," or princess. The king-elect was very young, and was separated from the others who were placed in a suite of huts under charge of a keeper. As soon as the young prince reached years of discretion, he was publicly made king, and at the same time all his brothers except two were burned to death. The two were allowed to live in case the new king should die before he had any sons, and also as companions for him. As soon as the line of direct succession was secured, one of the brothers was banished into Unyoro, and the other allowed to live in Uganda.

A VERY POWERFUL KINGDOM.

When Stanley saw Mtesa he was an elderly man, but when Captains Speke and Grant arrived in Uganda, he was about twenty-five years of age, and, although he had not been formally received as king, wielded a power as supreme as if he had passed through this ceremony. He was wise enough to keep up the system which had been bequeathed to him by his ancestors, and the Uganda kingdom was even more powerful in his time than it had been in the days of Kimera. A close acquaintance proved that his personal character was not a pleasant one, as indeed was likely when it is remembered that he has possessed illimitable power ever since he was quite a boy, and in consequence had never known contradiction.

He was a very fine-looking young man, and possessed in perfection the love of dress, which is so notable a feature in the character of the Waganda. They are so fastidious in this respect, that for a man to appear untidily dressed before his superiors would entail severe punishment, while, if he dared to present himself before the king with the least disorder of apparel, immediate death would be the result. Even the royal pages, who rush about at full speed when performing their commissions, are obliged to hold their skin cloaks tightly round them lest any portion of a naked limb should present itself to the royal glance.

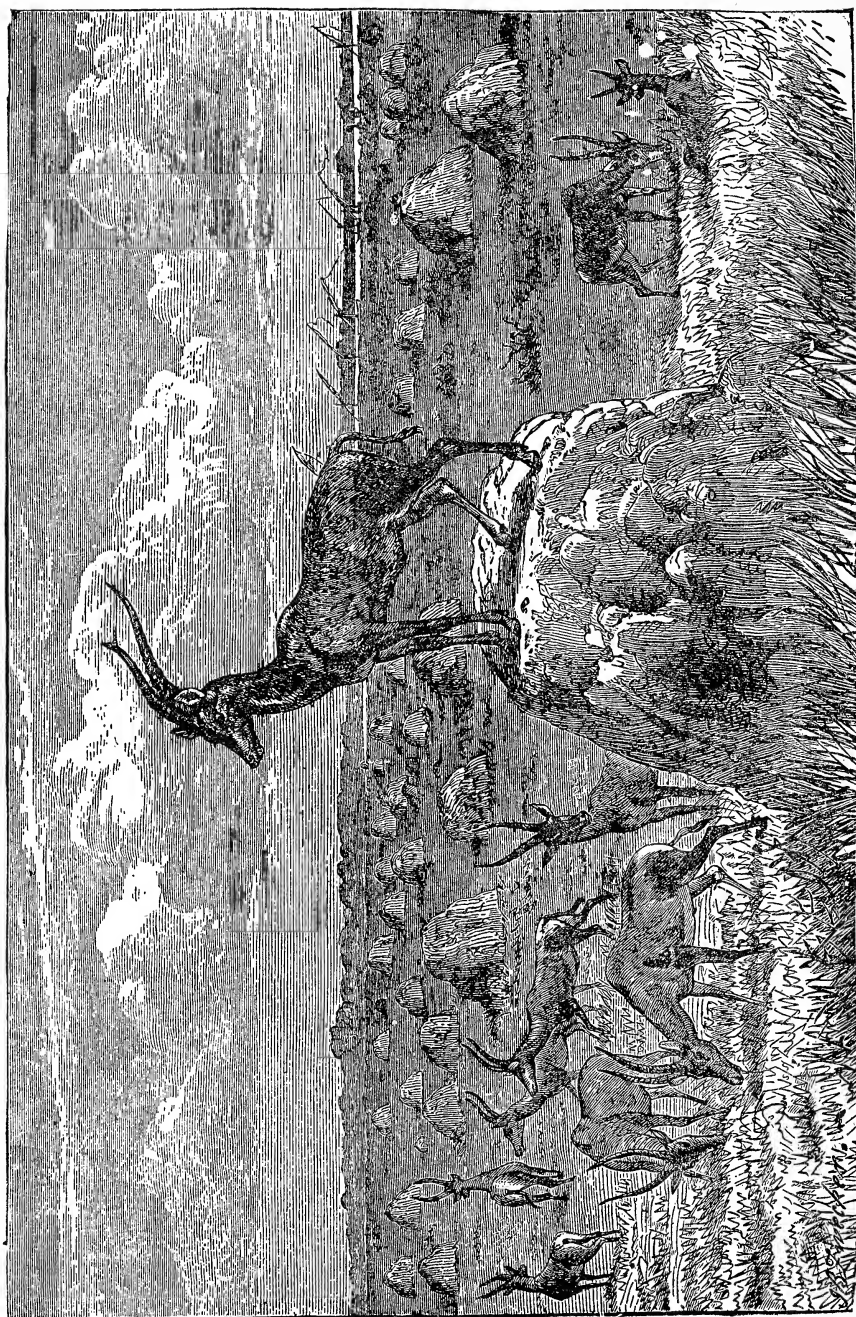
The appearance of Mtesa is described as follows:—"A more theatrical sight I never saw. The king, a good-looking, well-formed young man of twenty-five, was sitting upon a red blanket, spread upon a square platform of royal grass, encased in tiger-grass reeds, scrupulously dressed in a new 'mbugu (or grass-cloth). The hair of his head was cut short, except upon the top, where it was combed up into a high ridge, running from stem to stern, like a cock's comb. On his neck was a very neat ornament—a large ring of beautifully-worked small beads, forming elegant patterns by their various colors. On one arm was another bead ornament, prettily devised, and on the other a wooden charm, tied by a string covered with a snake skin. On every finger and toe he had alternate brass and copper rings, and above the ankles, half-way up the calf, a stocking of very pretty beads.

STRIKING DRESS AND APPEARANCE.

"Everything was light, neat, and elegant in its way; not a fault could be found with the taste of his 'getting-up.' For a handkerchief, he had a well-folded piece of bark, and a piece of gold-embroidered silk, which he constantly employed to hide his large mouth when laughing, or to wipe it after a drink of plantain wine, of which he took constant and copious draughts from little gourd cups, administered by his ladies in waiting, who were at once his sisters and his wives. A white dog, spear, shield, and woman—the Uganda cognizance—were by his side, as also a host of staff officers, with whom he kept up a brisk conversation, on one side, and on the other was a band of 'Wichwezi,' or lady sorcerers."

These women are indispensable appendages to the court, and attend the king wherever he goes, their office being to avert the evil eye from their monarch, and to pour the plantain wine into the royal cups. They are distinguished by wearing dried lizards on their heads, and on their belts are fastened goat-skin aprons, edged with little bells.

Mtesa's palace is of enormous dimensions, and almost deserves the name of a village or town. It occupies the whole side of a hill, and consists of streets of huts arranged as methodically as the



ANTELOPES GUARDED BY A SENTRY.

houses of an American town, the line being preserved by fences of the tall yellow tiger-grass of Uganda. There are also squares and open spaces, and the whole is kept in perfect order and neatness. The inner courts are entered by means of gates, each gate being kept by an officer, who permits no one to pass who has not the king's permission. In case his vigilance should be evaded, each gate has a bell fastened to it on the inside.

How the Negro has lived so many ages without advancing seems marvellous, when all the countries surrounding Africa are so forward in comparison. And, judging from the progressive state of the world, one is led to suppose that the African must soon either step out from his darkness, or be superseded by a being superior to himself. The African neither can help himself nor be helped by others, because his country is in such a constant state of turmoil that he has too much anxiety on hand looking out for his food to think of anything else.

CHARACTER OF THE AFRICAN.

As his fathers did, so does he. He works his wife, sells his children, enslaves all he can lay hands on, and, unless when fighting for the property of others, contents himself with drinking, singing, and dancing like a baboon, to drive dull care away. A few only make cotton cloth, or work in wool, iron, copper, or salt, their rule being to do as little as possible, and to store up nothing beyond the necessities of the next season, lest their chiefs or neighbors should covet and take it from them.

There are many kinds of food which the climate affords to anyone of ordinary industry, such as horned cattle, sheep, goats, pigs, fowls, ducks, and pigeons, not to mention the plantain and other vegetable products, and with such stores of food at his command, it is surprising that the black man should be so often driven to feed on wild herbs and roots, dogs, cats, rats, snakes, lizards, insects, and other similar animals, and should be frequently found on the point of starvation, and be compelled to sell his own children to procure food.

Moreover, there are elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotami, buf-

faloes, giraffes, antelopes, guinea-fowls, and a host of other animals, which can be easily captured in traps or pitfalls, so that the native African lives in the midst of a country which produces food in boundless variety. The reasons for such a phenomenon are simple enough, and may be reduced to two,—namely, utter want of foresight and constitutional indolence.

Mtesa took a deliberate view of Stanley, as if studying him, while the compliment was reciprocated, since the latter was no less interested in the king. After the audience Stanley repaired to his hut and wrote the following: “As I had read Speke’s book for the sake of its geographical information, I retained but a dim remembrance of his description of his life in Uganda. If I remember rightly, Speke described a youthful prince, vain and heartless, a wholesale murderer and tyrant. Doubtless he described what he saw, but it is far from being the state of things now. Mtesa has impressed me as being an intelligent and distinguished prince, who, if aided in time by virtuous philanthropists, will do more for Central Africa than fifty years of Gospel teaching, unaided by such authority, can do.

CHAPTER XX.

ROOSEVELT A SKILFUL AND UNTIRING HUNTER—OFF FOR THE SOTIK DISTRICT—TWO DAYS AND A HALF IN THE SCORCHING SUN—HEARS HIS PROWESS AS A LION KILLER TOLD IN SONG AND SKETCH—IN SEARCH OF A WHITE RHINOCEROS.

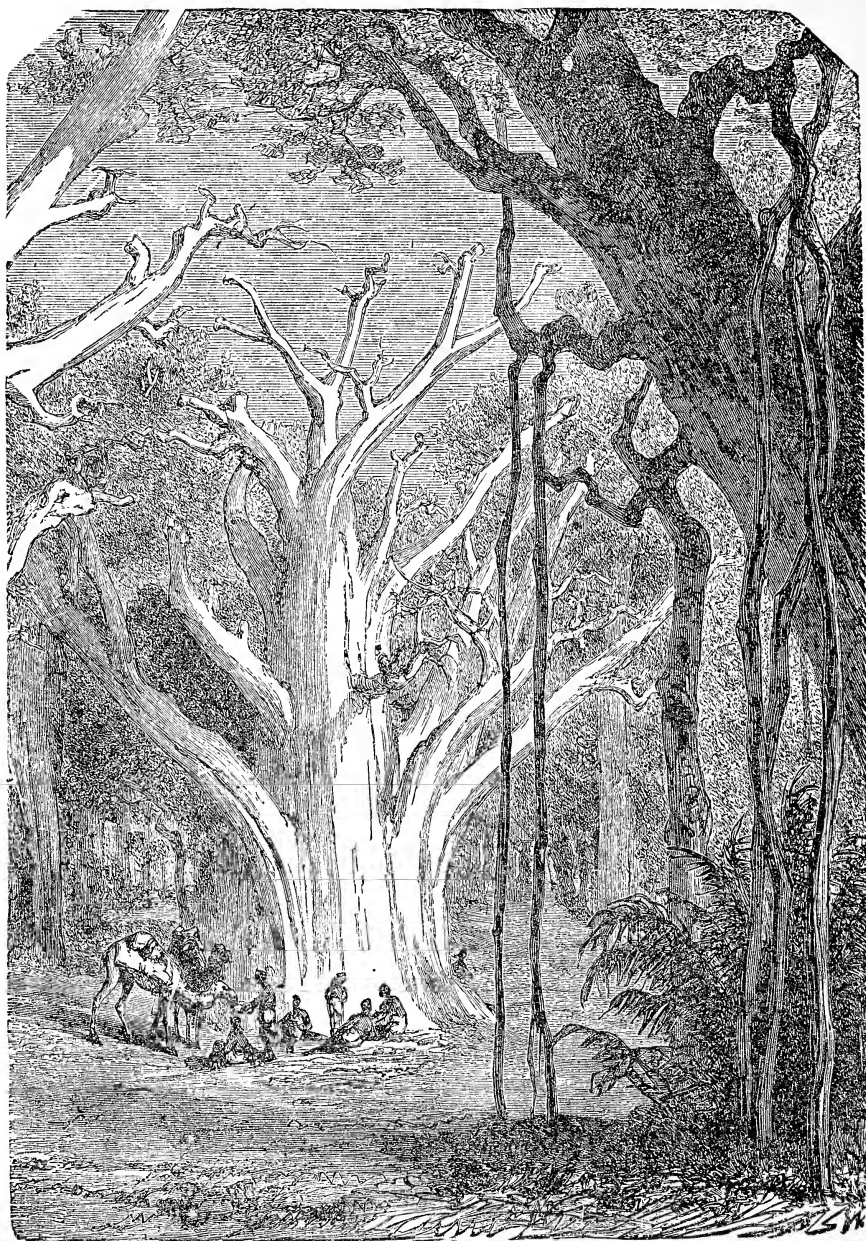
THE Kijabe camp was astir at an early hour on the morning of June 5, and the work of loading the camp effects on the backs of the sturdy porters required several hours. As fast as the men were loaded they set out for the west. By one o'clock the caravan was well under way for the several weeks stay in the Lumbwa district.

Chief among the necessities for such a journey was a sufficient supply of water. The caravan started with a supply of one hundred and twenty-five gallons of water as part of the cargo, which was intended to last the members of the party during their two days march across the great "thirst-belt" of the western part of the protectorate.

The ex-President and his caravan received a royal send-off, the natives singing and cheering as East Africans rarely do. There was general sorrow expressed at the departure of Bwana Thumba, and the best wishes were volunteered for his success in the proposed hunt for elephants.

The trip to Sotik was fully as interesting, though perhaps more arduous, than any previously undertaken by Colonel Roosevelt, since his arrival in Africa. For two days and a half the march was through an almost impassable wilderness, under the scorching rays of a burning hot sun, while the wonderful African light, noted for its powerful effect upon human eyesight would have blinded them had they not taken precaution to guard against it.

The heat of the day was so intense that it was unendurable, and consequently much of the journey had to be made by night travel. Although decidedly more comfortable from a physical point



GREAT BAOBAB TREE OF AFRICA,

of view, travel through the darkness of the night increased the difficulties of the journey, making their progress much slower than it otherwise would have been. In addition to this the party were prevented from pitching their tents at night, and whatever rest was secured had to be obtained while lying upon the bare ground for an hour or two, covered with overcoats and blankets, to protect them from the persistent annoyance of predatory hordes of insects.

Not a drop of fresh water was procurable until the party had crossed the hills to the west and the belt beyond had been passed. With their supply rapidly running short, the party hailed with delight the sight of the fresh water, and lost no time in filling six large casks and loading them upon carts to enable them to complete their journey in comfort.

Colonel Roosevelt, accompanied by his son, F. C. Selous, R. J. Cuninghame, L. A. Tarlton, Dr. Mearns, and the naturalist, brought up the rear guard.

LITTLE IS KNOWN OF THE SOTIK DISTRICT.

The Sotik district is in the southern part of Kisumu province and consists, broadly speaking, of a series of meadows with numerous streams and strips of forests. The district is about seventy-five miles east of Lake Victoria Nyanza. The Kisii people inhabit this territory, but they are little known to Europeans. They are said to be brave and warlike, amiable, intelligent and good cultivators of the soil.

Before leaving Mombasa Colonel Roosevelt heard his prowess as a lion-killer told in song and sketch at the entertainment given by the "Nairobi Follies," which Colonel Roosevelt and his son, Kermit, attended as the guests of His Excellency, Mr. F. J. Jackson, C. G., C. M. G., Acting Governor, as an evening's diversion after dining at Government House. The topical songs dealing with Colonel Roosevelt were a feature of the occasion and at each allusion made to himself, Colonel Roosevelt's laugh rang out above the applause and laughter of the rest of the audience.

The song describing Colonel Roosevelt's lion hunting, was sung

by Miss Shooter, in the course of a sketch, entitled "A Tale of the Chase." It ran as follows:

"FELIS LEO."

A lion lurked in his lonely lair,
As African lions do,
For he liked to be where he could get a share,
Of a nice little buck with a slice of luck.
In our wonderful Nature zoo,
His large inside he nightly fed with zebra or hartebeest instead.

"There isn't a scrap of doubt," said he,
"This diet's exceedingly good for me,
"For I grow fat, fat, fatter.
"What on earth does it mat, mat, matter,
"If the way that I creep, on the beasts in their sleep,
"Makes the poor things scat, scat, scatter."

He hunted game in the moonshine bright,
With never a thought of harm,
But he got quite a fright, when there hove in sight,
Teddy armed to the teeth with a knife and sheath,
And a rifle beneath his arm.
The Colonel plugged him with a laugh,
While Kermit took his photograph.
Said he, "Those Wall Street boys would cry,
"If they knew how near I'd been to die,
"Oh, this country's bull, bull, bully,
"I've enjoyed it full, full, fully.
"For it euchres the best they can show in the West,
"That's so wild and wool, wool, wooly."

Another song, entitled "B. E. A." (British East Africa), recounted some of Colonel Roosevelt's experiences in the colony, as follows:

B. E. A.

(With apologies to Kipling.)

At the port of Kilindini,
Looking eastward 'cross the main;
We welcomed Teddy Roosevelt,
As we hope to do again.

And the rain it fell in torrents,
And the world seemed far from gay;
But we did our best to greet him in
OUR way in B. E. A.

He traveled up the railway,
And he said the sights were GRAND,
And he also said "THAT'S BULLY,"
As we well can understand;
For the game is here in thousands,
And it's here we'd have him stay;
Just to see giraffes and rhinos
Near the rail in B. E. A.

We heard of hand-fed lions,
And of rhinos on the chain;
How he bravely faced all dangers,
And deadly beasts has slain;
Still, we've nothing heard BUT rumors,
That's a truth we must confess;
We have no truthful story for
He shut out all the press.

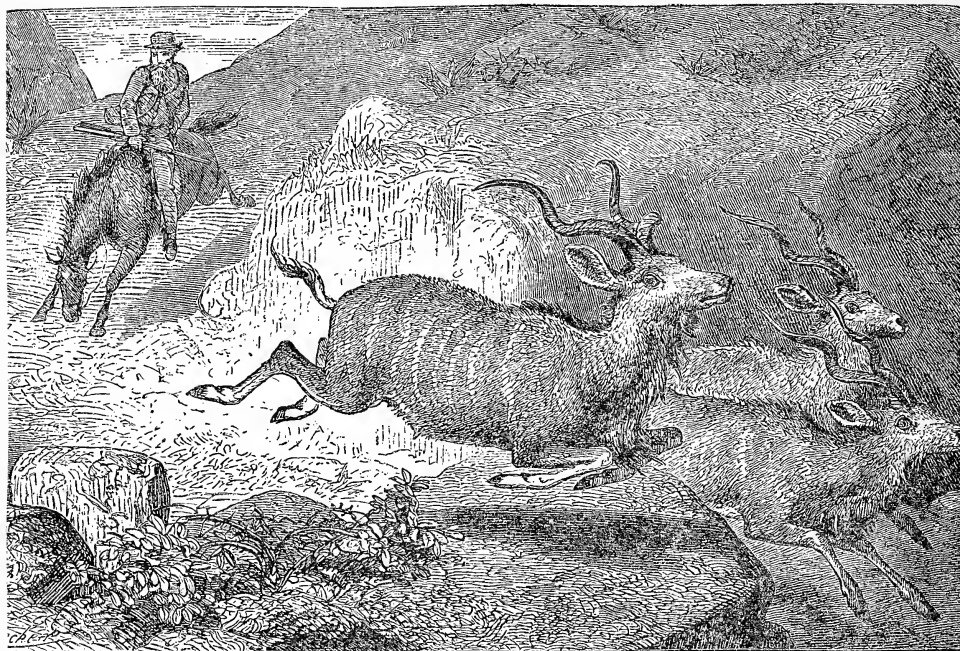
Yes, he shut out all the press,
And he left them there to guess;
They raved, and growled, and grumbled,
They were left in such a mess!

But that's all passed and done with,
For they were not far away;
And their news is scattered broadcast,
Over all the world to-day;
Still, he sent in news on Tuesday,
It is nice to be polite;
But the New York papers had it
On the previous Sunday night.

Oh! it really was a frost,
And one finds it to his cost,
If he tries to baulk the press men,
He is very often lost.

On June 22d, all the members of the Roosevelt expedition were encamped on the Loietta Plains, all enjoying excellent health, while Colonel Roosevelt could hardly contain himself in his impatience to proceed with the hunt.

Setting out shortly after breakfast, accompanied by his native attendants, Colonel Roosevelt soon added another lion to his rapidly increasing score, while his son Kermit brought down a very large tawny-maned lion as a trophy to his unerring aim with his trusty



HEADLONG CHASE OF ELANDS.

rifle. This animal fortunately holds the record for size of any killed on the expedition. This fact seemed to give considerable pleasure to Colonel Roosevelt, as he seemed to glow with parental pride at the thought of his own son having surpassed him in procuring the largest lion.

The morning's work was wonderfully productive, as in addition the party secured three giraffes, two elands, six topi, and a considerable number of minor antelopes. All the skins were preserved for shipment to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.

The two elands secured were of a class known as the largest of the African antelopes, being equal in dimensions to a very large ox.

A fine specimen of an adult bull eland will measure nearly six feet in height at the shoulders, and is more than proportionately ponderous in his build, being heavily burdened with fat as well as with flesh. Owing to this great weight of body, the eland is not so enduring as the generality of the antelopes, and can usually be ridden down without much trouble. Ordinarily, the chase of this animal is so simple a matter, that hunters generally contrive to drive it towards their encampment, and will not kill it until it has approached the wagon so closely that but little trouble is experienced in conveying its flesh and hide to their wheeled treasure-house.

THE FLESH OF THE ELAND VERY TENDER.

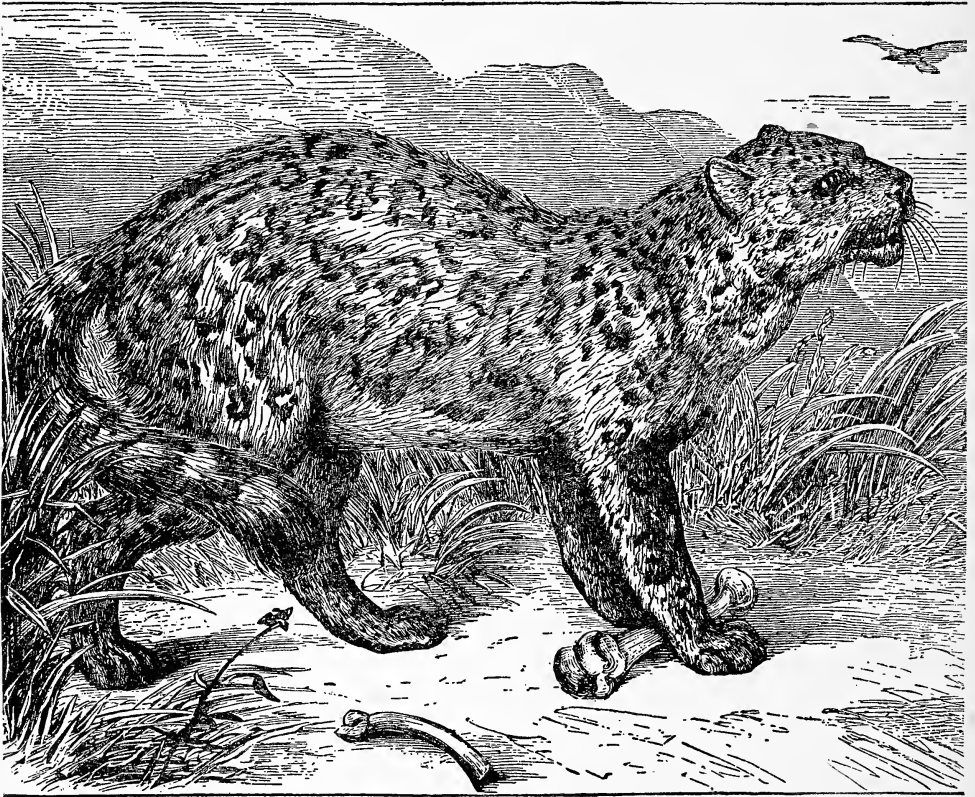
The flesh of the eland is peculiarly excellent; and as it possesses the valuable quality of being tender immediately after the animal is killed, it is highly appreciated in the interior of Africa. In some strange manner, the eland contrives to live for months together without drinking, and even when the herbage is so dry that it crumbles into powder in the hand the eland preserves its good condition, and is, moreover, found to contain water in its stomach if opened. For its abstinence in liquids, the eland compensates by its ravenous appetite for solid food, and is so large a feeder that the expense of keeping the animal would be almost too great for any one who endeavored to domesticate the animal with any hope of profit.

The color of the two elands was of a pale grayish-brown, and their horns were nearly straight, spirally twisted, and of considerable size.

Kermit Roosevelt also killed two very fine specimens of cheetahs. The cheetah, youze or hunting cat, as it is indifferently named, is rather a large animal, exceeding an ordinary leopard in stature. This superiority in size appears to be greater than it really is, on account of their long limbs, which give it the aspect of a very large animal. The head, however, is very small in proportion to its height, and the limbs, although very long, are slender, and devoid

of that marvellous strength that lies latent in the true leopard's limb.

The title "jubata," or crested, is given to the cheetah on account of a short, mane-like crest of stiff long hairs which passes from the back of the head to the shoulders. Although termed the "Hunting Leopard," it can lay but little claim to the pardine title, and has



THE CHEETAH.

probably been placed among the true leopards more on account of its spotted hide than for its shape and structure. The claws of this animal are but partially retractile, nor are they so sharply curved, nor so beautifully pointed, as those of the leopard. The cheetah is unable to climb trees like the leopard, and in the general contour of its body evidently forms one of the connecting links between the feline and the canine races.

Gaining their living by mingled craft and agility, this animal obtains its food from the various deer and antelopes which inhabit the same country, and in seizing and slaying its prey no little art is required. Their speed is not very great, with but little endurance; so that an antelope or a stag could set the spotted foe at defiance, and in a short half-hour place themselves beyond his reach. But it is the business of the cheetah to hinder the active and swift-footed deer from obtaining that invaluable half-hour, and to strike them down before they are aware of his presence.

In order to obtain this end, the cheetah watches for a herd of deer or antelopes, or is content to address himself to the pursuit of a solitary individual, or a little band of two or three, should they be placed in a position favorable for his purpose. Crouching upon the ground so as to conceal himself as much as possible from the watchful eyes of the intended prey, he steals rapidly and silently upon them, never venturing to show himself until he is within reach of a single spring.

THE CHEETAH TAKING THE PLACE OF THE HAWK.

Having singled out one individual from the herd, he leaps upon the devoted animal and dashes it to the ground. Fastening his strong grip in the throat of the dying animal, he at once proceeds to lap the hot blood, and for the time seems forgetful of time or place.

Of these curious habits, the restless and all-adapting mind of man has taken advantage, and has diverted to his own service the wild destructive properties of the cheetah. In fact, man has established a kind of quadrupedal falconry, the cheetah taking the place of the hawk, and the chase being one of earth and not of air. The Asiatics have brought this curious chase to great perfection, and are able to train them for this purpose in a wonderfully perfect manner.

When taken out for the purpose of hunting game, he is hooded and placed in a light car, in company with his keepers. When they perceive a herd of deer, or other desirable game, the keepers turn the cheetah's head in the proper direction, and remove the hood from his eyes. The sharp-sighted animal generally perceives the prey at

once, but if he fails so to do the keepers assist him by quiet gestures.

No sooner does the deer appear than his bands are loosened, and he gently slips from the car. Employing all his innate artifices, the quadrupedal hunter approaches the game, and with one powerful leap flings himself upon the animal which he has selected. The keepers now hurry up, and take his attention from the slaughtered animal by offering him a ladleful of its blood, or by placing before him some food of which he is especially fond, such as the head and neck of a fowl. The hood is then slipped over his head, and the blinded animal is conducted patient and unresisting to the car, where he is secured, until another victim may be discovered.

VERY DETERMINED-LOOKING ANIMAL.

The fur of the cheetah is rather rough, and is by no means so smooth as that of the African or Asiatic leopard. Its color is very similar to that of the leopard, but the ground color of the fur is of a deeper fawn. The spots which so profusely stud the body and limbs are nearly round in their form, and black in their tint. Excepting upon the face there seem to be no stripes like those of the tiger, but upon each side of the face there is a bold black streak which runs from the eye to the corner of the mouth. The hair about the throat, chest, and flanks is rather long, and gives a very determinate look to the animal.

Kermit and his father were highly elated at the success of their days' hunting, as it was really the first good opportunity which Kermit had for exhibiting his prowess with the rifle, and the specimens secured possessed considerable value.

The long journey made by the Roosevelt expedition from Nairobi to the Sotik district was undertaken for the purpose of giving the former President an opportunity to bag a white rhinoceros.

Colonel Roosevelt has often expressed a keen desire to kill one of these extremely rare animals, declaring that he would rather kill a white rhinoceros than any other single animal on the dark continent.

Captain Richard Dawson, of the Coldstream Guards, who had

just returned from the vicinity of the Roosevelt hunting grounds, was most fortunate in having shot a large white rhino near Koba, in the Sotik district. The animal was killed within a few miles of where Colonel Roosevelt and his party were hunting.

Captain Dawson declared that his party had remarkable success in the Lake Albert Nyanza district, and adds that before leaving that district he saw several other white rhinoceri. He killed only one himself, for no hunter is allowed to kill more than one male and one female beast of each variety. This rule was waived in the case of Colonel Roosevelt, but he refused to take advantage of the removal of the restriction, declaring he wanted to be treated like all the other hunters.

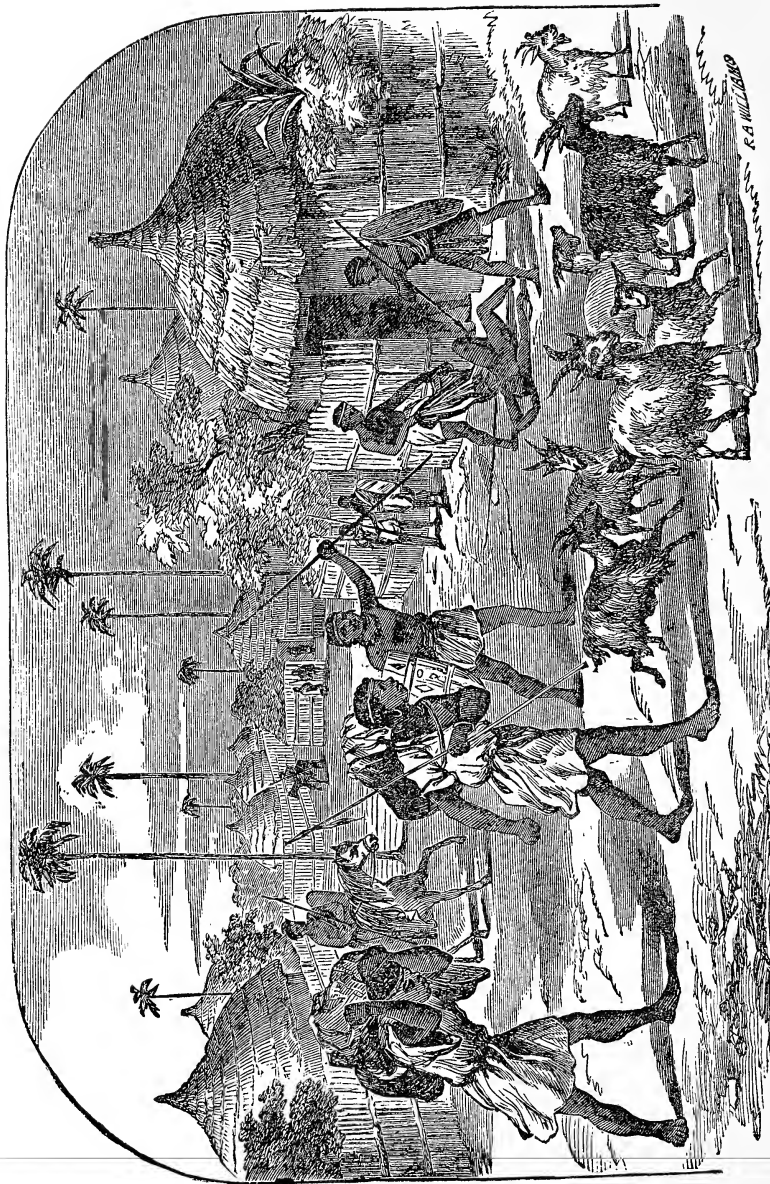
"If it is Colonel Roosevelt's keen desire to kill a white rhinoceros, I am sure he will be successful," said Captain Dawson, "for members of my party saw several of them in the shallow waters of the lake and in the nearby jungles. We could have killed many more of them had we been allowed."

BIG GAME PLENTIFUL.

Captain Dawson, who has hunted often in Africa, said that big game in the vicinity of Lake Albert Nyanza was exceptionally plentiful and declared Colonel Roosevelt will find that district one of the best through which he had hunted.

"The natives looked forward with special interest to the coming of ex-President Roosevelt," said Captain Dawson, "and they were making great preparations to give him a right royal welcome. Messengers from the boy king had traversed all that portion of the Uganda protectorate notifying the subjects that Colonel Roosevelt was to be accorded the honors that would be paid to a visiting sultan and that no pains or expense was to be spared to see that his hunting in that country should be successful."

While hunting through the jungle Colonel Roosevelt came upon lion tracks, which were larger than any he had seen thus far during his African hunt. With his gun bearers he followed the tracks for some time, finally coming upon the great king of the jungle almost unawares. Cornered, the great beast turned and charged



SCENE IN AN AFRICAN VILLAGE NEAR ROOSEVELT'S CAMP.

furiously in the direction of Colonel Roosevelt, seeking to get near enough to spring. Colonel Roosevelt had just time to seize a rifle from one of the gun bearers and fire one quick shot.

But that shot was enough. The great beast stopped and sank dead in the jungle grass. Colonel Roosevelt's bullet had struck it full in the chest, piercing its heart, and thus again his rare skill as a marksman had saved his life.

The gun bearers declared it was the narrowest call the ex-President has yet had, and all were loud in their praise of his marksmanship. The lion was the finest specimen yet killed on the African hunt. It was a black maned male beast, and African hunters declare it had one of the most beautiful manes and skins ever captured. The taxidermists from the Smithsonian Institute were elated over the kill, as the skin will make a rare addition to their already splendid collection.

THE LION THE KING OF BEASTS.

This magnificent and noble creature of which several species are claimed to exist, although it is thought by many experienced judges that there is really but one species, which is modified into permanent varieties according to the country in which it lives, is properly esteemed as the king of beasts.

The best known of these species or varieties is the South African lion, of whom many anecdotes have been narrated. This noble animal is found in nearly all parts of Southern Africa, where the foot of civilized man has not stayed its wanderings. Before the tread of the white man, the lion shrinks unwillingly, haunting each advanced post for a time, but driven surely and slowly backward as the human intellect gains opportunity for manifesting its supremacy over the lower animals. So entirely does man sweep the wild beasts from his presence, that even in the Cape colony a living lion is just as great a rarity as in England or America, and there are very few who have ever beheld a living lion except when pent in a cage.

The color of the lion is a tawny yellow, lighter on the under parts of the body, and darker above. The ears are blackish, and the

tip of the tail is decorated with a tuft of black hair. This tuft serves to distinguish the lion from any other member of the cat tribe.

The male, when full grown, is furnished with a thick and shaggy mane of very long hair, which falls from the neck, shoulders, and part of the throat and chin, varying in tint according to the age of the animal, and possibly according to the locality which it inhabits. The lioness possesses no mane, and even in the male it is not properly developed until the animal has completed his third year.

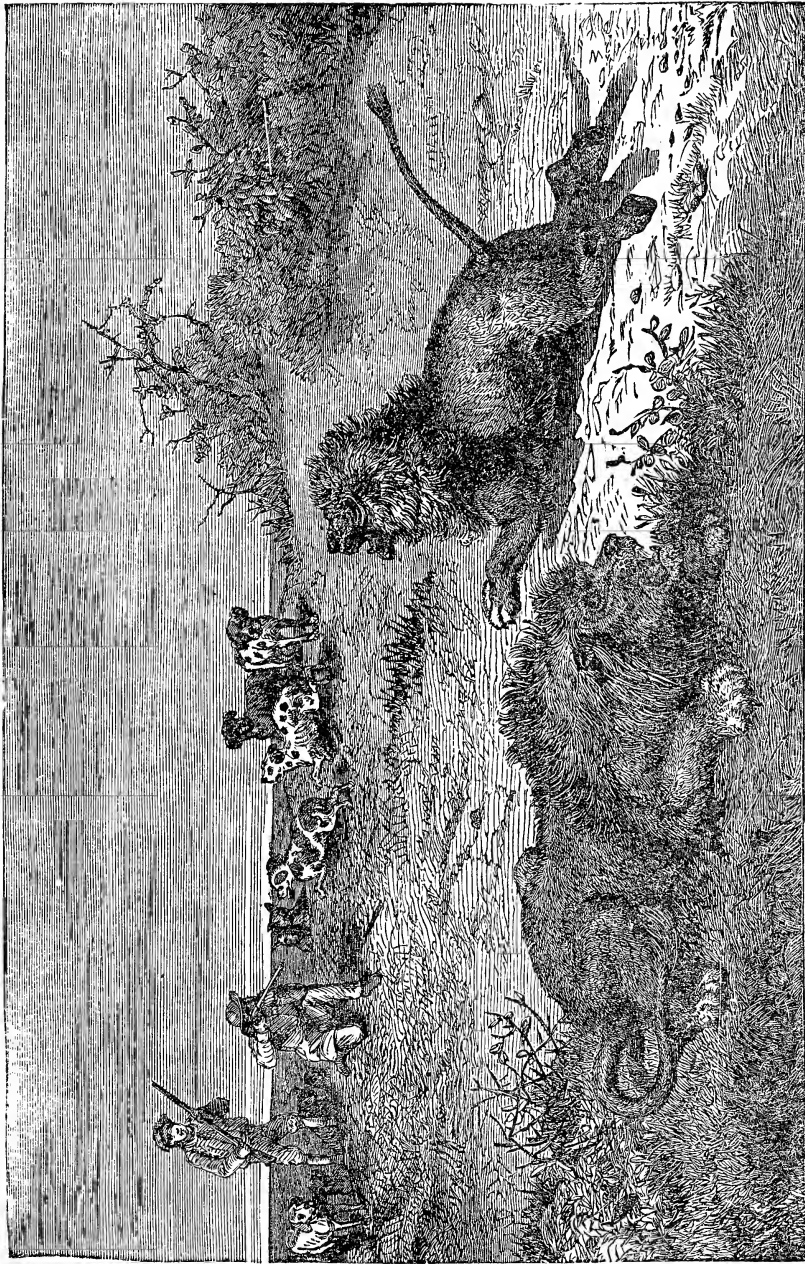
When fully grown, the male measures some four feet in height at the shoulder, and about eleven feet in total length. These measurements are only applicable to the noble animals which have passed their lives in the free air of their native land, and have attained their majority with limbs unshackled and spirits unbroken.

THE LIONESS MORE TO BE FEARED THAN THE LION.

The lioness is a smaller animal than her mate, and the difference of size appears to be much greater than really is the case, because she is devoid of the thick mane which gives such grandeur and dignity to her spouse. Although smaller in size, she is quite as terrible in combat; and, indeed, the lioness is oftentimes a foe much more to be dreaded than the lion. When she has a little family to look after, Leæna is a truly fearful enemy to those who cross her path, assuming at once the offensive, and charging the intruders with a fierce courage that knows no fear and heeds no repulse.

Of the character of the lion, opinions the most opposite have been promulgated.

Until later days he was considered to be the very type of fiery courage and kingly generosity, indomitable in conflict with the strong, but merciful in sparing the weak and defenseless. Latterly, however, writers have passed to the opposite extreme, speaking of the lion as a cowardly, sneaking animal, and have even gone so far as to declare him to be no more formidable than a mastiff. It must be remarked that these opposite ideas have been put forth by men of practical experience, who have been personally acquainted with the king of beasts in his own domains.



DESPERATE BATTLE WITH THE KING OF THE FOREST.

Making due allowance for the "personal error," as astronomers would term the difference of idiosyncrasy in the narrators, we may safely conjecture that the truth lies somewhere between the two extremes, and that the lion is not always so fierce an animal as is said to be the case by some, nor always so cowardly as it is said to be by others.

Even the same individual may be at one time ferocious and truculent, attacking a party of armed men, in spite of their fire-rampart, and carrying off one of their number from among them; or at another time it may be timid and cowardly, skulking out of sight if discovered, and flying in terror before the shouts and cries of a few savages.

Hunger seems to be the great cause of a lion's defiance of danger; and it but seldom happens that a lion which has had plenty to eat troubles itself to attack man or beast.

CONSIDERABLE INDOLENCE IN THE LION.

There seems to be a considerable spice of indolence in the lion, which indeed is the case in most of the members of the cat tribe. It is capable of very great muscular efforts, and for a time will exert the most wary vigilance. But as soon as the existing cause is removed, the creature seems overcome with lethargy, and, seeking the cover of its lair, yields itself to repose.

Even when aroused by the calls of hunger, the lion will not take more trouble than is necessary for the attainment of its end, and if it can strike down an antelope or jaguar with a blow of its paw, will be quite satisfied with its success, and will not trouble itself about such difficult game as a buffalo or a giraffe.

It is supposed by those who have had much experience of the leonine character, that the terrible "man-eating" lions owe their propensity for human flesh to the indolence of their character or the infirmity of their frame, and not to their superior activity or courage. Unwilling, or unable, to expend strength and patience in the pursuit of the swift-footed antelope or powerful buffalo, the lion prowls about the villages, thinking to find an easy prey in the man, woman, or child that may happen to stray from the protecting

guardianship of the kraal and its dogs. Unarmed, man is weaker of limb, slower of foot, and less vigilant of senses than any of the wild animals, and therefore is a victim that can be slain without much trouble.

It is said that the taste for human flesh is often engendered by the thoughtless conduct of the very people who suffer from the "man-eaters." The Kaffirs are apt to leave their slain exposed in the bush, "a prey to dogs and all kinds of birds."

THE LION BECOMES A MAN-EATER.

The lion who passes near the spot where a dead Kaffir lies, is mightily pleased with the opportunity of obtaining a dinner on such charmingly easy terms; and being master of the situation, drives away hyenas, jackals, and vultures, until he has satisfied his lordly appetite. Having satiated himself, he retires to rest, and on awaking, repairs again to the site of his banquet in hope of making another such meal. He finds nothing but the fragments of bones, for the jackals and vultures have long ago consumed every morsel of flesh, and the hyenas have eaten the greater part of the bones. From that moment the lion becomes a man-eater and is a scourge to the neighborhood. It beseebeth the whole armed population to rise and destroy this pest; for as long as the man-eater lives he will pay constant visits to the villages, and night after night, or even day after day, so great is his audacity, will he carry off his victims.

It is worthy of notice, that in all parts of the world where the larger felidæ live, certain individuals seem to isolate themselves from their kind by this propensity, and distinguish themselves for their predilection for human flesh.

As a general rule, the lion is no open foe. He does not come boldly out on the plain and give chase to his prey, for he is by no means swift of foot, and, as has already been mentioned, has no idea of running into danger without adequate cause. He can make tremendous leaps, and with a single blow from his terrible paw can crush any of the smaller animals. So he creeps towards his intended prey, availing himself of every bush and tree as a cover, always taking care to advance against the wind, so that the pungent

feline odor should give no alarm, and when he has arrived within the limits of his spring, leaps on the devoted animal and strikes it to the ground.

This mode of action gives a clew to the object of the fear-instilling roar which has made the lion so famous.

As the lion obtains his prey by stealth, and depends for nutrition on the success of his hunting, it seems strange that his voice should be of such a nature as to inspire with terror the heart of every animal which hears its reverberating thunders. Yet it will be seen, that the creature could find no aid so useful as that of his voice.

HIS ROAR FRIGHTENS ANIMALS.

If the lion has been prowling about during the evening hours, and has found no prey, he places his mouth close to the earth, and utters a terrific roar, which rolls along the ground on all sides, and frightens every animal which may chance to be crouching near. Not knowing from what direction the fearful sound has come, they leave their lairs, and rush frantically about, distracted with terror and bewildered with the sudden arousing from sleep. In their heedless career, one or two will probably pass within a convenient distance of the lurking foe.

These nocturnal alarms cause great trouble to those who travel into the interior of Africa. When night draws on, it is the custom to call a halt, and to release the draught oxen from their harness. A kind of camp is then made, a blazing fire is kept alight as a defense against the wild beasts, and the oxen are fastened either to the wagons or to the bushes by which the encampment is made.

The lion comes and surveys the mingled mass of oxen, men, and wagons, but fears to approach too closely, for he dreads the blaze of a fire. In vain does he prowl around the encampment, for he can discover no stragglers from the protecting flame, and, moreover, finds that the watchful dogs are on the alert. So he retires to some little distance, and putting his mouth to the ground, pours forth his deepest roar. Struck with frantic terror, the stupid oxen break away from their halters, and quitting their sole protection,

gallop madly away, only to fall victims to the jaws and talons of the author of the panic.

It often happens that several lions combine in their attack, and bring their united forces to bear upon the common prey, each taking his appointed part in the matter. One of these joint attacks was witnessed by two English officers engaged in the late Kaffir war.

A small herd of zebras were quietly feeding in a plain, all unconscious of the stealthy approach of several lions, which were creeping towards them in regular order, under cover of a dense reed thicket. So quietly did the lions make their advance, that their progress was unnoticed even by the zebra-sentinel. The lions crept on, until they reached the sheltering thicket, when the sentinel took the alarm. It was too late—with a single bound, the leading lion sprang over the reeds, felled one of the zebras, and set the others scampering in all directions so as to fall an easy prey to his companions.

MEETING BETWEEN GREEK AND GREEK.

It has happened that such alliances have come to a tragical end for the assailant as well as the victim.

“Early one morning,” says Mr. Anderson, in his “Lake Ngami,” “one of our herdsman came running up to us in a great fright, and announced that a lion was devouring a lioness. We thought at first that the man must be mistaken, but his story was perfectly true, and only her skull, the larger bones, and the skin were left. On examining more closely, the fresh remains of a young springbok were also discovered. We therefore conjectured that the lion and lioness, being very hungry, and the antelope not proving a sufficient meal for both, had quarrelled; and he, after killing his wife, had coolly eaten her also.”

The same writer relates a curious instance of a wounded lion being torn in pieces by a troop of his fellows.

In the attack of large animals, the lion seldom attempts an unaided assault, but joins in the pursuit with several companions. Thus it seems to be that the stately giraffe is slain by the lion, five of which have been seen engaged in the chase of one giraffe, two

actually pulling down their prey, while the other three were waiting close at hand. After being driven off, the neck of the giraffe was found to be bitten through by the cruel teeth of the assailants.

When the lion kills an eland and does not happen to be very ravenously hungry, he feeds daintily on the heart and other viscera, not often touching the remainder of the flesh. In so doing, he rips open the abdomen with his powerful claws, and tearing out his favorite morsels, devours them. Sometimes, after satisfying his hunger, he will leave the eland lying on the ground apparently uninjured, the only visible wound being that which he has made by tearing the animal open.

Owing to the uniform tawny color of the lion's coat, he is hardly distinguishable from surrounding objects even in broad daylight, and by night he walks secure. Even the practised eyes of an accomplished hunter have been unable to detect the bodies of lions which were lapping water at some twenty yards' distance, betraying their vicinity by the sound, but so blended in form with the landscape that they afforded no mark for the rifle even at that short distance.

Is it much wonder then, that the coming of the Roosevelt expedition was hailed with delight by the natives, since their reputation as marksmen gave assurance of ridding them of a large number of their dangerous foes?

Colonel Roosevelt had remarkable luck, and his bag includes a fine specimen of lioness, four big rhinoceroses, which abound along the banks of this lake, and a plentiful variety of antelope and wilder beasts.

The natives with the party declared they never packed for a more skillful or untiring hunter, and that Colonel Roosevelt rarely uses more than one shot on any beast of prey.

Young Kermit, too, had been doing a fine lot of shooting, both with an express rifle and a camera. He added to his already large list of fine lionesses an extremely rare bull eland which is an ox-like antelope, only a few of which remain in Africa, and many smaller animals. His work as official photographer for the party, it is said, has progressed to a stage where the authorities of the Smithsonian Institute who are with the party are highly elated.

CHAPTER XXI.

ROOSEVELT HUNTS ON LAKE NAIVASHA—ADDS A BULL HIPPOPOTAMUS TO HIS COLLECTION—AMMUNITION USED BY COLONEL ROOSEVELT IN AFRICA—EXCITING COMBAT WITH HIPPOPOTAMUS.

COLONEL ROOSEVELT inaugurated a novelty in big game hunting when in pursuit of elephant and rhinoceros in Africa, armed with an American repeating rifle of far lighter bore than the weapons with which British sportsmen pursue the same animals. Although the rhino is considered about as dangerous game as can be found on the Dark Continent, due to his habit of blindly charging at top speed any object he deems hostile, the former President used a rifle of only .405 caliber in the chase.

This rifle is better known by the American term of "forty" caliber, and it would have been considered little short of suicide fifteen years ago to attempt the hunting of such big game with such a caliber. Improvements in high pressure, smokeless powder and the development of the steel jacketed bullet have increased the efficiency of the arm many times since then, however. With the steel bullet he used the arm when encountering the African buffalo, which is said to be a far more dangerous customer than his American namesake used to be.

This same gun with soft-pointed bullets was used on such game as lions. It has terrific "smashing" power, as it has tremendous velocity, and the bullet spreads or mushrooms on impact, thus tearing a hole through soft tissue and the lighter bones through which the hand could be thrust. To penetrate the tough hide of a rhino, however, the steel bullet is used.

For lighter game, such as the African species of deer, and for long-range shooting the Colonel carried two .303 caliber repeaters, popularly known as "thirties."

For feathered game he used two twelve-gauge repeating shot-

guns and two twenty-two caliber automatic rifles for small game and for amusement around camp. His shotgun ammunition was specially loaded for him and was in brass shells. The wads had been carefully waterproofed, and instead of the shell being merely crimped over the wad at the end, it had been cut into small flanges and bent over. The wad was covered with wax. This was to prevent swelling in the moist climate, which might affect paper shells.

Colonel Roosevelt accepted an invitation to camp on the grounds of the Attenborough brothers on Lake Naivasha. The elder of the brothers is Captain Frederick, a retired British naval officer. The younger is H. T. Attenborough, who for twenty years was a resident of San Francisco. The two brothers, who are rich men, have built a splendid European estate and home in the African mountains where they live like feudal lords of old. Their manor house is in the low mountains which fringe the southern shores of Lake Naivasha, while their estate runs down to the shores of the lake.

ROOSEVELT SHOOTS A HIPPOPOTAMUS.

The Attenboroughs live in a veritable Arabian Nights atmosphere. They have built a lake of their own, in which they have thirty of the finest specimen of hippopotami in Africa, and it is a rare sight to sit on the banks of this artificial sea and watch the great beasts at play.

As Colonel Roosevelt was lacking a bull hippopotamus for his bag, the brothers insisted that he shoot one from their lake, the skin being added to the collection being shipped back to the Smithsonian Institute in Washington.

The hippopotamus is, as the import of its name, "river horse," implies, most aquatic in its habits. It generally prefers fresh water, but it is not at all averse to the sea, and will sometimes prefer salt water to fresh. It is an admirable swimmer and diver, and is able to remain below the surface for a considerable length of time.

In common with the elephant, it possesses the power of sinking at will, which is the more extraordinary when the huge size of the animal is taken into consideration. Perhaps it may be enabled to contract itself by an exertion of the muscles whenever it desires to

sink, and to return to its former dimensions when it wishes to return to the surface. It mostly affects the stillest reaches of the river, as it is less exposed to the current, and not so liable to be swept down the stream while asleep.

The young hippopotamus is not able to bear submersion so long as its parent, and is therefore carefully brought to the surface at short intervals for the purpose of breathing. During the first few months of the little animal's life, it takes its stand on its mother's neck, and is borne by her above or through the water as experience may dictate or necessity require.

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS FIERCE FIGHTERS WHEN AROUSED.

On shore the hippopotamus trots heavily, but with considerable rapidity, and when two of them meet on solid ground they frequently fight ferociously, rearing up on their hind feet, and biting one another with great fury, so that according to African travelers, it is rare to find a hippopotamus which has not some of its teeth broken, or the scars of wounds upon his body. When not irritated they appear to be quiet and inoffensive; but a very trifling irritation is sufficient to rouse their anger, when they attack the offender most furiously with their teeth.

A hippopotamus which had been touched accidentally by a boat turned upon it and tore out several of the planks, so that it was with difficulty the crew got to shore. A hippopotamus has also been known to kill some cattle, which were tied up near his haunts, without the slightest provocation.

Mr. Cuninghame, who was in Africa with Colonel Roosevelt, gives the following account of the habits of the hippopotamus: "This animal abounds in the Limpopo, dividing the empire with its amphibious neighbor, the crocodile. Throughout the night the unwieldy monsters might be heard snorting and blowing during their aquatic gambols, and we not unfrequently detected them in the act of sallying from their reed-grown coverts, to graze by the serene light of the moon; never, however, venturing to any distance from the river, the stronghold to which they betake themselves on the smallest alarm.

“Occasionally during the day, they were to be seen basking on the shore, amid ooze and mud; but shots were most constantly to be had at their uncouth heads, when protruded from the water to draw breath; and if killed, the body rose to the surface. Vulnerable only behind the ear, however, or the eye, which is placed in a prominence, so as to resemble the garret window of a Dutch house, they require the perfection of rifle practice, and after a few shots become exceedingly shy, exhibiting the snout only, and as instantly withdrawing it.

“The hide is upward of an inch and a half in thickness, and being scarcely flexible, may be dragged from the ribs like planks from the ship’s side.”

“The track of the hippopotamus may be distinguished from any other animal by a line of unbroken herbage which is left behind the marks of the feet of each side, as the width of the space between the right and left legs causes the animal to place its feet so considerably apart as to make a distinct double track.

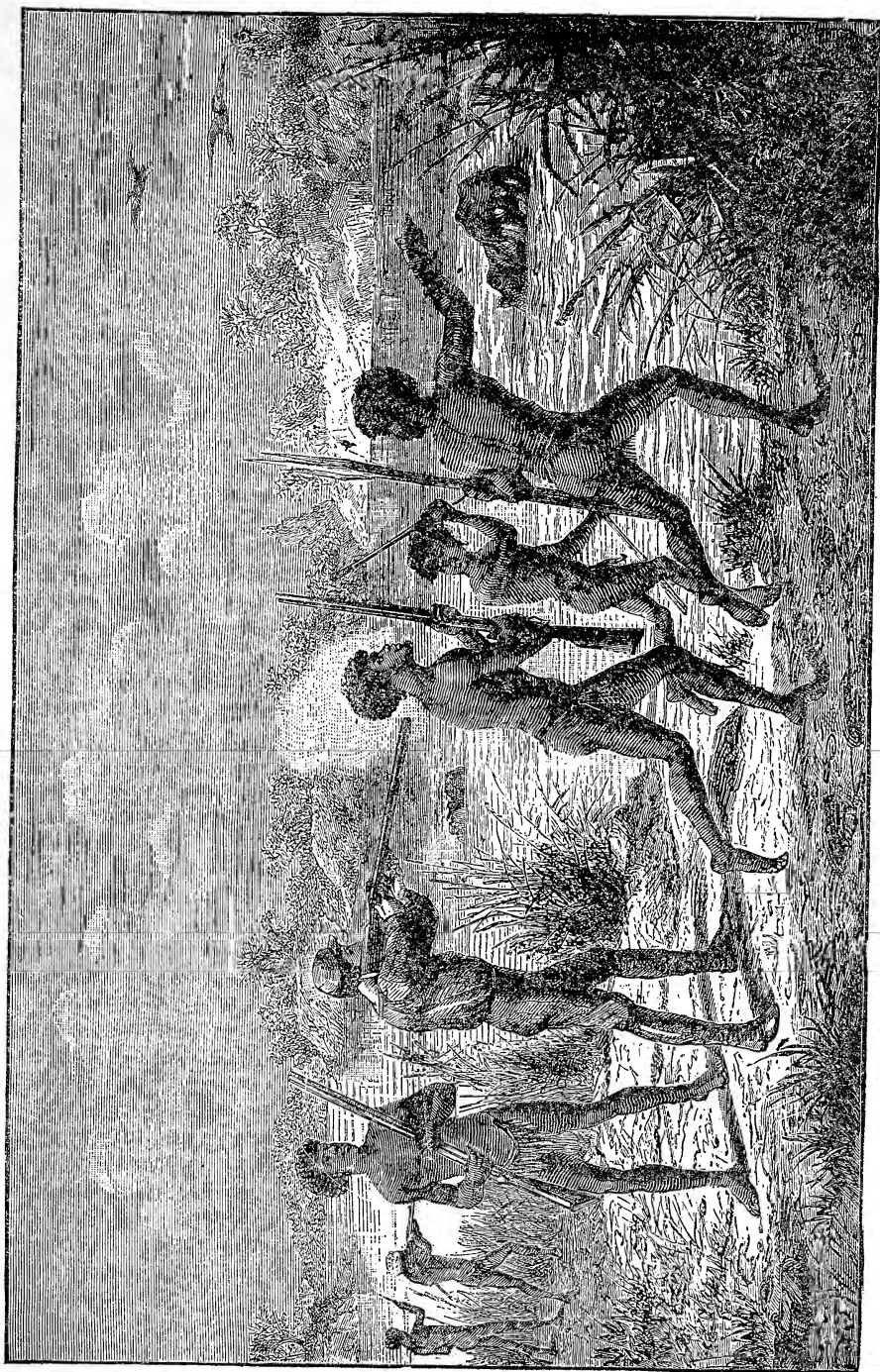
THE HIPPOPOTAMUS DISAPPEARING FAST.

“It may be remarked that the hippopotamus, as well as the elephant and rhinoceros, is fast disappearing in all the countries where it exists, before the incessant and destructive war made upon it by firearms. It could resist, and for ages did resist, the rude and ineffective weapons of savages and barbarians, living and multiplying in spite of them; but the species must soon yield to the destructive propensity and power of civilized men.”

“After seeing the animal plunging about in his bath, diving with ease, and traversing the bottom of the tank as if it were dry land, one can the better appreciate the difficulties attending a struggle which I recently witnessed:

“There were four of them, three cows and an old bull. They stood in the middle of the river, and, although alarmed, did not appear aware of the extent of the impending danger.

“I took the sea-cow next me, and with my first ball I gave her a mortal wound, knocking loose a great plate on the top of her skull. She at once commenced plunging round and round, and occasionally



EXCITING COMBAT WITH A HIPPOPOTAMUS.

remained still, sitting for a few moments on the same spot. On hearing the report of my rifle, two of the others took up stream, and the fourth dashed down the river. They rolled along like oxen, at a smart pace, as long as the water was shallow.

"I was now in a state of great anxiety about my wounded sea-cow, for I feared she would get down into deep water, and be lost, like the last one. Her struggles were still bearing her down stream, and the water was becoming deeper. To settle the matter, I accordingly fired another shot from the bank, which, entering the roof of her skull, passed out through her eye. She then kept continually splashing round and round in a circle in the middle of the river.

"I had great fears of the crocodiles, and I did not know that the sea-cow might not attack me; my anxiety to secure her, however, overcame all hesitation. So divesting myself of my leathers, and armed with a sharp knife, I dashed into the river, which at first took me up to my arm-pits, but in the middle was shallower.

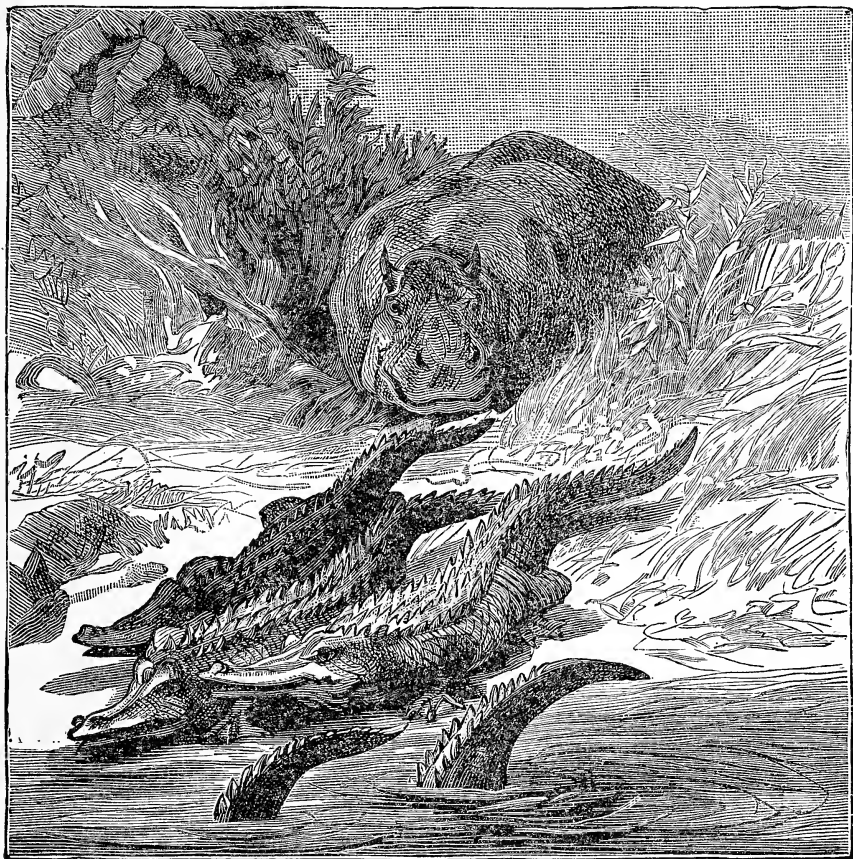
SPLASHED FURIOUSLY.

"As I approached Behemoth, her eye looked very wicked at me, but she was stunned, and did not know what she was doing; so running in upon her, and seizing her short tail, I attempted to incline her course to land. It was extraordinary what enormous strength she still had in the water. I could not guide her in the least, and she continued to splash, and plunge, and blow, and make her circular course, carrying me along with her as if I was a fly on her tail.

"Finding her tail gave me but a poor hold, as the only means of securing my prey, I took out my knife, and cutting two deep parallel incisions through the skin on her rump, and lifting this skin from the flesh, so that I could get in my two hands, I made use of this as a handle, and after some desperate hard work, sometimes pushing, sometimes pulling, the sea-cow continuing her circular course all the time, and I holding on her rump like grim death, eventually I succeeded in bringing this gigantic and most powerful animal to the bank.

“Here a native quickly brought me a stout buffalo-rein from my horse’s neck, which I passed through the opening in the thick skin, and moored Behemoth to a tree. I then took my rifle, and sent a shot through her head, and she was numbered with the dead.”

In explanation of one part of this description, the difficulty



DRIVING CROCODILES INTO THE WATER.

experienced by the hunter in holding by her tail will be easily understood by those who have examined the member in question. The tail of the hippopotamus is a flattened, naked affair, about two feet long, as thick as a man’s wrist, and slightly fringed at the extremity with a few long bristles. If we imagine this tail flung about in the death-agony of a full-grown hippopotamus, it will

not be difficult to conceive the almost impossibility of holding on by the hands, especially in the water, which is the natural element of the brute.

Another member of the Roosevelt party relates a thrilling experience that befell some of his companions on one of their hunting trips. A hippopotamus happened to rise under their boat, and struck her back against its keel. Irritated by the unexpected resistance, she dashed at the boat with open jaws, seized the side between her teeth, and tore out seven planks. She then sank for a few seconds, but immediately resumed the attack, and if one of the party had not fired a musket in her face, would probably have worked still more harm.

NARROW ESCAPE FROM DROWNING.

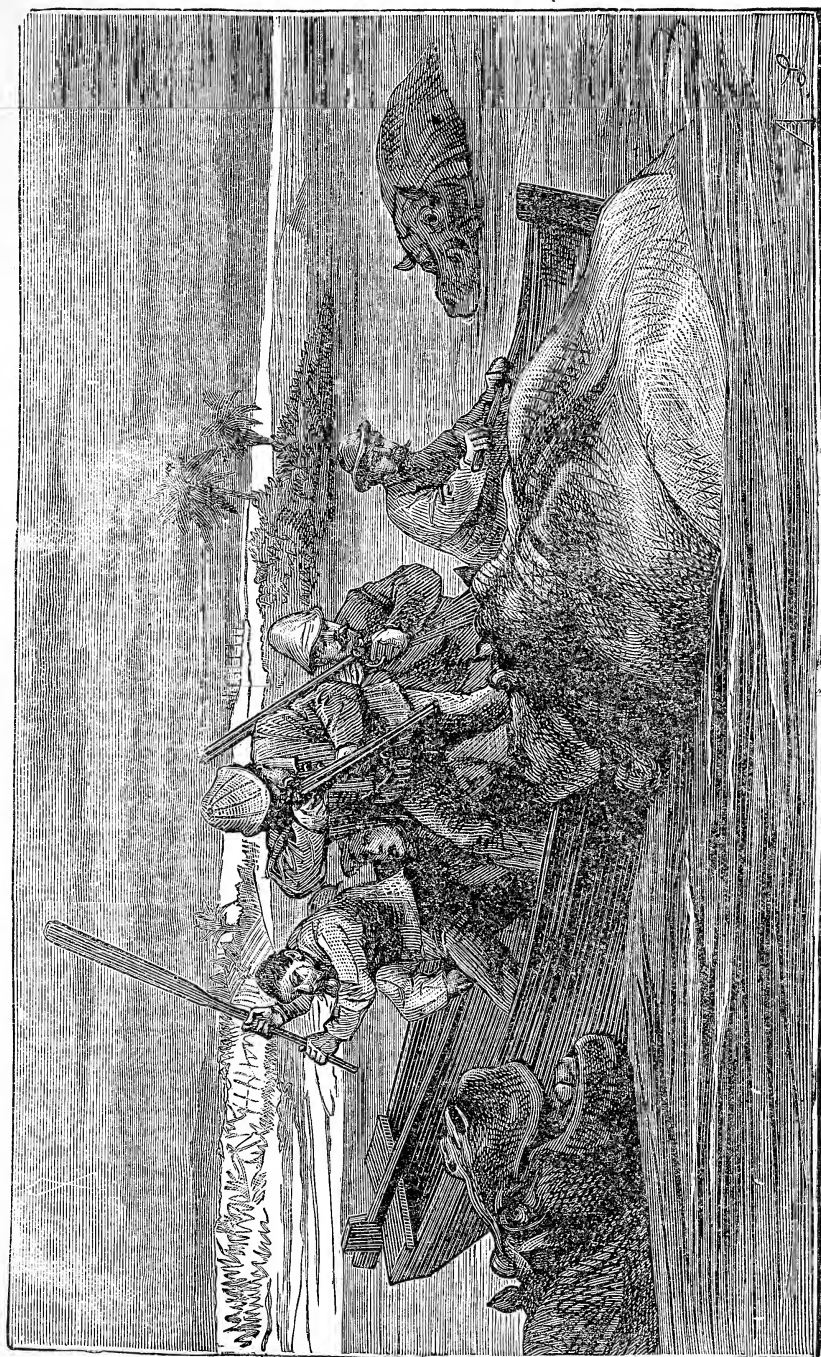
As it was, too much mischief had been already done, for the loss of so much planking had caused the boat to fill rapidly, and it was only by severe exertion that the party succeeded in getting the boat to shore before it sank. The boat was providentially not more than an oar's length from the bank when the attack took place; but had it been in the centre of the river, few, if any of the occupants, would have escaped to tell the tale.

The shock from beneath was so violent, that the steersman was thrown completely out of the boat into the water, but was seized and drawn in again before the hippopotamus could get at him.

The extreme whiteness of the ivory obtained from the hippopotamus' teeth renders it peculiarly valuable for the delicate scales of various philosophical instruments, and its natural curve adapts it admirably for the verniers of ship sextants. The weight of a large tooth is from five to eight pounds, and the value of the ivory is from four to five dollars a pound.

With these apparently combined teeth the hippopotamus can cut the grass as neatly as if it were mown with a scythe, and is able to sever, as if with shears, a tolerably stout and thick stem.

Possessed of an enormous appetite, having a stomach that is capable of containing five or six bushels of nutriment, and furnished with such powerful instruments, the hippopotamus is a terrible



EXCITING BATTLE WITH HIPPOPOTAMI.

nuisance to the owners of cultivated lands that happen to be near the river in which the animal has taken up his abode.

During the day it is comfortably asleep in its chosen hiding-place, but as soon as the shades of night deepen, the hippopotamus issues from its den, and treading its way into the cultivated lands, makes sad devastation among the growing crops.

Were the mischief confined to the amount which is eaten by the voracious brute, it would be bad enough, but the worst of the matter is, that the hippopotamus damages more than it eats by the clumsy manner of its progress. The body is so large and heavy, and the legs are so short, that the animal is forced to make a double track as he walks, and in the grass-grown plain can be readily traced by the peculiar character of the track.

HIPPOPOTAMANI DESTROY MORE THAN THEY EAT.

It may therefore be easily imagined that when a number of these hungry, awkward, waddling, splay-footed beasts come blundering among the standing crops, trampling and devouring indiscriminately, they will do no slight damage before they think fit to retire.

The aggrieved cultivators endeavor to protect their grounds and at the same time to make the depredators pay for the damage which they have done, by digging a number of pitfalls across the hippopotamus paths, and furnishing each pit with a sharp stake in the centre.

When an animal falls into such a trap, the rejoicings are great, for not only is the ivory of great commercial value, but the flesh is very good eating, and the hide is useful for the manufacture of whips and other instruments. The fat of the hippopotamus, called by the colonists "Zee-Koe speck" or sea-cow bacon, is held in very high estimation, as is the tongue and the jelly which is extracted from the feet.

The hide is so thick that it must be dragged from the creature's body in slips, like so many planks, and is an inch and a half in thickness on the back, and three-quarters of an inch on the other portions of the body. Yet, in spite of its enormous thickness and its tough

quality, it is quite pliable when seen on the living beast, and accommodates itself easily to all his movements.

There is also the "down-fall," a trap which consists of a log of wood, weighted heavily at one end, to which extremity is loosely fixed a spearhead, well treated with poison. This terrible log is suspended over some hippopotamus path, and is kept in its place by a slight cord which crosses the path and is connected with a catch or trigger. As soon as the animal presses the cord, the catch is liberated, and down comes the armed log, striking the poisoned spear deep into the poor beast's back, and speedily killing it by the poison, if not from the immediate effects of the wound.

The most exciting manner of hunting the hippopotamus is by fairly chasing and harpooning it, as if it were a whale or a walrus.

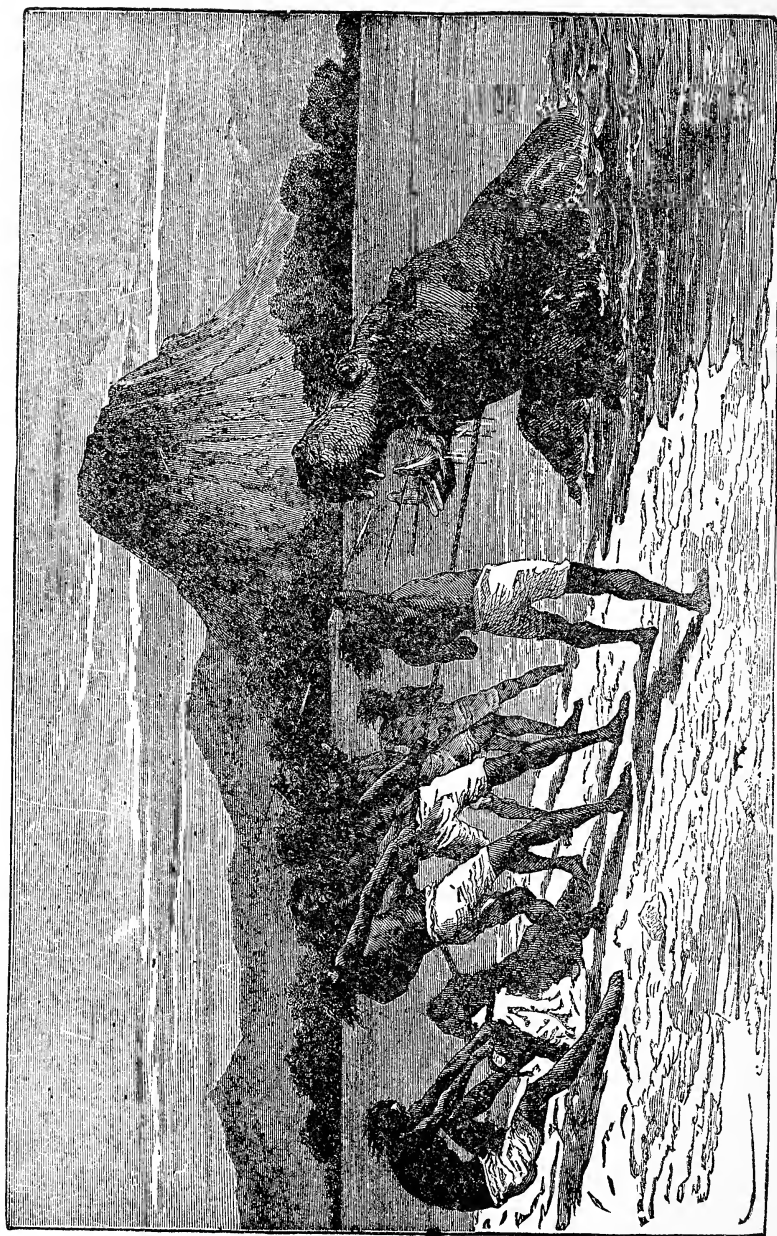
GETTING READY WITH THE HARPOON.

The harpoon is a very ingenious instrument, being composed of two portions, a shaft measuring three or four inches in thickness and ten or twelve feet in length, and a barbed iron point, which fits loosely into a socket in the head of the shaft, and is connected with it by means of a rope composed of a number of separate strands.

This peculiar rope is employed to prevent the animal from severing it, which he would soon manage were it to be composed of a single strand. To the other end of the shaft a strong line is fastened, and to the other end of the line a float or buoy is attached. As this composite harpoon is very weighty it is not thrown at the animal, but is urged by the force of the harpooner's arm. The manner of employing it shall be told in the following words of one of the most skillful hunters of recent times:

"As soon as the position of the hippopotamus is ascertained, one or more of the most skillful and intrepid of the hunters stand prepared with the harpoons; whilst the rest make ready to launch the canoes, should the attack prove successful. The bustle and noise caused by these preparations gradually subside. Conversation is carried on in a whisper, and every one is on the alert.

"The snorting and plunging become every moment more distinct; but a bend in the stream still hides the animals from view,



LANDING AN ENORMOUS HIPPOPOTAMUS.

The angle being passed, several dark objects are seen floating listlessly on the water, looking more like the crest of sunken rocks than living creatures.

"Ever and anon, one or other of the shapeless masses is submerged, but soon again makes its appearance on the surface. On, on, glides the raft with its sable crew, who are now worked up to the highest state of excitement.

"At last, the raft is in the midst of the herd, who appear quite unconscious of danger. Presently one of the animals is in immediate contact with the raft. Now is the critical moment. The foremost harpooner raises himself to his full height, to give the greater force to the blow, and the next instant the fatal iron descends with unerring accuracy in the body of the hippopotamus.

ALL EFFORTS TO ESCAPE ARE UNAVAILING.

"The wounded animal plunges violently, and dives to the bottom; but all his efforts to escape are unavailing. The line or the shaft of the harpoon may break; but the cruel barb once inbedded in the flesh, the weapon (owing to the toughness and thickness of the beast's hide) cannot be withdrawn.

"As soon as the hippopotamus is struck, one or more of the men launch a canoe from off the raft, and hasten to the shore with the harpoon-line, and take a round turn with it about a tree, or bunch of reeds, so that the animal may either be 'brought up' at once, or, should there be too great a strain on the line, 'played' (to liken small things to great) in the same manner as the salmon by the fisherman. But if time should not admit of the line being passed round a tree, or the like, both line and 'buoy' are thrown into the water, and the animal goes wherever he chooses.

"The rest of the canoes are now all launched from off the raft, and chase is given to the poor brute, who, so soon as he comes to the surface to breathe, is saluted with a shower of light javelins. Again he descends, his track deeply crimsoned with gore. Presently—and perhaps at some little distance—he once more appears on the surface, when, as before, missiles of all kinds are hurled at his devoted head.

“When thus beset, the infuriated beast not unfrequently turns upon his assailants, and either with his formidable tusks, or with a blow from his enormous head, staves in or capsizes the canoes. At times, indeed, not satisfied with wreaking his vengeance on the craft, he will attack one or other of the natives, and with a single grasp of his horrid jaws either terribly mutilates the poor fellow, or, it may be, cuts his body fairly in two.

“The chase often lasts a considerable time. So long as the line and the harpoon hold, the animal cannot escape, because the ‘buoy’ always marks his whereabouts. At length, from loss of blood or exhaustion, Behemoth succumbs to his pursuers and is then dragged ashore.”

The hippopotamus feeds entirely upon vegetable substances, cropping the herbage and bushes on the banks of the rivers, and occasionally visiting the cultivated grounds during the night. It passes most of its time in the water, where it swims and dives with great ease, and is said to walk at the bottom. When the head of the animal is below the water it rises frequently to blow it out from its nostrils, making it ascend in two jets.

The government officials on the morning of July 9th closed the public road which runs from Nairobi to Fort Hall, the capital of Kenia, owing to the invasion of that district by man-eating lions. Several natives within a few days had been killed by these animals.

The Fort Hall road, which was closed by the authorities, is about sixty miles long and situated to the east of the Uganda Railroad. Former President Roosevelt at that time was on a shooting trip in the Sotik district, which is about fifty miles from Naivasha on the west side of the railroad.

CHAPTER XXII.

FREDERIC COURTENAY SELOUS—A HUNTER WITHOUT A PEER—
FRIEND, COMPANION AND GUIDE TO COLONEL ROOSEVELT—
COLONEL ROOSEVELT'S ESTIMATE OF THE MAN—THE FATAL
SLEEPING SICKNESS OF THE DARK CONTINENT—A "SAFARI"
AND WHAT IT MEANS.

A MAN of pronounced and positive conviction upon public affairs, as well as the strong bodily vigor of healthy life, such as Colonel Roosevelt's characteristics have been so well understood, is bound to attract to himself as affinities companions of a similar type.

When the fact became known that Colonel Roosevelt proposed to spend upward of a year in the hunt for big game in East Africa, it was but natural that sportsmen everywhere should become interested, and more especially those who had enjoyed the distinction of having preceded him in that bountiful sportsman's paradise.

Many have distinguished themselves by the remarkable records they have made and the attention which has been attracted from the world at large to their notable achievements and startling adventures. A close study of the experiences of these mighty hunters occupied the chief portion of Colonel Roosevelt's leisure hours toward the close of his term as President. To none did he give closer attention than to those of the gray-bearded, grizzled, slender man who walked at his side as he disembarked from the steamer *Admiral* at Mombasa, in British East Africa, to enjoy the dinner tendered him and his party by the Mombasa Club before he made his way inland for the hunting grounds.

All the way from Naples Colonel Roosevelt and the gray, slender man who joined him there had sought every opportunity to be in each other's company, while for hours at a time the new member of the party told stories of such elephant hunting in Africa as no other man ever had the chance to hear.

At intervals during the passage from Naples, too, cabled news of the progress of the ship had been forwarded to Mombasa, drawing from the interior thousands of natives, who traveled hundreds of miles simply for the chance to gaze upon Roosevelt, the "great white chief," whose fame had penetrated the most abysmal jungles of their habitat.

Yet when the assembled tribesmen beheld the slender, tough-sinewed figure beside the broad-shouldered form of the great white chief they had journeyed so far to see, whispered awe spread hurriedly from man to man, until it seemed as though all must have seen him before and learned to do reverence to his prowess.

"It is he—Macumazahn!" they murmured, one to another. "It is the mighty hunter of elephants, Macumazahn—he who is awake in the night."

GREATEST HUNTER OF MODERN TIMES.

It was indeed the mightiest Nimrod of modern times, Frederic Courtenay Selous, companion, guide and intimate friend of Colonel Roosevelt and the original of that daring, shrewd, dryly humorous, staunch and gallant Allan Quatermain, whom the novels of Rider Haggard have made as familiar to the civilized world as Selous' exploits in the wilds have made his African name familiar among the savages.

It is said of Frederic Courtenay Selous that he has slain more than 100 elephants, nearly half a hundred lions, and as for rhinoceri and buffalo, both dangerous foes to meet, their numbers bring the total of his really perilous encounters into the thousands.

The number of head of big game that have fallen to his gun has been estimated at 3000, while the deer and other animals killed for food would be beyond computation.

During a single expedition, lasting six months, his prizes included twenty-seven elephants, nine rhinoceri, one hippopotamus, one lion, seven zebras and all the minor game required to keep his force of negro carriers in fresh meat.

Museums of the world preserve innumerable specimens for which science is indebted to his daring and his skill. Now, when he

is lending his unparalleled experience to the Roosevelt hunt, he is recognized as Africa's most indefatigable big-game pursuer since he was a boy of fifteen.

Yet, while he has tracked numberless herds of elephants for their ivory tusks and faced scores of lions in deadly encounters, he has never killed for the mere sake of killing. The greater number of his shots have been fired for the prime need of man, food; and during one period, extending over fifteen years, apart from the rice which supplied the farinaceous portion of his diet, he lived exclusively upon the game he brought down with his rifle.

The quotation from Haggard's well-told incident in "Maiwa's Revenge" closes fiction's account of Quatermain's unrelenting pursuit of the huge bull elephants that made the mouth of the veteran hunter fairly water for their possession. He had wounded the largest of them; but, aided by his companions, the immense beast succeeded in escaping for the day.

GOES BEYOND FICTION.

Quatermain took up the hunt and stuck to it until his negro followers, wearied and apprehensive, were on the verge of rebellion. Then, in the night, while his men were all asleep, he heard the trumpet of an elephant.

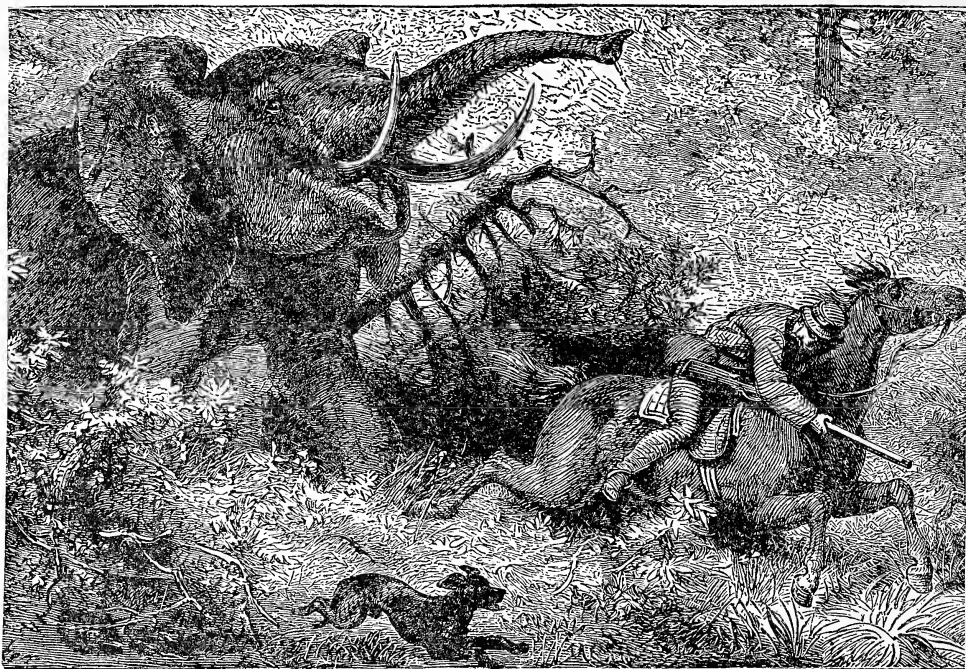
Alone, in the treacherous moonlight, he set out to stalk the dangerous brutes. Endeavoring to surprise them, he was himself beset by all three. By incredible agility and an amazing celerity of rifle fire he slew every one. Next morning he enjoyed the dismay and discomfiture of Gobo, the leader of the rebellious carriers.

Such a hunting story is, ordinarily, readable only in fiction, just as Haggard's account of how Quatermain shot a rhinoceros through the horn would be taken to be the allowable license of the romancer.

But it is precisely here that the real Nimrod of Africa has equaled, and often gone far beyond, the exploits of the unreal Quatermain. The mythical Macumazahn's adventures with elephants and lions are no more thrilling than have been those which, in plain fact, befell the real one; and if Colonel Roosevelt have in his com-

pany anything like the hunter's luck which has attended his indomitable comrade he will not only have wonders to relate on his own account, but he will be a little more than fortunate if he come through the trip with a skin entirely whole.

It was while hunting in Mashonaland, beyond the Lundaza river, when weakened by fever, that Selous came upon a herd of nearly 200 elephants. Besides his weakness he was handicapped by riding a sulky and irritable horse.



CHASED BY AN ENRAGED ELEPHANT.

Nevertheless, he picked out the finest tusker of that vast herd, rode within 100 yards of him and shot him through the lungs.

At that instant a powerful cow elephant wheeled and charged Selous. He succeeded in spurring his horse into the thick brush and the elephant abandoned the chase. Selous promptly resumed the role of pursuer and attacked the herd, one after another.

It was almost suicide, for he sustained charges by huge elephants that made two yards to his horse's one, and once, dismounting, he left his horse to its fate, in the hope of being himself over-

looked. Instead of anything worse occurring, the charging elephant simply stood beside the horse, which showed no more fear than if the giant beast had been a rock; then the elephant walked quietly away and Selous, a few minutes later, killed it. In all, that day he slew, single handed, five great elephants.

The rhinoceros, while not so dangerous, in Mr. Selous' opinion, as an elephant or a lion, is a foe to be dreaded when aroused. He has a fiendish temper, he is well-nigh omnipresent, and he resents to the death the slightest intrusion upon his privacy.

Seldom does it happen that one of these ponderous animals is vanquished by a native foe, nevertheless an account is given where a rhino, entering a river to drink, was seized under water by an immense crocodile, which, having all the advantage of its own element, gradually succeeded in dragging the land giant to deep water and there drowning him. Yet it was Selous who attacked such a rhinoceros and found himself plunged in an adventure that still ranks as something almost incredible to naturalists.

CONFRONTED BY A HUGE BULL RHINOCEROS.

Armed with an old four-bore, muzzle-loading elephant gun, he found himself confronted by a huge bull rhino, which came at him head on. He fired at the head, between the eyes.

"When I fired," he writes, "the rhinoceros' legs seemed to give way under it, and it just sank on the ground and then, rolling on its side, lay quite still.

"My four-ounce bullet had made quite a large hole in the front of its head, into which I and several of my Kaffirs pushed our fingers as far as they would go.

"We went to the nearest tree, some sixty or seventy yards away, and, after resting my two elephant guns—the one still unloaded—against its stem, returned to cut up what we believed to be the carcass.

"One of my Kaffirs, by name Soga, a big strong Makalaka, at once plunged his assegai into the body of the prostrate rhinoceros and commenced to cut through the thick skin, pulling the blade of the assegai toward him with a sawing motion.



AN ELEPHANT'S FURIOUS CHARGE UPON HIS FOES.

"When Soga had made a cut about two and a half feet long in its side the limbs of the rhinoceros began to move spasmodically, and it suddenly raised its head and brought it down again with a thump on the ground.

"From that moment it commenced to struggle frantically, and was evidently fast regaining consciousness. I shouted to Soga to try to stab it in the heart before it got on its legs; but as he only made a very feeble attempt to do so, I ran up, and snatching the assegai from him, endeavored to stab the struggling animal to death myself. But it was now fast regaining strength, and with every effort to rise it threw up its head and brought it down on the ground again with a thump.

"I managed to plunge the heavy assegai through the cut in its skin and deep into the side, but with a sudden, spasmodic movement it broke the shaft in two leaving a short piece attached to the blade sticking in its body.

REELED ABOUT LIKE A DRUNKEN MAN.

"In another moment it was standing on its legs, but kept reeling about like a drunken man."

Selous' loaded gun, when he secured it, missed fire. While he was still trying to bring the other into action the rhino, he says, "started off in a straight line, putting on more pace at every step, and, although we ran as hard as we could, we never overtook it."

Among the most enthusiastic of his admirers has always been Colonel Roosevelt himself, the former President's regard having led him to extend to Mr. Selous the invitation for the hunting which has brought his unerring eye again into the field of African game.

Most of us know what Haggard has had to say, in a variety of volumes, regarding the fictitious Quatermain, but few have had the opportunity to read what Colonel Roosevelt thinks of the man who is now trudging with him in the deep shadows of the African forests.

What Colonel Roosevelt wrote, in encomium of him as the author of his "African Nature Notes," and generously dated "The White House, May 23, 1907," was in reality an extensive review of



ELEPHANTS SPEARED TO DEATH BY NATIVES.

the man and his work, such as only an ardent admirer and enthusiastic friend could have been moved to write; and, indeed, it would almost seem, from that admiring review, written by Colonel Roosevelt at that time, as though his acquaintance with the great Nimrod was what determined him upon devoting practically a year of his life to emulation of the African hunter's deeds in the wilderness.

"Mr. Selous," the occupant of the White House wrote, "is the last of the big-game hunters of South Africa; the last of the mighty hunters whose experience lay in the greatest hunting ground which this world has seen since civilized man has appeared therein.

"There are still many happy hunting grounds to be found by adventure-loving wilderness wanderers of sufficient hardihood and prowess, and in Central Africa the hunting grounds are of a character to satisfy the most exacting hunter of to-day.

NATURALIST AS WELL AS HUNTER.

"Nevertheless, none of them quite equal South Africa as it once was, whether as regards the extraordinary multitude of big game animals, the extraordinary variety of the species or the bold attraction of the conditions under which the hunting was carried on.

"Mr. Selous is much more than a mere big-game hunter, however; he is by instinct a keen field naturalist, an observer with a power of seeing and of remembering what he has seen; and, finally, he is a writer who possesses to a very marked and unusual degree the power vividly and accurately to put on paper his observations. Such a combination of qualities is rare indeed."

It was in this way that Colonel Roosevelt referred to the fact—probably unknown to nearly all Americans—that this is not the first occasion on which he himself has hunted in Africa, for he remarked, apropos of the subject of protective coloration:

"When a boy, shooting on the edges of the desert in Egypt, I was impressed with the fact that the sand grouse, rosy bullfinches, sand larks and sand chats all, in the coloration of their upper parts, harmonized strikingly with the surroundings, while the bold black and white chats were peculiarly noticeable, and yet, as far as I could see, held their own as well in the struggle for existence."



HERD OF HARRISBUCKS IN FULL FLIGHT.

The common tastes and interests of the two hunters now allied in Africa afford them ideal companionship and, what is more, are likely to insure markedly to the advancement of the collections of specimens which Colonel Roosevelt hopes to bring home with him.

Mr. Selous' presence is largely due to the fact that Colonel Roosevelt, in his quest for the extremely rare inyala antelope, has hopes that the exceptional experience and knowledge of his ally will bring him within reach of it; and that, in fact, is one of the prime reasons why Mr. Selous consented to take the field again with his friend.

The story Mr. Selous tells of his own search for that rare and beautiful antelope equals anything Haggard ever imagined of Quartermain, and, most interesting of all, it actually happened to him then, just as, if his luck hold good again, may in like manner happen to Colonel Roosevelt.

WOMEN THE ONLY LABOR OBTAINABLE.

Arriving at Laurengo Marques, on Delagoa bay, in September, 1896, Mr. Selous sailed up the Maputa river to Amatongaland, where, at the junction of the Usutu and Pongolo rivers, the Maputa proper begins. Here, at the trading store of Mr. Wissels, he saw several horns and skins of inyala, evidently recently killed. After several days' journey, leading a caravan of native women carriers, the only labor obtainable, he came upon the fresh spoor, or tracks, of what were undoubtedly inyala.

He had crept about in the bush for an hour when at the further side of a glade, he beheld an inyala doe.

"I could see no other animal near her," Mr. Selous states, "and as I required two specimens of inyala does, the one for the British and the other for the South African Museum, I lost no time in firing at the animal in question, which I saw drop instantly at the first shot.

"But even as she did so, there appeared in her place, or very close to where she had stood, a great, black, shaggy form, which, indistinctly as I could see it in the deep shadows of the bush, I



CURIOUS MOUNDS BUILT BY WARRIOR ANTS IN AFRICA.

knew was a male inyala—the first that my eyes had ever looked on in the flesh.

“My rifle was a single-barreled one, and before I could fire the shot that might make that rare and beautiful beast mine, I had to open the breech of my rifle, take another cartridge from my belt, slip it into the chamber, close the breech again, and then raise the rifle to my shoulder and take aim.

“All this meant time and noise. Would the inyala, which stood like a statue beside the dead body of his mate, give me the few seconds I required to take his life, too?

“I little thought he would, but he did; and as I raised my rifle once more, and took a quick but careful sight on his dark shoulders, I felt, as I pulled the trigger, that he was mine.

SHOT RIGHT THROUGH THE SHOULDERS.

“As the report of the rifle sounded he plunged madly forward, and was instantly lost to sight in the thick scrub. But I felt sure he carried death with him, and so it proved, for we found him lying dead not twenty yards from where he had stood when the bullet struck him. The fatal missile had passed right through his shoulders, and having expanded on impact, had torn his heart to pieces.”

These antelopes, now much depleted in number even within the few years that have elapsed since Mr. Selous secured his specimens, are about seven feet six inches in total length for the adult male, and three feet four inches high at the shoulder, elegant and robust in form, with horns nearly two feet in length, twisted and having very sharp, polished extremities.

Colonel Roosevelt's hopes of securing a pair or more are greatly encouraged by the aid of Mr. Selous, of whom he believes, as did Captain Cuttle of Jack Bunsby, “if anybody kin, he kin.”

Not alone from the big game of the jungle does the hunter into East Africa encounter physical danger. Lurking in the pathway of the hunter is a standing menace from infectious fevers common to this locality, and it is fortunate that Colonel Roosevelt has become hardened to exposure through years of roughing it in the far west. The experiences of his strenuous life has inured him to all kinds

of danger and endowed him with a courage beyond the limits of the ordinary hunter.

In the remarkable chapter of medical research now being written in the opening years of the twentieth century, is that dealing with the fight which is being waged against sleeping sickness, that awful African scourge, the mystery of which continues to baffle scientists.

The downright, uncompromising dead line of the disease is its most awesome characteristic. The numerous research expeditions which have gone out to Uganda under government and private auspices, have got no further than to determine the cause of the trouble, and to alleviate its miseries. Anything like a cure has yet to be discovered.

The population of the area principally affected was 300,000 a few short years ago. Now it is 100,000. Two hundred thousand people have actually died of the disease in this locality alone.

CAUSED BY A FATAL FLY.

At the present time some 20,000 natives of Central Africa are in an advanced stage of sleeping sickness. Hope, which is said to spring eternal in the human breast, has no message for these poor souls. Their doom is sealed.

Sleeping sickness, as its name indicates, bears a curious resemblance to sleep. It is caused by the sting of the tsetse fly. The actual bite is not poisonous. The fly acts as a go-between, depositing in one animal a trypanosoma which it has sucked from the blood of another. The trypanosoma, or parasite, carries death.

After infection, the victim becomes extremely excitable. Then he lapses into lethargy, following exhaustion. The periods of lethargy grow longer and deeper, the interludes of excitability, shorter and more violent. Various glands of the body begin to swell, and at last the patient sinks into a state of coma, or continuous sleep.

No patient, when he reaches that stage, ever awakes. He sleeps on and on—for six months, a year, or even two years. Finally



SCENES AMONGST THE SOMALIS FROM WHOM ROOSEVELT'S PORTERS WERE DRAWN.

"time takes him home, to the soft, long sleep, to the broad, sweet bosom of death."

Natives live in abject terror of the sickness in the districts where it occurs. On its approach, they dismantle their villages and rush away. But the fatal fly follows them, and its area of operations is continually being extended.

When people first hear about "going out on safari," they often have the impression that safari must be some particular forest or vast tract of land where game can be found, but the simple truth is that safari is merely the native word for an overland expedition with porters. They sometimes last only a few days, though other more extensive ones like Colonel Roosevelt's are organized to last months.

It is a picturesque sight to see natives draw up in front of a safari outfitter's, waiting for their loads to be prepared and for instructions to start. They gather chattering under the trees in the dusty road, and crack jokes as each chop box is brought out.

GETTING READY TO START ON AN EXPEDITION:

These chop boxes contain all sorts of tinned things, coffee, tea, butter, vegetables, meat, fruit, often delicacies, and always a store of bread; the maximum load of each is sixty pounds, which the natives carry on their heads if they are Bwangandas, and on their necks and backs if they are Kikuyus.

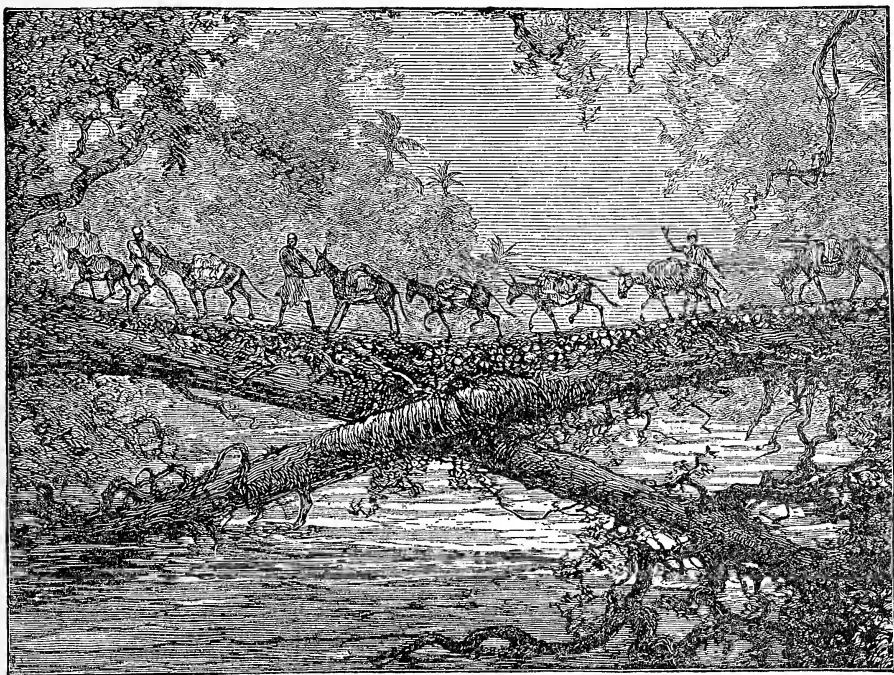
The Kikuyu system has the disadvantage of cutting into the back if the box is too long or if it is improperly loaded, but nothing will induce them to change their tribal custom.

The number of porters taken varies according to the duration of the expedition, to the resources of the country through which it is to pass, and also according to the tastes and habits of the organizers. When a government safari starts out on some official business the allowance is one head man and fifteen porters for each official. The porters carry the chop boxes for their master, and the tents, blankets, cooking utensils and personal kit.

The amount of food carried depends on the appetite of the white men, of course; some men want to eat on safari as if they

were in a hotel. Others, and these are the old and wise residents, content themselves with a reasonable amount of plain, good food. As a rule, the official allows for each white man in his party three chop boxes, representing from 150 to 180 pounds of food, for an expedition lasting three or four weeks.

On Colonel Roosevelt's safari there is an allowance of fifty native porters and gunbearers for each white man. The natives



EXPEDITION CROSSING A TEMPORARY BRIDGE.

carry their own food, too, the allowance being decided according to their tribe.

Swahilis, Bwangandas and Manayanwezi are paid from \$1.50 to \$3 a month, and are allowed as rations a pound and a half of rice a day.

The other tribes are allowed a pound and a half of flour instead of rice, and are paid 12 cents a day in local money, representing 4 American cents. The meat-eating tribe of the Mkamba, who file their front teeth down to points so as to be able to tear

raw meat, depend largely on the results of kills and come near starving in seasons, when game is scarce or when white men fail to come on safari.

A number of Colonel Roosevelt's porters are Mkambas, and their orgies when he and Kermit between them killed three huge giraffe on the same day, surpassed anything in the legends of the tribe.

Their jubilations were carried on far into the night, much to the enjoyment of Colonel Roosevelt and his son, to whom the weird antics of the natives constituted a new experience, and one, too, long to be remembered after they return to their native shores.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ROOSEVELT AND HIS PARTY SUFFER FROM HUNGER—WITHOUT FOOD AND WATER FOR A WHOLE DAY—SUPPLIES RUSHED FORWARD TO THEIR RELIEF—BAGS TWO RHINOCEROSES AND A WILDEBEESTE—KERMIT GETS A FEMALE HIPPOPOTAMUS TO THE DELIGHT OF HIS FATHER.

WHEN the decision was reached by Colonel Roosevelt to accept the generous invitation of Commander Frederic Attenborough to pay him a visit upon his vast estate and spend a few days hunting for big game, the entire party seemed overjoyed, as all felt that the hunt could be pursued with far greater comfort here than from the temporary camps.

R. J. Cuninghame, the practical director of the movements of the party, expressed great satisfaction with the proposed arrangement, as he said it would give an excellent opportunity for Colonel Roosevelt to secure some fine specimens of big game; as the locality was famous for its great abundance of large animals. Although having had years of experience in traversing the country contiguous to the Attenborough estate, Cuninghame seemed unaware of the actual dangers the party would have to encounter before reaching their destination.

He failed to take into consideration the dry spell, which had prevailed for so long, and underestimated the distance the party would have to travel or the time it would take them to complete the journey, which was the occasion of considerable deprivation and some suffering while the party were on the march.

Careful preparations were made, as it was thought at the time, to provide a sufficient supply of water and food to enable the party to reach the Attenborough brothers' estate without danger of running short, but the miscalculation of time and distance exhausted their store long before they were near their journey's end. It was necessary for the party to cross an arm of the desert on their way,

and it was here that apprehension was first awakened by their supply of water running out, and the realization that their provisions also were inadequate for the trip.

Quite undismayed by what seemed to cause the rest of the party considerable anxiety, Colonel Roosevelt and his son Kermit, in an effort to cheer the rapidly failing spirits of the others, laughingly joked over their experience, and bore their deprivation without the slightest evidence of regret. They expected to reach a pool in the neighborhood of Camp Plains, in a couple of hours, where a fresh supply of water could be secured.

Athirst, hungry and weary, the party struggled along the road leading to the pool, anticipating the relief they would enjoy once it was reached. The Colonel, with his porters and gun-bearers, reached Camp Plains at last, completely worn out, only to find to their dismay, that the pool was dry and the expected refreshment for themselves and animals would have to be longer deferred.

FRUITLESS SEARCH FOR WATER.

Members of the party set out in every direction in the vain hope of being able to find another pool from which enough water could be secured to tide them over the night. The search was a fruitless one and that night, in despair, and with parched throats, the members of the party were compelled to retire thirsty.

In the hope of affording speedy relief, R. J. Cuninghame, accompanied by a few porters, volunteered to hurry on, in advance of the main body of the expedition, to the home of the Attenboroughs, and secure a small supply of water and provisions to last the party until it arrived. After a day spent trudging through the hot sun, over the baked and parched ground, their limbs almost exhausted from the fatigue incident to the long journey, Mr. Cuninghame and his porters staggered up to the Attenborough manor house, just as the shades of evening were drawing down.

Cuninghame was in terrible shape, as neither he nor any of his porters or bearers had tasted food or water since they had left the camp of Colonel Roosevelt early in the morning. When he was sufficiently rested and had partaken of some food, he lost no time

in making Commander Attenborough acquainted with the plight of the Roosevelt party. He told him that while on their way to accept of his kindly invitation and to partake of his generous hospitality Colonel Roosevelt and his party had suddenly found themselves short of both food and water, and unless speedy relief could be afforded them they would have to undergo considerable suffering. He also told how he had come on with extra speed to secure enough water and food to last the party until their arrival, but having underestimated the distance, he and his party had started out across the desert with insufficient food and water to accomplish the journey, which accounted for their bad shape when they arrived.

But little time was lost by Commander Attenborough in organizing a party to go to the relief of those in distress. As soon as a number of porters could load upon his launch a plentiful supply of all manner of food and supplies, as well as a sufficient quantity of water, the relief party made a hurried departure.

CROSSED THE LAKE WITH WELCOME RELIEF.

Under the direction of Guide Cuninghame, who declared that he could reach Colonel Roosevelt and his party and guide them in by eleven o'clock in the morning, the relief party started across the lake just at dawn, feeling greatly relieved that they would so soon rejoin their half-famished associates with welcome relief. It did not take long, after the lake was crossed, for the porters to transfer the hampers of provisions and the vessels containing the water, from the launch to their backs and set out upon a loping trot to find their suffering companions. The lake was crossed to save making a long detour by land which would mean the loss of a couple of hours of valuable time.

Refreshed by the short rest and the nourishment they had enjoyed, Guide Cuninghame and his porters were soon within sight of the Roosevelt camp, where their coming was welcomed by loud shouts of joy, although their friends had fortunately found a small pool of water to relieve their thirst, which Colonel Roosevelt compelled them to boil before using. As soon as the party had partaken of sufficient nourishment to kill the pangs of hunger, as well as hav-

ing moistened their parched throats with the grateful water which had been brought to them, no time was lost in breaking camp, and loading their equipment upon the backs of the porters and the animals, preparatory to making a fresh start for the estate of the Attenborough brothers.

True to the prediction made on starting in the morning, Guide Cuninghame led the party exultantly up the broad walk which led to the imposing manor house of the two brothers. Commander Frederic and his brother, H. W. Attenborough, and some others were soon out on the broad piazza which surrounded the house to accord to Colonel Roosevelt and his son a warm welcome.

After a short conversation upon the experiences of the Colonel thus far during his stay in Africa, and an interchange of tales of adventure, Commander Attenborough gave Colonel Roosevelt every assurance of his delight in having him as a guest, and promised excellent hunting during the full term of his stay on Lake Naivasha, where he assured him game of all kinds in rich abundance was waiting to serve as a target for his far-famed rifle.

COLONEL ROOSEVELT NOT DISAPPOINTED.

The estate of the Attenborough brothers, where Colonel Roosevelt, true to the assurance of his hosts, did succeed in securing a number of rare specimens of large game, includes the mysterious and far-famed crater Lake Saigosoi, which has an underground connection with Lake Naivasha. It was this mysterious lake and wonderful connection that suggested to H. Rider Haggard the thrilling narrative of the boat ride so graphically depicted in his wierd novel, "Allan Quartermain."

An incident of the trip into the Sotik district reflects considerable credit upon a very modest member of Colonel Roosevelt's party, and demonstrated as well the consideration and kindly sympathy with which the natives are treated by Colonel Roosevelt and his associates. Major E. A. Mearns, learning of an accident which had happened to three natives belonging to an expedition under O. C. Chapman, rode a distance of forty miles to give them medical attention. They had been severely mauled by a lion, and he showed

great solicitude for their sufferings, binding their wounds with rare skill, but in spite of all his efforts two of the men who had been desperately wounded expired, although the other one was in a fair way for recovery when he left.

While in the Sotik district the Colonel made excellent use of his time and found that the assurances he had received were fully warranted. In addition to a miscellaneous collection of game of assorted description, he succeeded in bagging two more rhinoceroses, each with big horns, a wildebeeste and a number of other specimens.

Colonel Roosevelt evinces more pleasure when successful in securing a good-sized rhinoceros than over almost any other trophy he may secure. He seems to appreciate more keenly the difficulties surrounding the hunt after one of these mastodons, as their ponderous size and almost invulnerable hide necessitates skillful marksmanship to reach a vital spot.

RHINOCEROS' SIGHT IMPERFECT.

The sight of the rhinoceros appears to be rather imperfect, the animal being unable to see objects which are exactly in its front, although their scent and hearing are very acute, and seem to warn the animal of the approach of danger.

Of African rhinoceroses four species are clearly ascertained, and it is very probable that others may yet be in existence. Two of the known species are black, and the other two white; the animals differing from each other not only in color, but in form, dimensions, habits, and disposition. The commonest of the African species is the borele, rhinaster, or little black rhinoceros, of Southern Africa; an animal which may be easily distinguished from its relations by the shape of the horns and the upper lip.

In the borele the foremost horn is of considerable length, and bent rather backward, while the second horn is short, conical, and much resembles the weapon of the Indian animal. The head is rather rounded, and the pointed upper lip overlaps the lower, and is capable of considerable extension.

The rhinoceros Colonel Roosevelt killed was a large, powerful, thick-skinned animal and had two stout horns in its snout, which

not only serves this animal as a means of defense, but also for digging up roots and thus procuring food.

The horn which projects from the nose of the rhinoceros is a very remarkable structure, and worthy of a brief notice. It is in no way connected with the skull, but is simply a growth from the skin, and may take rank with hairs, spines, or quills, being indeed formed after a similar manner. If a rhinoceros horn be examined—the species of its owner is quite immaterial—it will be seen to be polished and smooth at the tip, but rough and split into numerous filaments at the base.

GLOW WITH ALL COLORS OF THE RAINBOW.

These filaments, which have a very close resemblance to those which terminate the plates of whale-bone, can be stripped upwards for some length, and if the substance of the horn be cut across, it will be seen to be composed of a vast number of hairy filaments lying side by side, which, when submitted to the microscope, and illuminated by polarized light, glow with all the colors of the rainbow, and bear a strong resemblance to transverse sections of actual hair. At the birth of the young animal, the horn is hardly visible, and its full growth is the work of years.

As the horn is employed as a weapon of offense, and is subjected to violent concussion, it is set upon the head in such a manner as to save the brain from the injurious effects which might result from its use in attack or combat. In the first place, the horn has no direct connection with the skull, as it is simply set upon the skin, and can be removed by passing a sharp knife around its base, and separating it from the hide on which it grows.

In the second place, the bones of the face are curiously developed, so as to form an arch with one end free, the horn being placed upon the crown of the bony arch, so as to diminish the force of the concussion in the best imaginable manner. The substance of the horn is very dense, and even when it is quite dry, it possesses very great weight in proportion to its size. In former days, it was supposed to bear an antipathy to poison, and to cause effervescence whenever liquid poison was poured upon it.

The borele is a very fierce and dangerous animal, and is more feared by the natives than even the lion. Although so clumsy in shape and aspect, it is really a quick and active creature, darting about with lightning speed, and testing the powers of a good horse to escape from its charge. Like many other wild animals it becomes furiously savage when wounded, but it will sometimes attack a passenger without the least provocation.

On one occasion an angry rhinoceros came charging down upon a wagon and struck his horn into the bottom plank with such force as to send the wagon forward for several paces, although it was sticking in deep sand. He then left the wagon, and directed his attack upon the fire, knocking the burning wood in every direction, and upsetting the pot which had been placed on the fire. He then continued his wild career in spite of the attempts of a native who flung a spear at him, but without the least effect, as the iron point bent against the strong hide.

THE SKIN EXTREMELY HARD AND THICK.

The skin of this animal does not fall in folds, like that of the Asiatic species, but is nevertheless extremely thick and hard, and will resist an ordinary leaden bullet, unless it be fired from a short distance. The skin is employed largely in the manufacture of whips, or jamboks.

The horn of the borele, from its comparatively small dimensions, is not so valuable as that of the other species, but is still employed in the manufacture of drinking-cups and sword-handles. Its value is about half that of ivory.

The food of the black rhinoceros, whether the borele of the keitola, is composed of roots, which the animal ploughs out of the ground with its horn, and of the young branches and shoots of the wait-a-bit thorn. It is rather remarkable that the black species is poisoned by one of the Euphoibiaceæ, which is eaten with impunity by the two white animals.

When wounded, the black rhinoceros is a truly fearful opponent, and it is generally considered very unsafe to fire at the animal unless the hunter is mounted on a good horse or provided with



INFURIATED RHINOCEROS ROUTING HIS FOES.

an inaccessible place of refuge. An old experienced hunter said that he would rather face fifty lions than one wounded borele; but Mr. Oswell, the well-known African hunter, always preferred to shoot the rhinoceros on foot, but always takes the precaution to look for a safe and ready place of refuge if it becomes necessary.

The best place to aim is just behind the shoulder, as if the lungs are wounded the animal very soon dies. There is but little blood externally, as the thick, loose skin covers the bullet-hole, and prevents any outward effusion. When mortally wounded the rhinoceros generally drops on its knees.

A BLOODY BATTLE.

It is at all times a rather savage beast, and is apt to quarrel with its own kind. A story is told of a curious battle, narrated by Mr. Andersson, an eye-witness, where four of these animals engaged furiously with each other. Two of them were shot when it was found that one was absolutely unfit for food, being covered with festering wounds which had been received in former encounters. The flesh of this animal is tolerably good, but that of the black species is rather tough, and possesses a bitter and unpleasant flavor, in consequence of the food on which the animal lives.

The borele is a nocturnal animal, rousing himself from sleep at dark, and proceeding straightway to the nearest pool. Having refreshed himself, he takes long journeys in search of food, and returns to his temporary home soon after sunrise. When sleeping he lies so still, that he may easily be mistaken for a fragment of dark rock.

The keitloa can readily be recognized by the horns which are of considerable length, and nearly equal to each other in measurement. This is always a morose and ill-tempered animal, and is even more to be dreaded than the borele, on account of its greater size, strength, and length of horn. The upper lip of the keitloa overlaps the lower even more than that of the borele; the neck is longer in proportion, and the head is not so thickly covered with wrinkles.

At its birth the horns of this animal are only indicated by a prominence on the nose, and at the age of two years the horn is

hardly more than an inch in length. At six years of age it is nine or ten inches long, and does not reach its full measurement until the lapse of considerable time.

The keitloa is a terribly dangerous opponent, and its charge is



NATIVE TOSSED IN THE AIR BY A BULL RHINOCEROS.

so wonderfully swift, that it can hardly be avoided. One of these animals that had been wounded by Mr. Andersson, charged suddenly upon him, knocked him down, fortunately missing her stroke with her horns, and went fairly over him, leaving him to struggle out from between her hind legs. Scarcely had she passed him than

she turned, and made a second charge, cutting his leg from the knee to the hip with her horn, and knocking him over with a blow on the shoulder from her forefeet. She might easily have completed her revenge by killing him on the spot, but she left him, and rushing into a neighboring thicket, began to plunge about and snort, permitting her victim to make his escape.

RHINOCEROS ATTACKED A BOY.

In the course of the day the same beast attacked a half-cast boy who was in attendance on Mr. Andersson, and would probably have killed him had she not been intercepted by the hunter, who came to the rescue with his gun. After receiving several bullets, the rhinoceros fell to the ground, and Mr. Andersson walked up to her, put the muzzle of his rifle to her ear, and was just about to pull the trigger, when she again leaped to her feet. He hastily fired and rushed away, pursued by the infuriated animal, which, however, fell dead just as he threw himself into a bush for safety. The race was such a close one, that as he lay in the bush he could touch the dead rhinoceros with his rifle, so that another moment would probably have been fatal to him.

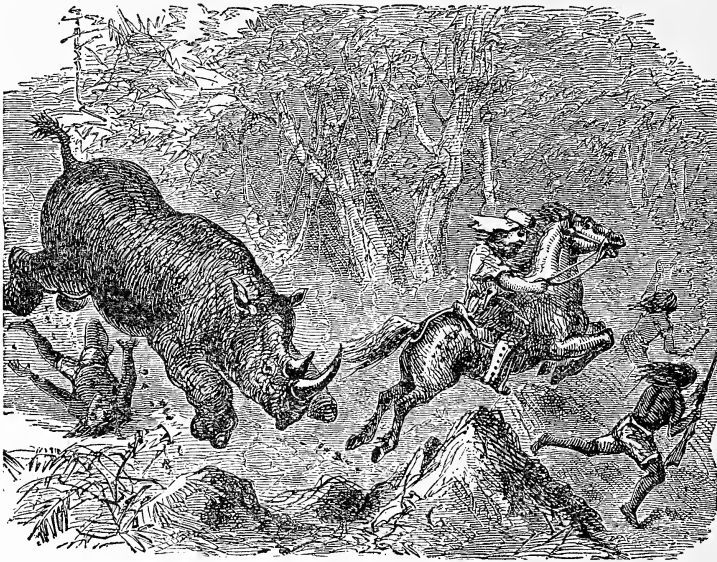
Each succeeding day of the stay of the Roosevelt party at the ranch of Captain Richard Attenborough was spent in the hunt for big game. Under his advice the likely haunts of the most valuable specimens were sought out and splendid results were obtained. While here Kermit Roosevelt, much to the joy of his delighted father, bagged a cow hippopotamus. His success in having been fortunate enough to have secured one of these monstrous beasts as an evidence of his prowess with the rifle was a new and thrilling experience to Kermit. He seemed, in his pride, to have grown at least a foot in stature after the feat had been accomplished, while his father took even more delight in the performance than did his son.

While hunting near the Attenborough estate one day, Colonel Roosevelt succeeded in bringing down another gnu, or wildebeeste. This one proved to be a fine specimen whose acquisition was heartily welcomed by the entire party, being borne into camp in the most

triumphant manner. This animal is of the great family of antelopes, but presents a most extraordinary conformation.

“Fierce on the hunter’s hostile band,
He rolls his eye of burnished glow:
Spurns with black hoof and horns the sand,
And tosses high his mane of snow.”

Of all the antelopes, the gnu presents the most extraordinary conformation. At the first sight of this curious animal, the spectator seems to doubt whether it is a horse, a bull, or an antelope, as



PUT TO FLIGHT BY A SUDDEN CHARGE.

it appears to partake nearly equally of the nature of these three animals.

The gnus, of which there are several species, may be easily recognized by their fierce-looking head, their peculiarly shaped horns, which are bent downwards and then upwards again with a sharp curve, by their broad nose, and long hair-clad tail. They live together in considerable herds, often mixing with zebras, ostriches, and giraffes, in one huge army of living beings. In their habits they are not unlike the wild cattle which have already been described. Suspicious, timid, curious of disposition, and irritable

of temper, they display these mingled qualities in a very ludicrous manner whenever they are alarmed by a strange object.

"They commence whisking their long white tails," says Cumming, "in a most eccentric manner; then, springing suddenly into the air, they begin pawing and capering, and pursue each other in circles at their utmost speed. Suddenly they all pull up together to overhaul the intruder, when some of the bulls will often commence fighting in the most violent manner, dropping on their knees at every shock; then, quickly wheeling about, they kick up their heels, whirl their tails with a fantastic flourish, and scour across the plain, enveloped in a cloud of dust." On account of these extraordinary monœuvres, the gnu is called wildebeest by the Dutch settlers.

VERY INQUISITIVE, EVEN AT RISK OF LIFE.

The faculty of curiosity is largely developed in the gnu, which can never resist the temptation of inspecting any strange object, although at the risk of its life. When a gnu first catches sight of any unknown being, he sets off at full speed, as if desirous of getting to the farthest possible distance from the terrifying object. Soon, however, the feeling of curiosity vanquishes the passion of fear, and the animal halts to reconnoitre.

He then gallops in a circle round the cause of his dread, halting occasionally, and ever drawing nearer. By taking advantage of this disposition, a hunter has been enabled to attract towards himself a herd of gnus which were feeding out of gunshot, merely by tying a red handkerchief to the muzzle of his gun.

The inquisitive animals were so fascinated with the fluttering lure, that they actually approached so near as to charge at the handkerchief, and forced the hunter to consult his own safety by lowering his flag. The same ruse is frequently employed on the prairies of America, when the hunters desire to get a shot at a herd of prong-buck antelopes.

Several experiments have been made in order to ascertain whether the gnu is capable of domestication. As far as the practicability of such a scheme was concerned, the experiments were perfectly successful, but there is a great drawback in the shape of a



MURCHISON FALLS—THE NIAGARA OF AFRICA.

dangerous and infectious disease to which the gnu is very liable, and which would render it a very undesirable member of the cattle-yard.

The animal is frequently infected with one of the *Æstridæ*, or Bot-flies, and suffers from them to such an extent that it ejects them from its nose whenever it snorts, an act which it is very fond of performing. Ordinary cattle have no love for the gnu, and on one occasion, when a young gnu of only four months old was placed in the yard, the cattle surrounded it and nearly killed it with their horns and hoofs.

The color of the ordinary gnu is brownish-black, sometimes with a blue-gray wash. The mane is black, with the exception of the lower part, which is often grayish-white, as is the lower part of the tail.

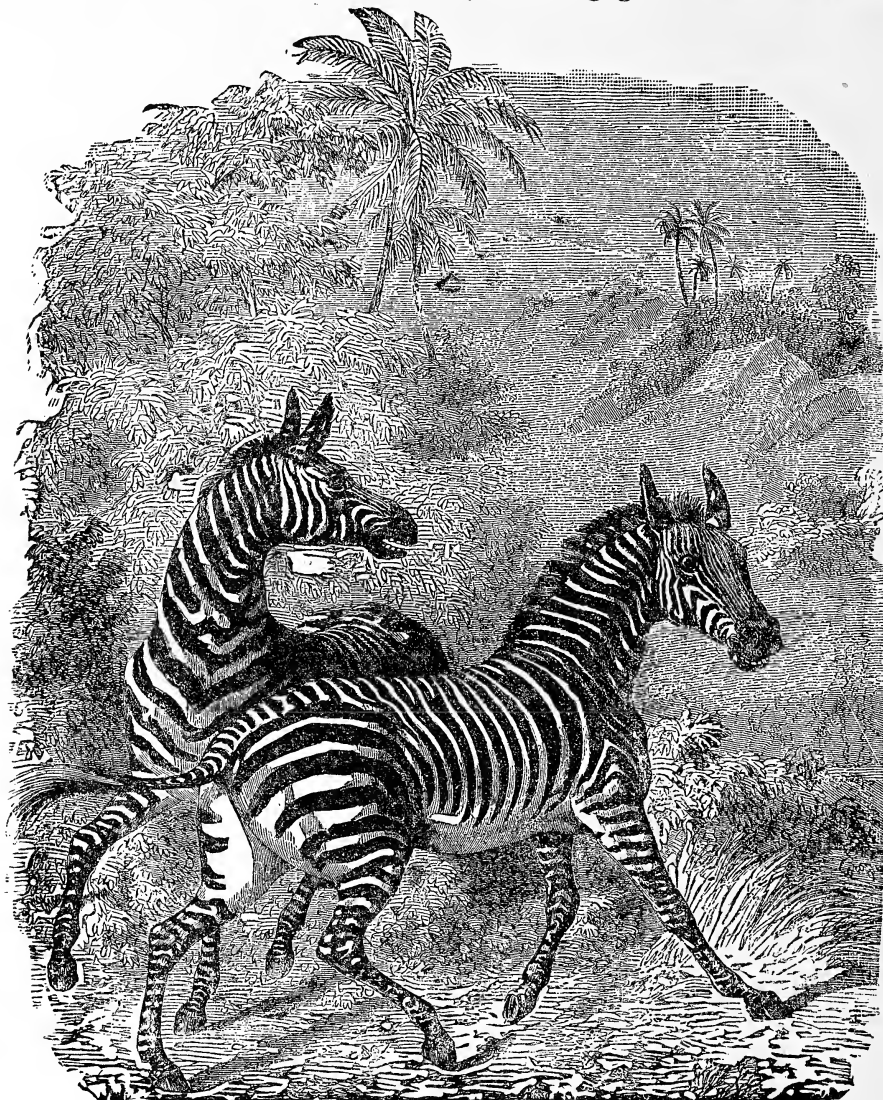
KEEPS WITHIN A CERTAIN BOUNDARY.

The nose is covered with a tuft of reversed hair, and there is a mane upon the chest. The brindled gnu may be distinguished from the common gnu, or kokoon, by its convex and smooth face, the hair lying towards the nose, instead of being reversed. There is no mane upon the chest, and the brown hide is varied and striped with gray. It is higher at the withers than the kokoon, and its action is rather clumsy. It is very local in its distribution, being found northwards of the Black River, and never being known to cross that simple boundary. It lives in large herds, and when observed, the whole herd forms in single file, and so flies from the object of its terror.

One of these animals, called in the interior the blue wildebeest, was captured by Cumming in a very curious manner. The animal had contrived to hitch one of his forelegs over his horns, and being thus incapacitated from running, was easily intercepted and killed. It had probably got into this unpleasant position while fighting. The gnu is about three feet nine inches high at the shoulders, and measures about six feet six inches from the nose to the root of the tail.

Sometimes the pursuit of these strange animals leads to ludic-

rous situations. Among many experiences recounted by hunters the following is indeed most amusing: As the story runs two members of the expedition were one day hunting gnus, and one having



BEAUTIFUL ZEBRAS OF AFRICA.

been wounded by a musket-ball (in which condition these animals are very furious), it gave chase to one of them, and gained fast upon him, when all at once he disappeared, by tumbling into an ant-eater's hole, which was concealed by the long grass. There he lay

for some time secure from the enraged animal, which, after searching for him in vain, scampered off in another direction; nor could his companion, who was galloping up to his assistance, conceive what had become of him, until he saw, to his great satisfaction, his head cautiously emerging from the bowels of the earth.

Theodore Roosevelt, who was hunting big game on the south shore of Lake Naivasha from the ranch of Captain Richard Attenborough, succeeded in bringing down a big hippopotamus and a zebra. The hippopotamus is estimated to weigh three tons.

Colonel Roosevelt, to judge from a letter received from him by a friend in Washington, was having quite as successful and interesting a trip as he anticipated. This letter was dated Nairobi, Africa, and among its striking passages was one referring to Kermit Roosevelt's hunting.

KERMIT IS RECKLESS.

Kermit, it seems, showed more enthusiasm than caution in the pursuit of African big game. Some of his encounters had been of a nature to excite remark from his father, and it inferred that they must have been little short of reckless to have been considered out of the ordinary by so competent an authority as the former President. Though enjoying his stay in Africa, Colonel Roosevelt apparently had a touch of nostalgia now and then.

Leslie A. Tarlton, of Nairobi, who accompanied the Roosevelt expedition to the Sotik country, was chased into town by five lions, the district having been invaded by many of these animals.

Tarlton arrived at Naivasha on horseback, after as thrilling a night journey as man ever took, and one, he says, he does not care to repeat for worlds. While making an all-night journey Tarlton was chased for many miles by five fierce man-eating lions. He put spurs to his horse, and managed to elude the man-eaters, though they followed him to the very outskirts of Naivasha.

"There were five of the big black maned man-eaters in the pack," said Tarlton in describing his experience, "and the persistent manner in which they tracked me to the very edge of Naivasha showed their fierceness. It was a close call."

Natives and porters who came into Naivasha with other parties, declared they had seen many indications that lions in that vicinity were more plentiful than for years past, and that they were growing fiercely bold, almost entering several of the camps in their efforts to drag down a victim.

Colonel Roosevelt had had many narrow calls since he began hunting in Africa, but the experience he went through the day previous to breaking camp on the border of Lake Naivasha was one of the most thrilling incidents in that his life was constantly in danger. That he is alive to-day is due to his coolness and wonderful marksmanship.

ROOSEVELT BATTLES WITH TWELVE HIPPOPOTAMI.

At nine o'clock in the morning Colonel Roosevelt, accompanied only by two negro porters to row his small boat, started out on Lake Naivasha to seek a calf hippopotamus which he was lacking for his collection for the Smithsonian Institute. The ex-President, in his skiff, had reached an isolated part of the lake far away from his camp, when a school of twelve hippos surrounded his craft, threatening with every movement to upset it and spill the ex-President and his rowers into the lake, where they would have met instant death, for the hippos were attacking the small boat with savage frenzy.

Several literally hurled themselves against the sides of the little rowboat, while two or three dived deep into the waters of the lake and came up under the boat, striking it with their backs in an attempt to overturn it and throw its occupants into the water.

The native boatmen were in a terrible panic and their own actions, added to the impact of the bodies of the attacking hippos threatened at every moment to overturn the small boat. Shouting to his rowers to sit still, a warning which they were too frightened to heed, Colonel Roosevelt seized his heavy express rifle and selected a magnificent cow hippo which seemed to be the leader of the attacking school. This hippo he killed with one shot and with the next shot he killed a magnificent bull hippo, the finest killed in the vicinity in years.

Firing rapidly and with unerring accuracy, Colonel Roosevelt killed the monster animals and the others took fright and fled.

It was some time before Colonel Roosevelt could calm down his frightened rowers sufficiently to make them row his boat alongside the dead animals which were floating in the water. Colonel Roosevelt had been gone so long that his party in camp had grown alarmed and had put out in a launch to search for him. There was much anxiety in camp as the hours sped by and neither Colonel Roosevelt nor the searching launch was found or heard from.

TOO VALUABLE TO LEAVE BEHIND.

At three o'clock the next morning, however, the launch arrived back in camp. There had been no sleep among the members of the party and they were all on the beach at the first sound of the launch's siren. Colonel Roosevelt had declared when the launch came up to him in the far end of the lake that the hippos he had killed in his deadly struggle were too fine to lose. He insisted that they should be towed back to camp, and it took the launch several hours to tow them in where they were eagerly seized upon by the Smithsonian members who declared they were the finest secured during the entire hunt.

Colonel Roosevelt's narrow escape from death, and the time taken up in towing the hippos back to camp, had delayed his trip to Nairobi and he did not start for that point until the following morning.

While Colonel Roosevelt was not inclined to magnify his dangers in his encounters with the hippos, the native boatmen declared they had been in many close situations but that was the closest. The hippos, they said, were in a savage mood and there would have been no escape had the boat been overturned.

The natives were transfixed with surprise at a sight so unusual. From the glances which they threw at the wonderful hunter whose prowess had accomplished such a marvellous achievement, one could readily perceive that in their ignorance they credited him with supernatural powers and their awe-inspired devotion was heartily given him. The two porters who had accompanied him

in the boat were volubly explaining to all how the bravery and coolness of the great hunter had been instrumental in saving their lives as well as his own.

They attribute their escape to Bwana 'Tumbo's coolness and splendid shooting together with his sagacity in selecting the leader of his school as his first victim.

Edmund Heller, a member of the Roosevelt party, on the previous day killed an immense leopard which had been caught in a trap near the Roosevelt camp.

The entire collection of specimens of the expedition numbered 2,000, covering mammals and birds of all sizes, from field mice to rhinoceri and from small shrike to bustards. It also included several thousand reptiles and insects. Mr. Roosevelt's last bull hippopotamus, which he shot in Lake Naivasha, measured fourteen feet.

NOTICE.

*** While the last page of the text in this book shows 384 pages, it really contains over 400 pages, for the large number of beautiful full-page illustrations and colored plates are not included in the numbering of the pages. These magnificent engravings form a very important part of the book and bring the number of pages up to 416.**

